

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXIX.—JANUARY, 1877.—No. CCXXXI.

THE AMERICAN.

XVII.

NEWMAN was fond of music and went often to the opera. A couple of evenings after Madame de Bellegarde's ball he sat listening to Don Giovanni, having in honor of this work, which he had never yet seen represented, come to occupy his orchestra-chair before the rising of the curtain. Frequently he took a large box and invited a party of his compatriots; this was a mode of recreation to which he was much addicted. He liked making up parties of his friends and conducting them to the theatre, and taking them to drive on high drags or to dine at remote restaurants. He liked doing things which involved his paying for people; the vulgar truth is that he enjoyed "treating" them. This was not because he was what is called purse-proud; handling money in public was on the contrary positively disagreeable to him; he had a sort of personal modesty about it, akin to what he would have felt about making a toilet before spectators. But just as it was a gratification to him to be handsomely dressed, just so it was a private satisfaction to him (he enjoyed it very clandestinely) to have interposed, pecuniarily, in a scheme of pleasure. To set a large group of people in motion and transport them to a distance, to have special con-

veyances, to charter railway-carriages and steamboats, harmonized with his relish for bold processes, and made hospitality seem more active and more to the purpose. A few evenings before the occasion of which I speak he had invited several ladies and gentlemen to the opera to listen to Madame Alboni—a party which included Miss Dora Finch. It befell, however, that Miss Dora Finch, sitting near Newman in the box, conversed brilliantly, not only during the *entr'actes*, but during many of the finest portions of the performance, so that Newman had really come away with an irritated sense that Madame Alboni had a thin, shrill voice, and that her musical phrase was much garnished with a laugh of the giggling order. After this he promised himself to go for a while to the opera alone.

When the curtain had fallen upon the first act of Don Giovanni he turned round in his place to observe the house. Presently, in one of the boxes, he perceived Urbain de Bellegarde and his wife. The little marquise was sweeping the house very busily with a glass, and Newman, supposing that she saw him, determined to go and bid her good evening. M. de Bellegarde was leaning against a column, motionless, looking straight in front of him, with one hand in the breast of his white waistcoat and

the other resting his hat on his thigh. Newman was about to leave his place when he noticed in that obscure region devoted to the small boxes which in France are called, not inaptly, "bathing-tubs," a face which even the dim light and the distance could not make wholly indistinct. It was the face of a young and pretty woman, and it was surmounted with a coiffure of pink roses and diamonds. This person was looking round the house, and her fan was moving to and fro with the most practiced grace; when she lowered it, Newman perceived a pair of plump white shoulders and the edge of a rose-colored dress. Beside her, very close to the shoulders, and talking, apparently with an earnestness which it pleased her scantily to heed, sat a young man with a red face and a very low shirt-collar. A moment's gazing left Newman with no doubts; the pretty young woman was Noémie Nioche. He looked hard into the depths of the box, thinking her father might perhaps be in attendance, but from what he could see the young man's eloquence had no other auditor. Newman at last made his way out, and in doing so he passed beneath the *baignoire* of Mademoiselle Noémie. She saw him as he approached and gave him a nod and smile which seemed meant as an assurance that she was still a good-natured girl, in spite of her enviable rise in the world. Newman passed into the *foyer* and walked through it. Suddenly he paused in front of a gentleman seated on one of the divans. The gentleman's elbows were on his knees; he was leaning forward and staring at the pavement, lost apparently in meditations of a somewhat heavy cast. But in spite of his bent head Newman recognized him, and in a moment sat down beside him. Then the gentleman looked up and displayed the expressive countenance of Valentin de Bellegarde.

"What in the world are you thinking of so hard?" asked Newman.

"A subject that requires hard thinking to do it justice," said Valentin. "My immeasurable idiocy."

"What is the matter now?"

"The matter now is that I am a man again, and no more a fool than usual. But I came within an inch of taking that girl *au sérieux*."

"You mean the young lady below stairs, in a baignoire, in a pink dress?" said Newman.

"Did you notice what a brilliant kind of pink it was?" Valentin inquired, by way of answer. "It makes her look as white as new milk."

"White or black, as you please. But you have stopped going to see her?"

"Oh, bless you, no. Why should I stop? I have changed, but she has n't," said Valentin. "I see she is a vulgar little wretch, after all. But she is as amusing as ever, and one *must* be amused."

"Well, I am glad she strikes you so unpleasantly," Newman rejoined. "I suppose you have swallowed all those fine words you used about her the other night. You compared her to a sapphire, or a topaz, or an amethyst—some precious stone; what was it?"

"I don't remember," said Valentin, "it may have been to a sardonyx! But she won't make a fool of me now. She has no real charm. It's an awfully low thing to make a mistake about a creature of that sort."

"I congratulate you," Newman declared, "upon the scales having fallen from your eyes. It's a great triumph; it ought to make you feel better."

"Yes, it makes me feel better!" said Valentin, gayly. And then, checking himself, he looked askance at Newman. "I rather think you are laughing at me. If you were not one of the family I would take it up."

"Oh, no, I'm not laughing, any more than I am one of the family. You make me feel badly. You are too clever a fellow, you are made of too good stuff, to spend your time in ups and downs over that class of goods. The idea of splitting hairs about Miss Nioche! It seems to me awfully foolish. You say you have given up taking her seriously; but you take her seriously so long as you take her at all."

Valentin turned round in his place and looked a while at Newman, wrink-

ling his forehead and rubbing his knees. "Vous parlez d'or. But she has wonderfully pretty arms. Would you believe I did n't know it till this evening?"

"But she is a vulgar little wretch, remember, all the same," said Newman.

"Yes; the other day she had the bad taste to begin to abuse her father, to his face, in my presence. I should n't have expected it of her; it was a disappointment; heigho!"

"Why, she cares no more for her father than for her door-mat," said Newman. "I discovered that the first time I saw her."

"Oh, that's another affair; she may think of the poor old beggar what she pleases. But it was low in her to call him bad names; it quite threw me off. It was about a frilled petticoat that he was to have fetched from the washerwoman's; he appeared to have neglected this graceful duty. She almost boxed his ears. He stood there staring at her with his little white eyes, and smoothing his old hat with his coat-tail. At last he turned round and went out without a word. Then I told her it was in very bad taste to speak so to one's papa. She said she should be so thankful to me if I would mention it to her whenever her bad taste was at fault; she had immense confidence in mine. I told her I could n't have the bother of forming her manners; I had had an idea they were already formed, after the best models. She had disappointed me. But I shall get over it," said Valentin, gayly.

"Oh, time's a great consoler!" Newman answered with humorous sobriety. He was silent a moment, and then he added, in another tone, "I wish you would think of what I said to you the other day. Come over to America with us, and I will put you in the way of doing some business. You have got a very good head, if you will only use it."

Valentin made a genial grimace. "My head is much obliged to you. Do you mean the place in a bank?"

"There are several places, but I suppose you would consider the bank the most aristocratic."

Valentin burst into a laugh. "My

dear fellow, at night all cats are gray! When one derogates there are no degrees."

Newman answered nothing for a minute. Then, "I think you will find there are degrees in success," he said with a certain dryness.

Valentin had leaned forward again, with his elbows on his knees, and he was scratching the pavement with his stick. At last he said, looking up, "Do you really think I ought to do something?"

Newman laid his hand on his companion's arm and looked at him a moment through sagaciously narrowed eyelids. "Try it and see. You are not good enough for it, but we will stretch a point."

"Do you really think I can make some money? I should like to see how it feels to have a little."

"Do what I tell you, and you shall be rich," said Newman. "Think of it." And he looked at his watch and prepared to resume his way to Madame de Bellegarde's box.

"Upon my word I will think of it," said Valentin. "I will go and listen to Mozart another half-hour, — I can always think better to music, — and profoundly meditate upon it."

The marquis was with his wife when Newman entered their box; he was bland, remote, and correct as usual; or, as it seemed to Newman, even more than usual.

"What do you think of the opera?" asked our hero. "What do you think of the Don?"

"We all know what Mozart is," said the marquis; "our impression don't date from this evening. Mozart is youth, freshness, brilliancy, facility, — a little too great facility, perhaps. But the execution is here and there deplorably rough."

"I am very curious to see how it ends," said Newman.

"You speak as if it were a *feuilleton* in the Figaro," observed the marquis. "You have surely seen the opera before?"

"Never," said Newman. "I am sure

I should have remembered it. Donna Elvira reminds me of Madame de Cintré; I don't mean in her circumstances, but in the music she sings."

"It is a very nice distinction," laughed the marquis lightly. "There is no great possibility, I imagine, of Madame de Cintré being forsaken."

"Not much!" said Newman. "But what becomes of the Don?"

"The devil comes down—or comes up," said Madame de Bellegarde, "and carries him off. I suppose Zerlina reminds you of me."

"I will go to the foyer for a few moments," said the marquis, "and give you a chance to say that the commander—the man of stone—resembles me." And he passed out of the box.

The little marquise stared an instant at the velvet ledge of the balcony, and then murmured, "Not a man of stone, a man of wood." Newman had taken her husband's empty chair. She made no protest, and then she turned suddenly and laid her closed fan upon his arm. "I am very glad you came in," she said. "I want to ask you a favor. I wanted to do so on Thursday, at my mother-in-law's ball, but you would give me no chance. You were in such very good spirits that I thought you might grant my little favor then; not that you look particularly doleful now. It is something you must promise me; now is the time to take you; after you are married you will be good for nothing. Come, promise!"

"I never sign a paper without reading it first," said Newman. "Show me your document."

"No, you must sign with your eyes shut; I will hold your hand. Come, before you put your head into the noose. You ought to be thankful to me for giving you a chance to do something amusing."

"If it is so amusing," said Newman, "it will be in even better season after I am married."

"In other words," cried Madame de Bellegarde, "you will not do it at all. You will be afraid of your wife."

"Oh, if the thing is intrinsically im-

proper," said Newman, "I won't go into it. If it is not, I will do it after my marriage."

"You talk like a treatise on logic, and English logic into the bargain!" exclaimed Madame de Bellegarde. "Promise, then, after you are married. After all, I shall enjoy keeping you to it."

"Well, then, after I am married," said Newman serenely.

The little marquise hesitated a moment, looking at him, and he wondered what was coming. "I suppose you know what my life is," she presently said. "I have no pleasure, I see nothing, I do nothing. I live in Paris as I might live at Angoulême. My mother-in-law calls me—what is the pretty word?—a gad-about? accuses me of going to unheard-of places, and thinks it ought to be joy enough for me to sit at home and count over my ancestors on my fingers. But why should I bother about my ancestors? I am sure they never bothered about me. I don't propose to live with a green shade on my eyes; I hold that things were made to look at. My husband, you know, has principles, and the first on the list is that the Tuileries are dreadfully vulgar. If the Tuileries are vulgar, his principles are tiresome. If I chose I might have principles quite as well as he. If they grew on one's family tree I should only have to give mine a shake to bring down a shower of the finest. At any rate, I prefer clever Bonapartes to stupid Bourbons."

"Oh, I see; you want to go to court," said Newman, vaguely conjecturing that she might wish him to appeal to the United States legation to smooth her way to the imperial halls.

The marquise gave a little sharp laugh. "You are a thousand miles away. I will take care of the Tuileries myself; the day I decide to go they will be very glad to have me. Sooner or later I shall dance in an imperial quadrille. I know what you are going to say: 'How will you dare?' But I *shall* dare. I am afraid of my husband; he is soft, smooth, irreproachable, everything that you know; but I am afraid of

him — horribly afraid of him. And yet I shall arrive at the Tuileries. But that will not be this winter, nor perhaps next, and meantime I must live. For the moment, I want to go somewhere else; it's my dream. I want to go to the Bal Bullier."

"To the Bal Bullier?" repeated Newman, for whom the words at first meant nothing.

"The ball in the Latin Quarter, where the students dance with their friends. Don't tell me you have not heard of it."

"Oh yes," said Newman; "I have heard of it; I remember now. I have even been there. And you want to go there?"

"It is silly, it is low, it is anything you please. But I want to go. Some of my friends have been, and they say it is awfully *drôle*. My friends go everywhere; it is only I who sit moping at home."

"It seems to me you are not at home now," said Newman, "and I should n't exactly say you were moping."

"I am bored to death. I have been to the opera twice a week for the last eight years. Whenever I ask for anything my mouth is stopped with that: Pray, madame, have n't you an opera box? Could a woman of taste want more? In the first place, my opera box was down in my *contrat*; they have to give it to me. To-night, for instance, I should have preferred a thousand times to go to the Palais Royal. But my husband won't go to the Palais Royal because the ladies of the court go there so much. You may imagine, then, whether he would take me to Bullier's; he says it is a mere imitation — and a bad one — of what they do at the Princess Kleinfuss's. But as I don't go to the Princess Kleinfuss's, the next best thing is to go to Bullier's. It is my dream, at any rate, it's a fixed idea. All I ask of you is to give me your arm; you are less compromising than any one else. I don't know why, but you are. I can arrange it. I shall risk something, but that is my own affair. Besides, fortune favors the bold. Don't refuse me; it is my dream!"

Newman gave a loud laugh. It seemed to him hardly worth while to be the wife of the Marquis de Bellegarde, a daughter of the crusaders, heiress of six centuries of glories and traditions, to have centred one's aspirations upon the sight of a couple of hundred young ladies kicking off young men's hats. It struck him as a theme for the moralist; but he had no time to moralize upon it. The curtain rose again; M. de Bellegarde returned, and Newman went back to his seat.

He observed that Valentin de Bellegarde had taken his place in the *baignoire* of Mademoiselle Nioche, behind this young lady and her companion, where he was visible only if one carefully looked for him. In the next act Newman met him in the lobby and asked him if he had reflected upon possible emigration. "If you really meant to meditate," he said, "you might have chosen a better place for it."

"Oh, the place was not bad," said Valentin. "I was not thinking of that girl. I listened to the music, and, without thinking of the play or looking at the stage, I turned over your proposal. At first it seemed quite fantastic. And then a certain fiddle in the orchestra — I could distinguish it — began to say as it scraped away, 'Why not, why not?' And then, in that rapid movement, all the fiddles took it up and the conductor's stick seemed to beat it in the air: 'Why not, why not?' I'm sure I can't say! I don't see why not. I don't see why I should n't do something. It appears to me really a very bright idea. This sort of thing is certainly very stale. And then I could come back with a trunk full of dollars. Besides, I might possibly find it amusing. They call me a *raffiné*; who knows but that I might discover an unsuspected charm in shop-keeping? It would really have a certain romantic, picturesque side; it would look well in my biography. It would look as if I were a strong man, a first-rate man, a man who dominated circumstances."

"Never mind how it would look," said Newman. "It always looks well to have half a million of dollars. There

is no reason why you should n't have them if you will mind what I tell you—I alone—and not talk to other parties." He passed his arm into that of his companion, and the two walked for some time up and down one of the less frequented corridors. Newman's imagination began to glow with the idea of converting his bright, impracticable friend into a first-class man of business. He felt for the moment a sort of spiritual zeal, the zeal of the propagandist. His ardor was in part the result of that general discomfort which the sight of all uninvested capital produced in him; so fine an intelligence as Bellegarde's ought to be dedicated to high uses. The highest uses known to Newman's experience were certain transcendent sagacities in the handling of railway stock. And then his zeal was quickened by his personal kindness for Valentin; he had a sort of pity for him which he was well aware he never could have made the Comte de Bellegarde understand. He never lost a sense of its being pitiable that Valentin should think it a large life to revolve in varnished boots between the Rue d'Anjou and the Rue de l'Université, taking the Boulevard des Italiens on the way, when over there in America one's promenade was a continent, and one's Boulevard stretched from New York to San Francisco. It mortified him, moreover, to think that Valentin lacked money; there was a painful grotesqueness in it. It affected him as the ignorance of a companion, otherwise without reproach, touching some rudimentary branch of learning would have done. There were things that one knew about as a matter of course, he would have said in such a case. Just so, if one pretended to be easy in the world, one had money as a matter of course; one had made it. There was something almost ridiculously anomalous to Newman in the sight of lively pretensions unaccompanied by large investments in railroads; though I may add that he would not have maintained that such investments were in themselves a proper ground for pretensions. "I will make you do something," he said to Valentin,

"I will put you through. I know half a dozen things in which we can make a place for you. You will see some lively work. It will take you a little while to get used to the life, but you will work in before long, and at the end of six months—after you have done a thing or two on your own account—you will like it. And then it will be very pleasant for you, having your sister over there. It will be pleasant for her to have you, too. Yes, Valentin," continued Newman, pressing his friend's arm genially, "I think I see just the opening for you. Keep quiet and I'll push you right in."

Newman pursued this favoring strain for some time longer. The two men strolled about for a quarter of an hour. Valentin listened and questioned, many of his questions making Newman laugh loud at the *naïveté* of his ignorance of the vulgar processes of money-getting; smiling himself, too, half ironical and half curious. And yet he was serious; he was fascinated by Newman's plain prose version of the legend of El Dorado. It is true, however, that though to accept an "opening" in an American mercantile house might be a bold, original, and in its consequences extremely agreeable thing to do, he did not quite see himself objectively doing it. So that when the bell rang to indicate the close of the entr'acte, there was a certain mock-heroism in his saying, with his brilliant smile, "Well, then, put me through; push me in! I make myself over to you. Dip me into the pot and turn me into gold."

They had passed into the corridor which encircled the row of baignoires, and Valentin stopped in front of the dusky little box in which Mademoiselle Nioche had bestowed herself, laying his hand on the door-knob. "Oh, come, are you going back there?" asked Newman.

"Mon Dieu, oui," said Valentin.

"Have n't you another place?"

"Yes, I have my usual place, in the stalls."

"You had better go and occupy it, then."

"I see her very well from there, too," added Valentin, serenely; "and to-night she is worth seeing. But," he added in a moment, "I have a particular reason for going back just now."

"Oh, I give you up," said Newman. "You are infatuated!"

"No, it is only this. There is a young man in the box whom I shall annoy by going in, and I want to annoy him."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Newman. "Can't you leave the poor fellow alone?"

"No, he has given me cause. The box is not his; Noémie came in alone and installed herself. I went and spoke to her, and in a few moments she asked me to go and get her fan from the pocket of her cloak, which the *ouvreuse* had carried off. In my absence this gentleman came in and took the chair beside Noémie in which I had been sitting. My reappearance disgusted him and he had the grossness to show it. He came within an ace of being impertinent. I don't know who he is; he is some vulgar wretch. I can't think where she picks up such acquaintances. He has been drinking, too, but he knows what he is about. Just now, in the second act, he was unmannerly again. I shall put in another appearance for ten minutes — time enough to give him an opportunity to commit himself, if he feels inclined. I really can't let the brute suppose that he is keeping me out of the box."

"My dear fellow," said Newman, remonstrantly, "what child's play! You are not going to pick a quarrel about that girl, I hope."

"That girl has nothing to do with it, and I have no intention of picking a quarrel. I am not a bully nor a fire-eater. I simply wish to make a point that a gentleman must."

"Oh, damn your point!" said Newman. "That is the trouble with you Frenchmen; you must be always making points. Well," he added, "be short. But if you are going in for this kind of thing, we must ship you off to America in advance."

"Very good," Valentin answered, "whenever you please. But if I go to

America I must not let this gentleman suppose that it is to run away from him."

And they separated. At the end of the act Newman observed that Valentin was still in the baignoire. He strolled into the corridor again, expecting to meet him, and when he was within a few yards of Mademoiselle Nioche's box saw his friend pass out, accompanied by the young man who had been seated beside its fair occupant. The two gentlemen walked with some quickness of step to a distant part of the lobby, where Newman further perceived them stop and stand talking. The manner of each was perfectly quiet, but the stranger, who looked flushed, had begun to wipe his face very emphatically with his pocket-handkerchief. By this time Newman was abreast of the baignoire; the door had been left ajar, and he could see a pink dress inside. He immediately went in. Mademoiselle Nioche turned and greeted him with a brilliant smile.

"Ah, you have at last decided to come and see me?" she exclaimed. "You just save your politeness. You find me in a fine moment. Sit down." There was a very becoming little flush in her cheek, and her eye had a noticeable spark. You would have said that she had received some very good news.

"Something has happened here!" said Newman, without sitting down.

"You find me in a very fine moment," she repeated. "Two gentlemen — one of them is M. de Bellegarde, the pleasure of whose acquaintance I owe to you — have just had words about your humble servant. Very big words too. They can't come off without crossing swords. A duel — that will give me a push!" cried Mademoiselle Noémie, clapping her little hands. "C'est ça qui pose une femme!"

"You don't mean to say that Belle-garde is going to fight about *you*!" exclaimed Newman, disgustedly.

"Nothing less!" and she looked at him with a hard little smile. "No, no, you are not *galant*! And if you prevent this affair I shall owe you a grudge — and pay my debt!"

Newman uttered an imprecation which, though brief, — it consisted simply of the interjection “Oh!” followed by a geographical, or more correctly, perhaps, a theological noun in four letters, — had better not be transferred to these pages. He turned his back without more ceremony upon the pink dress and went out of the box. In the corridor he found Valentin and his companion walking towards him. The latter was thrusting a card into his waistcoat pocket. Mademoiselle Noémie’s jealous votary was a tall, robust young man with a thick nose, a prominent blue eye, a Germanic physiognomy, and a massive watch-chain. When they reached the box, Valentin with an emphasized bow made way for him to pass in first. Newman touched Valentin’s arm as a sign that he wished to speak with him, and Bellegarde answered that he would be with him in an instant. Valentin entered the box after the robust young man, but a couple of minutes afterwards he reappeared, largely smiling.

“She is immensely tickled,” he said. “She says we will make her fortune. I don’t want to be fatuous, but I think it is very possible.”

“So you are going to fight?” said Newman.

“My dear fellow, don’t look so mortally disgusted. It was not my own choice. The thing is all arranged.”

“I told you so!” groaned Newman.

“I told *him* so,” said Valentin, smiling.

“What did he do to you?”

“My good friend, it does n’t matter what. He used an expression — I took it up.”

“But I insist upon knowing; I can’t, as your elder brother, have you rushing into this sort of nonsense.”

“I am very much obliged to you,” said Valentin. “I have nothing to conceal, but I can’t go into particulars now and here.”

“We will leave this place, then. You can tell me outside.”

“Oh no, I can’t leave this place; why should I hurry away? I will go to my orchestra-stall and sit out the opera.”

“You will not enjoy it; you will be preoccupied.”

Valentin looked at him a moment, colored a little, smiled, and patted him on the arm. “You are delightfully simple! Before an affair a man is quiet. The quietest thing I can do is to go straight to my place.”

“Ah,” said Newman, “you want her to see you there — you and your quietness. I am not so simple! It is a poor business.”

Valentin remained, and the two men, in their respective places, sat out the rest of the performance, which was also enjoyed by Mademoiselle Nioche and her truculent admirer. At the end Newman joined Valentin again, and they went into the street together. Valentin shook his head at his friend’s proposal that he should get into Newman’s own vehicle, and stopped on the edge of the pavement. “I must go off alone,” he said; “I must look up a couple of friends who will take charge of this matter.”

“I will take charge of it,” Newman declared. “Put it into my hands.”

“You are very kind, but that is hardly possible. In the first place, you are, as you said just now, almost my brother; you are about to marry my sister. That alone disqualifies you; it casts doubts on your impartiality. And if it did n’t, it would be enough for me that I strongly suspect you of disapproving of the affair. You would try to prevent a meeting.”

“Of course I should,” said Newman. “Whoever your friends are, I hope they will do that.”

“Unquestionably they will. They will urge that excuses be made, proper excuses. But you would be too good-natured. You won’t do.”

Newman was silent a moment. He was keenly annoyed, but he saw it was useless to attempt interference. “When is this precious performance to come off?” he asked.

“The sooner the better,” said Valentin. “The day after to-morrow, I hope.”

“Well,” said Newman, “I have certainly a claim to know the facts. I can’t consent to shut my eyes to the matter.”

"I shall be most happy to tell you the facts," said Valentin. "They are very simple, and it will be quickly done. But now everything depends on my putting my hands on my friends without delay. I will jump into a cab; you had better drive to my room and wait for me there. I will turn up at the end of an hour."

Newman assented protestingly, let his friend go, and then betook himself to the picturesque little apartment in the Rue d'Anjou. It was more than an hour before Valentin returned, but when he did so he was able to announce that he had found one of his desired friends, and that this gentleman had taken upon himself the care of securing an associate. Newman had been sitting without lights by Valentin's faded fire, upon which he had thrown a log; the blaze played over the richly-encumbered little sitting-room and produced fantastic gleams and shadows. He listened in silence to Valentin's account of what had passed between him and the gentleman whose card he had in his pocket — M. Stanislas Kapp, of Strasbourg — after his return to Mademoiselle Nioche's box. This hospitable young lady had espied an acquaintance on the other side of the house, and had expressed her displeasure at his not having the civility to come and pay her a visit. "Oh, let him alone!" M. Stanislas Kapp had hereupon exclaimed. "There are too many people in the box already." And he had fixed his eyes with a demonstrative stare upon M. de Bellegarde. Valentin had promptly retorted that if there were too many people in the box it was easy for M. Kapp to diminish the number. "I shall be most happy to open the door for *you*!" M. Kapp exclaimed. "I shall be delighted to fling you into the pit!" Valentin had answered. "Oh, do make a rumpus and get into the papers!" Miss Noémie had gleefully ejaculated. "M. Kapp, turn him out; or, M. de Bellegarde, pitch him into the pit, into the orchestra — anywhere! I don't care who does which, so long as you make a scene." Valentin answered that they would make no scene, but that the gentleman would be so good as to step into the corridor

with him. In the corridor, after a brief further exchange of words, there had been an exchange of cards. M. Stanislas Kapp was very stiff. He evidently meant to force his offense home.

"The man, no doubt, was insolent," Newman said; "but if you had n't gone back into the box the thing would n't have happened."

"Why, don't you see," Valentin replied, "that the event proves the extreme propriety of my going back into the box? M. Kapp wished to provoke me; he was awaiting his chance. In such a case — that is, when he has been, so to speak, notified — a man must be on hand to receive the provocation. My not returning would simply have been tantamount to my saying to M. Stanislas Kapp, 'Oh, if you are going to be disagreeable' —"

"You must manage it by yourself; damned if I'll help you!" That would have been a thoroughly sensible thing to say. The only attraction for you seems to have been the prospect of M. Kapp's impertinence," Newman went on. "You told me you were not going back for that girl."

"Oh, don't mention that girl any more," murmured Valentin. "She's a bore."

"With all my heart. But if that is the way you feel about her, why could n't you let her alone?"

Valentin shook his head with a fine smile. "I don't think you quite understand, and I don't believe I can make you. She understood the situation; she knew what was in the air; she was watching us."

"A cat may look at a king! What difference does that make?"

"Why, a man can't back down before a woman."

"I don't call her a woman, — she's a polecat!" cried Newman, with an echo of his Western observations.

"Well," Valentin rejoined, "there is no disputing about tastes. It's a matter of feeling; it's measured by one's sense of honor."

"Oh, confound your sense of honor!" cried Newman.

"It is vain talking," said Valentin; "words have passed, and the thing is settled."

Newman turned away, taking his hat. Then pausing with his hand on the door, "What are you going to use?" he asked.

"That is for M. Stanislas Kapp, as the challenged party, to decide. My own choice would be a short, light sword. I handle it well. I'm an indifferent shot."

Newman had put on his hat; he pushed it back, gently scratching his forehead, high up. "I wish it were pistols," he said. "I could show you how to locate a bullet!"

Valentin broke into a laugh. "What is it some English poet says about consistency? It's a flower, or a star, or a jewel. Yours has the beauty of all three!" But he agreed to see Newman again on the morrow, after the details of his meeting with M. Stanislas Kapp should have been arranged.

In the course of the day Newman received three lines from him, saying that it had been decided that he should cross the frontier with his adversary, and that he was to take the night express to Geneva. He should have time, however, to dine with Newman. In the afternoon Newman called upon Madame de Cintré, but his visit was brief. She was as gracious and sympathetic as he had ever found her, but she was sad, and she confessed, on Newman's charging her with her red eyes, that she had been crying. Valentin had been with her a couple of hours before, and his visit had left her with a painful impression. He had laughed and gossiped, he had brought her no bad news, he had only been, in his manner, rather more affectionate than usual. His fraternal tenderness had touched her, and on his departure she had burst into tears. She had felt as if something strange and sad were going to happen; she had tried to reason away the fancy, and the effort had only given her a headache. Newman, of course, was perforce tongue-tied about Valentin's projected duel, and his dramatic talent was not equal to satirizing Madame de Cintré's presentiment as

pointedly as perfect security demanded. Before he went away he asked Madame de Cintré whether Valentin had seen his mother.

"Yes," she said, "but he did n't make her cry."

It was in Newman's own apartment that Valentin dined, having brought his portmanteau, so that he might adjourn directly to the railway. M. Stanislas Kapp had positively declined to make excuses, and he, on his side, obviously, had none to offer. Valentin had found out with whom he was dealing. M. Stanislas Kapp was the son and heir of a rich brewer of Strasbourg, a youth of a sanguineous — and sanguinary — temperament. He was making ducks and drakes of the paternal brewery, and although he passed in a general way for a good fellow, he had already been observed to be quarrelsome after dinner. "Que voulez-vous?" said Valentin. "Brought up on beer, he can't stand champagne." He had chosen pistols. Valentin, at dinner, had an excellent appetite; he made a point, in view of his long journey, of eating more than usual. He took the liberty of suggesting to Newman a slight modification in the composition of a certain fish-sauce; he thought it would be worth mentioning to the cook. But Newman had no thoughts for fish-sauce; he felt thoroughly discontented. As he sat and watched his amiable and clever companion going through his excellent repast with the delicate deliberation of hereditary epicurism, the folly of so charming a fellow traveling off to expose his agreeable young life for the sake of M. Stanislas and Mademoiselle Noémie struck him with intolerable force. He had grown fond of Valentin, he felt now how fond; and his sense of helplessness only increased his irritation.

"Well, this sort of thing may be all very well," he cried at last, "but I declare I don't see it. I can't stop you, perhaps, but at least I can protest. I do protest, violently."

"My dear fellow, don't make a scene," said Valentin. "Scenes in these cases are in very bad taste."

"Your duel itself is a scene," said Newman; "that's all it is! It's a wretched theatrical affair. Why don't you take a band of music with you out-right? It's d—d barbarous and it's d—d corrupt, both."

"Oh, I can't begin, at this time of day, to defend the theory of dueling," said Valentin. "It is our custom, and I think it is a good thing. Quite apart from the goodness of the cause in which a duel may be fought, it has a kind of picturesque charm which in this age of vile prose seems to me greatly to recommend it. It's a remnant of a higher-tempered time; one ought to cling to it. Depend upon it, a duel is never amiss."

"I don't know what you mean by a higher-tempered time," said Newman. "Because your great-grandfather was an ass, is that any reason why you should be? For my part I think we had better let our temper take care of itself; it generally seems to me quite high enough; I am not afraid of being too meek. If your great-grandfather were to make himself unpleasant to me, I guess I could fix him, yet."

"My dear friend," said Valentin, smiling, "you can't invent anything that will take the place of satisfaction for an insult. To demand it and to give it are equally excellent arrangements."

"Do you call this sort of thing satisfaction?" Newman asked. "Does it satisfy you to receive a present of the carcass of that coarse fop? does it gratify you to make him a present of yours? If a man hits you, hit him back; if a man libels you, haul him up."

"Haul him up, into court? Oh, that is very nasty!" said Valentin.

"The nastiness is his, — not yours. And for that matter, what you are doing is not particularly nice. You are too good for it. I don't say you are the most useful man in the world, or the cleverest, or the most amiable. But you are too good to go and get your throat cut for a prostitute."

Valentin flushed a little, but he laughed. "I shan't get my throat cut if I can help it. Moreover, one's honor has n't two different measures. It only knows

that it is hurt; it does n't ask when, or how, or where."

"The more fool it is!" said Newman.

Valentin ceased to laugh; he looked grave. "I beg you not to say any more," he said. "If you do I shall almost fancy you don't care about — about" — and he paused.

"About what?"

"About that matter — about honor."

"Fancy what you please," said Newman. "Fancy while you are at it that I care about you — though you are not worth it. But come back without damage," he added in a moment, "and I will forgive you. And then," he continued, as Valentin was going, "I will ship you straight off to America."

"Well," answered Valentin, "if I am to turn over a new page, this may figure as a tail-piece to the old." And then he lit another cigar and departed.

"Blast that girl!" said Newman as the door closed upon Valentin.

XVIII.

Newman went the next morning to see Madame de Cintré, timing his visit so as to arrive after the noonday breakfast. In the court of the *hôtel*, before the portico, stood Madame de Bellegarde's old square carriage. The servant who opened the door answered Newman's inquiry with a slightly embarrassed and hesitating murmur, and at the same moment Mrs. Bread appeared in the background, dim-visaged as usual, and wearing a large black bonnet and shawl.

"What is the matter?" asked Newman. "Is Madame la Comtesse at home, or not?"

Mrs. Bread advanced, fixing her eyes upon him; he observed that she held a sealed letter, very delicately, in her fingers. "The countess has left a message for you, sir; she has left this," said Mrs. Bread, holding out the letter, which Newman took.

"Left it? Is she out? Is she gone away?"

"She is going away, sir; she is leaving town," said Mrs. Bread.

"Leaving town!" exclaimed Newman. "What has happened?"

"It is not for me to say, sir," said Mrs. Bread, with her eyes on the ground. "But I thought it would come."

"What would come, pray?" Newman demanded. He had broken the seal of the letter, but he still questioned. "She is in the house? She is visible?"

"I don't think she expected you this morning," the old waiting-woman replied. "She was to leave immediately."

"Where is she going?"

"To Fleurières."

"To Fleurières? But surely I can see her?"

Mrs. Bread hesitated a moment, and then clasping together her two hands, "I will take you!" she said. And she led the way up-stairs. At the top of the staircase she paused and fixed her dry, sad eyes upon Newman. "Be very easy with her," she said; "she is most unhappy!" Then she went on to Madame de Cintré's apartment; Newman, perplexed and alarmed, followed her rapidly. Mrs. Bread threw open the door, and Newman pushed back the curtain at the farther side of its deep embrasure. In the middle of the room stood Madame de Cintré; her face was pale and she was dressed for traveling. Behind her, before the fire-place, stood Urbain de Bellegarde, looking at his finger-nails; near the marquis sat his mother, buried in an arm-chair, and with her eyes immediately fixing themselves upon Newman. He felt, as soon as he entered the room, that he was in the presence of something evil; he was startled and pained, as he would have been by a threatening cry in the stillness of the night. He walked straight to Madame de Cintré and seized her by the hand.

"What is the matter?" he asked, commandingly; "what is happening?"

Urbain de Bellegarde stared, then left his place and came and leaned upon his mother's chair, behind. Newman's sudden irruption had evidently discomposed both mother and son. Madame de Cintré stood silent, with her eyes resting upon Newman's. She had often looked

at him with all her soul, as it seemed to him; but in this present gaze there was a sort of bottomless depth. She was in distress; it was the most touching thing he had ever seen. His heart rose into his throat, and he was on the point of turning to her companion, with an angry challenge; but she checked him, pressing the hand that held her own.

"Something very grave has happened," she said. "I cannot marry you."

Newman dropped her hand and stood staring, first at her and then at the others. "Why not?" he asked, as quietly as possible.

Madame de Cintré almost smiled, but the attempt was strange. "You must ask my mother, you must ask my brother."

"Why can't she marry me?" said Newman, looking at them.

Madame de Bellegarde did not move in her place, but she was as pale as her daughter. The marquis looked down at her. She said nothing for some moments, but she kept her keen, clear eyes upon Newman, bravely. The marquis drew himself up and looked at the ceiling. "It's impossible!" he said softly.

"It's improper," said Madame de Bellegarde.

Newman began to laugh. "Oh, you are fooling!" he exclaimed.

"My sister, you have no time; you are losing your train," said the marquis.

"Come, is he mad?" asked Newman.

"No; don't think that," said Madame de Cintré. "But I am going away."

"Where are you going?"

"To the country, to Fleurières; to be alone."

"To leave me?" said Newman, slowly.

"I can't see you, now," said Madame de Cintré.

"Now — why not?"

"I am ashamed," said Madame de Cintré, simply.

Newman turned toward the marquis. "What have you done to her — what

does it mean?" he asked with the same effort at calmness, the fruit of his constant practice in taking things easily. He was excited, but excitement with him was only an intenser deliberateness; it was the swimmer stripped.

"It means that I have given you up," said Madame de Cintré. "It means that."

Her face was too charged with tragic expression not fully to confirm her words. Newman was utterly shocked, but he felt as yet no resentment against her. He was amazed, bewildered, and the presence of the old marquise and her son seemed to smite his eyes like the glare of a watchman's lantern. "Can't I see you alone?" he asked.

"It would be only more painful. I hoped I should not see you—I should escape. I wrote to you. Good-by." And she put out her hand again.

Newman put both his own into his pockets. "I will go with you," he said.

She laid her two hands on his arm. "Will you grant me a last request?" and as she looked at him, urging this, her eyes filled with tears. "Let me go alone—let me go in peace. I can't call it peace—it's death. But let me bury myself. So—good-by."

Newman passed his hand into his hair and stood slowly rubbing his head and looking through his keenly-narrowed eyes from one to the other of the three persons before him. His lips were compressed, and the two lines which had formed themselves beside his mouth might have made it appear at a first glance that he was smiling. I have said that his excitement was an intenser deliberateness, and now he looked grimly deliberate. "It seems very much as if you had interfered, *marquis*," he said slowly. "I thought you said you would n't interfere. I know you don't like me; but that doesn't make any difference. I thought you promised me you would n't interfere. I thought you swore on your honor that you would n't interfere. Don't you remember, *marquis*?"

The *marquis* lifted his eyebrows; but he was apparently determined to be

even more urbane than usual. He rested his two hands upon the back of his mother's chair and bent forward, as if he were leaning over the edge of a pulpit or a lecture-desk. He did not smile, but he looked softly grave. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "I assured you that I would not influence my sister's decision. I adhered, to the letter, to my engagement. Did I not, sister?"

"Don't appeal, my son," said the marquise, "your word is sufficient."

"Yes—she accepted me," said Newman. "That is very true; I can't deny that. At least," he added, in a different tone, turning to Madame de Cintré, "you *did* accept me?"

Something in the tone seemed to move her strongly. She turned away, burying her face in her hands.

"But you have interfered now, have n't you?" inquired Newman of the *marquis*.

"Neither then nor now have I attempted to influence my sister. I used no persuasion then, I have used no persuasion to-day."

"And what have you used?"

"We have used authority!" said Madame de Bellegarde in a rich, bell-like voice.

"Ah, you have used authority," Newman exclaimed. "They have used authority," he went on, turning to Madame de Cintré. "What is it? how did they use it?"

"My mother commanded," said Madame de Cintré.

"Commanded you to give me up—I see. And you obey—I see. But why do you obey?" asked Newman.

Madame de Cintré looked across at the old marquise; her eyes slowly measured her from head to foot. "I am afraid of my mother," she said.

Madame de Bellegarde rose with a certain quickness, crying, "This is a most indecent scene!"

"I have no wish to prolong it," said Madame de Cintré; and turning to the door she put out her hand again. "If you can pity me a little, let me go alone."

Newman shook her hand quietly and firmly. "I'll come down there," he

said. The *portière* dropped behind her, and Newman sank with a long breath into the nearest chair. He leaned back in it, resting his hands on the knobs of the arms and looking at Madame de Bellegarde and Urbain. There was a long silence. They stood side by side, with their heads high and their handsome eyebrows arched.

"So you make a distinction?" Newman said at last. "You make a distinction between persuading and commanding? It's very neat. But the distinction is in favor of commanding. That rather spoils it."

"We have not the least objection to defining our position," said M. de Bellegarde. "We understand that it should not at first appear to you quite clear. We rather expect, indeed, that you should not do us justice."

"Oh, I'll do you justice," said Newman. "Don't be afraid. Please proceed."

The marquise laid her hand on her son's arm, as if to deprecate the attempt to define their position. "It is quite useless," she said, "to try and arrange this matter so as to make it agreeable to you. It can never be agreeable to you. It is a disappointment, and disappointments are unpleasant. I thought it over carefully and tried to arrange it better; but I only gave myself a headache and lost my sleep. Say what we will, you will think yourself ill-treated, and you will publish your wrongs among your friends. But we are not afraid of that. Besides, your friends are not our friends, and it will not matter. Think of us as you please. I only beg you not to be violent. I have never in my life been present at a violent scene of any kind, and at my age I can't be expected to begin."

"Is *that* all you have got to say?" asked Newman, slowly rising out of his chair. "That's a poor show for a clever lady like you, marquise. Come, try again."

"My mother goes to the point, with her usual honesty and intrepidity," said the marquis, toying with his watch-guard. "But it is perhaps well to say

a little more. We of course quite repudiate the charge of having broken faith with you. We left you entirely at liberty to make yourself agreeable to my sister. We left her quite at liberty to entertain your proposal. When she accepted you we said nothing. We therefore quite observed our promise. It was only at a later stage of the affair, and on quite a different basis, as it were, that we determined to speak. It would have been better, perhaps, if we had spoken before. But really, you see, nothing has yet been done."

"Nothing has yet been done?" Newman repeated the words, unconscious of their comical effect. He had lost the sense of what the marquis was saying; M. de Bellegarde's well-selected diction was a mere humming in his ears. All that he understood, in his deep and simple indignation, was that the matter was not a violent joke, and that the people before him were perfectly serious. "Do you suppose I can take this?" he asked. "Do you suppose it can matter to me what you say? Do you suppose I can seriously listen to you? You are simply crazy!"

Madame de Bellegarde gave a rap with her fan in the palm of her hand. "If you don't take it you can leave it, sir. It matters very little what you do. My daughter has given you up."

"She does n't mean it," Newman declared after a moment.

"I think I can assure you that she does," said the marquis.

"Poor woman, what damnable thing have you done to her?" cried Newman.

"Gently, gently!" murmured M. de Bellegarde.

"She told you," said the old lady. "I commanded her."

Newman shook his head, heavily. "This sort of thing can't be, you know," he said. "A man can't be used in this fashion. You have got no right; you have got no power."

"My power," said Madame de Bellegarde, "is in my children's obedience."

"In their fear, your daughter said. There is something very strange in it. Why should your daughter be afraid of

you?" added Newman, after looking a moment at the old lady. "There is some foul play."

The marquise met his gaze without flinching, and as if she did not hear or heed what he said. "I did my best," she said, quietly. "I could endure it no longer."

"It was a bold experiment!" said the marquis.

Newman felt disposed to walk to him, clutch his neck with his fingers, and press his windpipe with his thumb. "I need n't tell you how you strike me," he said; "of course you know that. But I should think you would be afraid of your friends — all those people you introduced me to the other night. There were some very nice people among them; you may depend upon it there were some honest men and women."

"Our friends approve us," said M. de Bellegarde; "there is not a family among them that would have acted otherwise. And however that may be, we take the cue from no one. The Bellegardes have been used to set the example, not to wait for it."

"You would have waited long before any one would have set you such an example as this," exclaimed Newman. "Have I done anything wrong?" he demanded. "Have I given you reason to change your opinion? Have you found out anything against me? I can't imagine."

"Our opinion," said Madame de Bellegarde, "is quite the same as at first — exactly. We have no ill-will toward yourself; we are very far from accusing you of misconduct. Since your relations with us began you have been, I frankly confess, less — less peculiar than I expected. It is not your disposition that we object to, it is your antecedents. We really cannot reconcile ourselves to a commercial person. We fancied in an evil hour that we could; it was a great misfortune. We determined to persevere to the end, and to give you every advantage. I was resolved that you should have no reason to accuse me of a want of loyalty. We let the thing certainly go very far; we introduced you

to our friends. To tell the truth, it was that, I think, that broke me down. I succumbed to the scene that took place on Thursday night in these rooms. You must excuse me if what I say is disagreeable to you, but we cannot release ourselves without an explanation."

"There can be no better proof of our good faith," said the marquis, "than our committing ourselves to you in the eyes of the world the other evening. We endeavored to bind ourselves — to tie our hands, as it were."

"But it was that," added his mother, "that opened our eyes and broke our bonds. We should have been most uncomfortable! You know," she added in a moment, "that you were forewarned. I told you we were very proud."

Newman took up his hat and began mechanically to smooth it; the very fierceness of his scorn kept him from speaking. "You are not proud enough," he observed at last.

"In all this matter," said the marquis, smiling, "I really see nothing but our humility."

"Let us have no more discussion than is necessary," resumed Madame de Bellegarde. "My daughter told you everything when she said she gave you up."

"I am not satisfied about your daughter," said Newman; "I want to know what you did to her. It is all very easy talking about authority and saying you commanded her. She did n't accept me blindly, and she would n't have given me up blindly. Not that I believe yet she has really given me up; she will talk it over with me. But you have frightened her, you have bullied her, you have *hurt* her. What was it you did to her?"

"I did very little!" said Madame de Bellegarde, in a tone which gave Newman a chill when he afterwards remembered it.

"Let me remind you that we offered you these explanations," the marquis observed, "with the express understanding that you should abstain from violence of language."

"I am not violent," Newman answered, "it is you who are violent! But I don't know that I have much more to

say to you. What you expect of me, apparently, is to go my way, thanking you for favors received, and promising never to trouble you again."

"We expect of you to act like a clever man," said Madame de Bellegarde. "You have shown yourself that already, and what we have done is altogether based upon your being so. When one must submit, one must. Since my daughter absolutely withdraws, what will be the use of your making a noise?"

"It remains to be seen whether your daughter absolutely withdraws. Your daughter and I are still very good friends; nothing is changed in that. As I say, I will talk it over with her."

"That will be of no use," said the old lady. "I know my daughter well enough to know that words spoken as she just now spoke to you are final. Besides, she has promised me."

"I have no doubt her promise is worth a great deal more than your own," said Newman; "nevertheless I don't give her up."

"Just as you please! But if she won't even see you, — and she won't, — your constancy must remain purely Platonic."

Poor Newman was feigning a greater confidence than he felt. Madame de Cintré's strange intensity had in fact struck a chill to his heart; her face, still impressed upon his vision, had been a terribly vivid image of renunciation. He felt sick, and suddenly helpless. He turned away and stood for a moment with his hand on the door; then he faced about and after the briefest hesitation broke out with a different accent. "Come, think of what this must be to me, and let her alone! Why should you object to me so — what's the matter with me? I can't hurt you, I would n't if I could. I'm the most unobjectionable fellow in the world. What if I am a commercial person? What under the sun do you mean? A commercial person? I will be any sort of a person you want. I never talked to you about business. Let her go, and I will ask no questions. I will take her away, and you shall never see me or hear of me again. I will stay in America if you like. I'll sign a pa-

per promising never to come back to Europe! All I want is not to lose her!"

Madame de Bellegarde and her son exchanged a glance of superior irony, and Urbain said, "My dear sir, what you propose is hardly an improvement. We have not the slightest objection to seeing you, as an amiable foreigner, and we have every reason for not wishing to be eternally separated from my sister. We object to the marriage; and in that way," and M. de Bellegarde gave a small, thin laugh, "she would be more married than ever."

"Well, then," said Newman, "where is this place of yours — Fleurières? I know it is near some old city on a hill."

"Precisely. Angoulême is on a hill," said Madame de Bellegarde. "I don't know how old it is. We are not afraid to tell you."

"It is Angoulême, is it? Very good," said Newman. "I shall immediately follow Madame de Cintré."

"The trains after this hour won't serve you," said Urbain.

"I shall hire a special train!"

"That will be a very silly waste of money," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"It will be time enough to talk about waste three days hence," Newman answered; and clapping his hat on his head, he departed.

He did not immediately start for Fleurières; he was too stunned and wounded for consecutive action. He simply walked; he walked straight before him, following the river, till he got out of the *enceinte* of Paris. He had a burning, tingling sense of personal outrage. He had never in his life received so absolute a check; he had never been pulled up, or, as he would have said, "let down," so short; and he found the sensation intolerable; he strode along, tapping the trees and lamp-posts fiercely with his stick and inwardly raging. To lose Madame de Cintré after he had taken such jubilant and triumphant possession of her was as great an affront to his pride as it was an injury to his happiness. And to lose her by the interference and the dictation of others, by an impudent old woman and a pretentious

fop stepping in with their "authority"! It was too preposterous, it was too pitiful. Upon what he deemed the unblushing treachery of the Bellegardes Newman wasted little thought; he consigned it, once for all, to eternal perdition. But the treachery of Madame de Cintré herself amazed and confounded him; there was a key to the mystery, of course, but he groped for it in vain. Only three days had elapsed since she stood beside him in the starlight, beautiful and tranquil as the trust with which he had inspired her, and told him that she was happy in the prospect of their marriage. What was the meaning of the change? of what infernal potion had she tasted? Poor Newman had a terrible apprehension that she had really changed. His very admiration for her attached the idea of force and weight to her rupture. But he did not rail at her as false, for he was sure she was unhappy. In his walk he had crossed one of the bridges of the Seine, and he still followed, unheedingly, the long, unbroken quay. He had left Paris behind him, and he was almost in the country; he was in the pleasant suburb of Auteuil. He stopped at last, looked around him without seeing or caring for its pleasantness, and then slowly turned and at a slower pace retraced his steps. When he came abreast of the fantastic embankment known as the Trocadero, he reflected, through his throbbing pain, that he was near Mrs. Tristram's dwelling, and that Mrs. Tristram, on particular occasions, had much of a woman's kindness in her utterance. He felt that he needed to pour out his ire, and he took the road to her house. Mrs. Tristram was at home and alone, and as soon as she had looked at him, on his entering the room, she told him that she knew what he had come for. Newman sat down heavily, in silence, looking at her.

"They have backed out!" she said. "Well, you may think it strange, but I felt something the other night in the air." Presently he told her his story; she listened, with her eyes fixed on him. When he had finished she said quietly, "They want her to marry Lord Deep-

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mere." Newman stared. He did not know that she knew anything about Lord Deepmere. "But I don't think she will," Mrs. Tristram added.

"She marry that poor little cub!" cried Newman. "Oh, Lord! And yet, why did she refuse me?"

"But that isn't the only thing," said Mrs. Tristram. "They really could n't endure you any longer. They had overrated their courage. I must say, to give the devil his due, that there is something rather fine in that. It was your commercial quality in the abstract they could n't stand. That is really aristocratic. They wanted your money, but they have given you up for an idea."

Newman frowned most ruefully, and took up his hat again. "I thought you would encourage me!" he said, with almost childlike sadness.

"Excuse me," she answered very gently. "I feel none the less sorry for you, especially as I am at the bottom of your troubles. I have not forgotten that I suggested the marriage to you. I don't believe that Madame de Cintré has any intention of marrying Lord Deepmere. It is true he is not younger than she, as he looks. He is thirty-three years old; I looked in the Peerage. But no—I can't believe her so horribly, cruelly false."

"Please say nothing against her," said Newman.

"Poor woman, she is cruel. But of course you will go after her and you will plead powerfully. Do you know that as you are now," Mrs. Tristram pursued, with characteristic audacity of comment, "you are extremely eloquent, even without speaking? To resist you a woman must have a very fixed idea in her head. I wish I had done you a wrong, that you might come to me in that fine fashion! But go to Madame de Cintré at any rate, and tell her that she is a puzzle even to me. I am very curious to see how far family discipline will go."

Newman sat a while longer, leaning his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, and Mrs. Tristram continued to temper charity with philosophy and compassion with criticism. At length she

inquired, "And what does the Count Valentin say to it?" Newman started; he had not thought of Valentin and his errand on the Swiss frontier since the morning. The reflection made him restless again, and he took his leave. He went straight to his apartment, where, upon the table of the vestibule, he found a telegram. It ran (with the date and place) as follows: "I am seriously ill; please to come to me as soon as possible. V. B." Newman groaned at this miserable news, and at the necessity of deferring his journey to the Château de

Fleurières. But he wrote to Madame de Cintré these few lines; they were all he had time for:—

"I don't give you up, and I don't really believe you give me up. I don't understand it, but we shall clear it up together. I can't follow you to-day, as I am called to see a friend at a distance who is very ill, perhaps dying. But I shall come to you as soon as I can leave my friend. Why should n't I say that he is your brother? C. N."

After this he had only time to catch the night express to Geneva.

Henry James, Jr.

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.

WARM and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hill-side yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes;
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical song of the heron,
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking;
For only a sound of lament we discern,
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that enfold you;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns, and rivers, and desert places;
And the splendor of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
 Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
 Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
 And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
 Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
 Some one hath lingered to meditate,
 And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same
 Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
 The surest pledge of a deathless name
 Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

Henry W. Longfellow.

FROM PONKAPOG TO PESTH.

A SLIGHT GLANCE AT CERTAIN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

I.

THE reader will probably not find Ponkapog set down in any but the very latest gazetteer of the period. It is the Indian name of a little New England village from which the writer sallied forth, a year ago, "strange countrees for to see." Ponkapog scarcely merits a description, and Pesth—the farthest point east to which his wanderings led him—has been too often described. He is thus happily relieved of the onus of making strictly good the title of this paper, whose chief merit, indeed, is that it treats of neither Pesth nor Ponkapog.

It was a roundabout road the writer took to reach the Hungarian capital,—a road that carried him as far north as Inverness, Scotland, and as far south as Naples. But the ground he passed over had been worn smooth by the feet of millions of tourists and paved three deep with "books of travel." He was too wise to let anything creep into his note-

book beyond a bit of landscape here and there, a street scene in sepia, or an outline sketch of some custom or peculiarity that chanced to strike his fancy,—and these he offers modestly to the reader.

II.

There is one thing which sometimes comes near taking the joy out of the heart of foreign travel. It is one of those trifles which frequently prove a severer test to philosophy than calamities. In the East this thing is called *bakhshish*, in Germany *trinkgeld*, in Italy *buonamano*, in France *pourboire*,¹ in England—I do not know how it is called in England, but it is called for pretty often. In whatever soft, insidious syllable it may wrap itself, it is nothing but hateful. A piece of money which is not earned by honest service, but is extracted from you as a matter of course by any vagabond who may start

¹ We met a fellow-countryman in Paris who fell into a singular error concerning this word "pourboire." He thought it was the French for "poor boy," and on being accosted one day by a very old

beggar woman, he was struck by the incongruity. "Oh," he exclaimed, "you are a 'poor boy,' too, are you? Come, now, that's a little too steep!"

out of the bowels of the earth, like a gnome or a kobold, at the sound of your footfall, is a shameless coin: it debases him that gives and him that takes.

Everywhere on the Continent the tourist is looked upon as a bird to be plucked, and presently the bird himself feebly comes to regard plucking as his proper destiny, and abjectly holds out his wing so long as there is a feather left on it. I say everywhere on the Continent, but, indeed, a man of ordinary agility might walk over the greater part of Europe on the outstretched palms of the lower classes. Russians and Americans have the costly reputation of being lavish of money on their travels, — the latter are pictured by the fervid Italian imagination to reside in gold-mines located in California and various parts of the State of New York, — and are consequently favorites. The Frenchman is too artful and the Briton too brusque to cut up well as victims. The Italian rarely ventures far from his accustomed flea, but when he does, like the German (who, on the other hand, is fond of traveling), he voyages on a most economical basis. He carries off the unburnt candle-end, and his gratuities are homeopathic. In spite of his cunning, I have no doubt — I should be sorry to doubt — that his own countrymen skin him alive.

In Italy one is besieged by beggars morning, noon, and night; a small coin generally suffices, and a little good-nature always goes a great way; for they are a childish race; there is something innocent in their deepest strategy, and something very winning in the amiability with which they will accept the situation when their villainy is frustrated. Sometimes, however, when the petitioner is not satisfied with your largess, — as always happens when you give him more than he expected, — he is scarcely polite. I learned this from a venerable ex-sailor in Genoa. "Go, brigand!" was the candid advice of that ancient mariner. He then fell to cursing my relatives, the family tomb, and everything appertaining to me — with my coin warming in his pocket.

It is fair to observe that the Italian beggar usually renders tribute to an abstract idea of manhood by assuming that he has done you some sort of service. This service is not generally visible to the unaided eye, and I fancy that the magnifying glass of sufficient power to enable you always to detect it has yet to be invented. But it is to his everlasting praise that he often does try to throw a veil of decency over the naked injustice of his demand, though he is too apt to be content with the thinnest of fabrics. I have paid a Neapolitan gentleman ten sous for leaning against a dead-wall in front of a hotel window. The unexpectedness and the insinuating audacity of the appeals frequently take away your presence of mind and leave you limp. There was an old son of Naples who dwelt on a curb-stone near the Castel dell' Ovo. Stumbling on his private public residence quite unintentionally one forenoon, I was immediately assessed. Ever after he claimed me, and finally brought his son-in-law to me and introduced him as a person combining many of the most desirable qualities of a pensioner. One of his strong points was that he had been accidentally carried off to America, having fallen asleep one day in the hold of a fruit vessel.

"But, sir," I said, "why should I give you anything? I don't know you."

"That is the reason, signor."

At bottom it was an excellent reason. If I paid the father-in-law for the pleasure of knowing him, was it not logical and just that I should pay the son-in-law for the much greater pleasure I had had in not knowing him? The slightest thing will serve, in Italy, for a lien upon your exchequer. An urchin who turns himself into a Catherine-wheel at your carriage side, or stands on his head under the very hoofs of your horses, approaches you with the confidence of a prodigal son. A three-day old nose-gay thrown into your lap gives a small Italian maiden in one garment the right to cling to the footboard of your *vettura* until you reimburse her. In driving from Pompeii to Sorrento, no fewer than fifty of these floral tributes will be show-

ered upon you. The little witches who throw the flowers are very often pretty enough to be caught and sculptured. An inadvertent glance towards a fellow sleeping by the roadside places you at once in a false position. I have known an even less compromising thing than a turn of the eyelid to establish financial relations between the stranger and the native. I have known a sneeze to do it. One morning, on the Mole at Venice, an unassuming effort of my own in this line was attended by a most unexpected result. Eight or ten young ragamuffins, who had been sunning themselves at a gondola-landing, instantly started up from a recumbent posture and advanced upon me in a semicircle, with "Salute, signor, salute!" One of these youths disturbed a preconceived idea of mine by suddenly exclaiming, —

"I am a boy Americano, dam!"

As I had not come so far from home to relieve the necessities of my own countrymen, and as I reflected that possibly this rogue's companions were also profane Americanos, I gave them nothing but a genial smile, which they divided among them with the resignation that seems to be a national trait.

The transatlantic impostor, like Mephistopheles, has as many shapes as men have fancies. Sometimes he keeps a shop, and sometimes he turns a hand-organ. Now he looks out at you from the cowl of a mediæval monk, and now you behold him in a white choker, pretending to be a verger. You become at last so habituated to seeing persons approach *in formâ pauperis*, that your barber seems to lack originality when he "leaves it to your generosity," though he has a regular tariff for his local patrons. He does not dare name a price in your case, though the price were four or five times above his usual rate, for he knows that you would accept his terms unhesitatingly, and his existence would be forever blighted by the reflection that he might have charged you more.

These things, I repeat, cease to amaze one after a while, though I plead guilty to a new sensation the day a respectable Viennese physician left it to my

generosity. I attempted to reason with Herr Doctor Scheister, but quite futilely. No, it was so he treated princes and Americans. It was painful to see a member of a noble profession, not to say the noblest, placing himself on a footing with grooms and barbers and venders of orange-wood walking-sticks. But the intelligent Herr Doctor Scheister was content to do that.

In many cities the street beggar is under the strict surveillance of the police; yet there is no spot in Europe but has its empty palm. It is only in Italy, however, that pauperism is a regular branch of industry. There it has been elevated to a fine art. Elsewhere it is a sordid, clumsy make-shift, with no joy in it. It falls short of being a gay science in France or Germany, or Austria or Hungary. In Scotland it is depressing. The guide-books give disheartening accounts of mendicancy in Ireland; but that must be in the interior. I saw nothing of it along the coast, at Dublin and Cork. I encountered only one beggar in Ireland, at Queenstown, who retired crest-fallen when I informed him in English that I was a Frenchman and did n't understand him.

"Thrue for ye," he said, "bad 'cess to me, what was I thinkin' ov!"

On the rising and falling inflection of that brogue I returned to America quite independently of a Cunard steamer. I had to call the man back and pay my passage.

In England you are subjected to a different kind of pillage. There are beggars enough and to spare in the larger cities; but that is not the class which preys upon you in Merrie England. It is the middle-aged housekeeper, the smart chambermaid, the elegiac waiter and his assistant, the boy in buttons who opens the hall door, the frowzy subterranean person called Boots, the coachman, the ostler, and one or two other individuals whose precise relevancy to your affairs will always remain a pleasing mystery to you, but who nevertheless stand in a line with the rest in the hall of the wayside inn, at your departure, and expect a gratuity. They each

look for a fee ranging from two to ten shillings sterling, though a very magnificent charge for attendance has already been recorded in your bill, which appears to have been drawn up by an amateur mathematician of somewhat uncertain touch as yet in the intricate art of addition.

The English cousin of the American working-man, who would feel inclined to knock you down if you offered him money for telling you the time of day, will very placidly pocket a fee for that heavy service. In walking the streets of London you never get over your astonishment at that eminently respectable person in black — your conjecture makes him a small curate or a tutor in some institution of learning — who, after answering your trivial question, takes the breath out of you by suggesting his willingness to drink your 'ealth.

On the whole, I am not certain that I do not prefer the graceful, foliage-like, vagabond ways of Pietro and Giuliana to the icy mendacity of Jeemes.

III.

They have a fashion across the water, particularly on the Continent, of making much of their dead. A fifteenth or a sixteenth century celebrity is a revenue to the church or town in which the distinguished ashes may chance to repose. It would be an interesting operation, if it were practicable, to draw a line between the local reverence for the virtues of the deceased and that strictly mundane spirit which regards him as assets. The two are so nicely dovetailed that I fancy it would be quite impossible, in most instances, to say where the one ends and the other begins.

In the case of the good Cardinal Borromeo, for example. The good cardinal died in 1584. He is one of the loveliest figures in history. Nobly born, rich, and learned, he devoted himself and his riches to holy deeds. The story of his life is a record of beautiful sacrifices and unselfish charities. He gave nearly all his possessions to the poor, leaving him-

self at times as destitute as a Franciscan friar. During the great plague at Milan in 1576, he sold what was left of his plate and furniture to buy bread for the famishing people. When he died, all Italy wept for him like one pair of eyes. He lies in the crypt of the cathedral at Milan. It is dark down in the crypt; but above him are carvings and gildings and paintings, basking in the mellow light sifted through the immense choir windows, —

"Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes

As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings."

Above the fretted roof the countless "statued pinnacles" lift themselves into the blue air. How magical all that delicate needle-work of architecture looks by moonlight or sunlight!

"O Milan, O the chanting quires,

The giant windows' blazoned fires,

The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!

A mount of marble, a hundred spires!"

When they show you the embalmed body of Borromeo, — for it is really the body and not merely the sarcophagus they show you, — the *custode*, a priest, lights the high candles on either side of the silver-encrusted altar. The cardinal's remains are kept in an hermetically-sealed case of rock crystal set within a massive oak coffin, one side of which is lowered by a windlass. There he lies in his jeweled robes, with his gloved hands crossed on his bosom and his costly crosier at his side, just as they laid him away nearly three centuries ago. The features are wonderfully preserved, and have not lost the placid expression they wore when he fell asleep, that look of dreamy serenity peculiar to the faces of dead persons. The head is bald, and as black as ebony. There were services going on the day we visited the cathedral. Above us the crowds came and went on the mosaic pavements, but no sound of the outside world penetrated to the dim, begemmed chapel where Carlo Borromeo, count, cardinal, and saint, takes what rest he can. We stood silent in the unflaring candlelight, gazing on the figure which had been so beloved in Milan in its time. Presently the black-robed *custode* turned the noiseless crank, and the coffin side slow-

ly ascended to its place. It was all very solemn and impressive,—too impressive and too solemn altogether for so small a sum as five francs.

I am but an intermittent worshiper of saints; yet I have an ineradicable belief in good men like Carlo Borromeo, and, as he has long since finished his earthly tasks, I think it would be showing the cardinal greater respect to bury him than to exhibit him. He nearly spoiled my visit to Milan. I resolved to have nothing more to do with the dead, directly or indirectly. But the dead play a very prominent part in the experience of the wanderer abroad. The houses in which they were born, the tombs in which they lie, the localities they made famous by their good or evil deeds, and the works their genius left behind them are necessarily the chief shrines of his pilgrimage. You leave London with a distincter memory of the monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's than of the turbulent streams of life that surge through the Strand. Mr. Blank, to whom you bore a letter of introduction, is not so real a person to you as John Milton, whose grave you saw at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, or De Foe, who sleeps in the melancholy Bunhill Fields Burial Ground,—the scene of "the great pit in Finsbury," in his history of the London plague. You catch yourself assisting, with strange relish, at the burning of heretics at Smithfield. Ridley and Latimer stand before you in flesh and bone and flame at Oxford. Thomas à Becket falls stabbed at your feet on the stone flagging in Canterbury Cathedral. At Holyrood, are not Darnley and pallid Ruthven, in his steel corselet, forever creeping up that narrow spiral staircase leading to the small cabinet where Rizzio is supping with the queen? You cannot escape these things if you would. Your railway carriage takes you up at one famous grave and sets you down at another. In Paris, where the very atmosphere thrills with intense life, you are brought at each step face to face with the dead. What people are these that flit in groups up and down the brill-

iant boulevards? They are not sipping absinthe and taking their ease,—the poor ghosts; old and new! Can you stand in the Place de la Concorde and not think of the twenty-eight hundred persons who were guillotined there between 1793 and 1795? A few minutes' walk from the crowded *cafés* leads you to the morgue, "the little Doric morgue," as Browning calls it. The gilded dome of the Invalides keeps perpetually in your mind "the terror of Europe," held down by sixty tons of porphyry, in the rotunda,—the grandest tomb in the world. The neatly-swept asphalt under your feet ran blood but yesterday. Here it was, near the Tuileries, the insurgents had a barricade. Those white spots which you observe on the façade of yonder building, the Madeleine, are bits of new stone set into the sacrilegious shot-holes. On the verge of the city, and within sound of its feverish heart-throb, stretch Père la Chaise, and Montmartre, and Mont Parnasse, pathetic with renowned names.

I suppose that a taste for church-yards and cemeteries is a cultivated taste. At home they were entirely disconnected in my mind with any thought of enjoyment; but after a month on the other side I preferred a metropolitan graveyard to almost any object of interest that could be presented to me. A cemetery at home suggests awkward possibilities; but nothing of the kind occurs to you in rambling through a foreign burial-ground. You wander along the serpentine walk as you would stroll through a picture-gallery. You as little think of adding a mound to the one as you would of contributing a painting to the other. You survey the monoliths and the bas-reliefs and the urns and the miniature Athenian temples from the stand-point of an unbiased spectator who has paid his admittance fee and expects entertainment or instruction. Some of the pleasantest hours I passed in sight-seeing were spent in grave-yards. The Jewish cemetery at Prague, with its smoky Gothic synagogue of the thirteenth century (the *Altneuschule*), and the ancient church-yard of St. John at

Nuremberg, where the remains of Albert Dürer once rested, and where Hans Sachs and many another worthy of his day still rest, were among the most notable things we saw. The engraved brass plates — the P. P. C. cards, so to speak, of the departed aristocracy of Nuremberg — on the horizontal slabs of St. John's are very quaint, with their crests, and coats-of-arms, and symbols of gentility. At Prague the stones are marked with pitchers and hands, to designate the descendants of the tribes of Levi and Aaron. They claim to have one stone that dates as far back as A. D. 606. Some of the graves are held in great veneration; that of Rabbi Abignor Kara, who died in 1439, is often made the point of pilgrimage by Jews living in distant lands. Within the yard is a building where the funeral rites are performed, and grave-clothes are kept for all comers. The dead millionaire and the dead pauper are arrayed in the same humble garb, and alike given to earth in a rough board coffin. The Jewish custom, like death itself, is no respecter of persons. There is a fine austerity in this.

It was always a vague satisfaction to observe that the mortuary sculptures of the Old World were every whit as hideous as our own. The sepulchral designs in churches abroad are generally in the worst style of Middle Age realism. A half-draped skeleton of Death, plunging his dart into the bosom of some emaciated marble girl, seems to have been a consoling symbol to the survivors a few centuries ago. This ghastly fancy is constantly under your eyes. If I call it ghastly I give expression to the effect it produced on me at first. It would not be honest for me to affirm that I did not like it at last. I became so accustomed to this skeleton and his brother monstrosities that when we visited those three grim chambers under the Church of the Capuchins at Rome, and saw the carefully polished skulls of hundreds of monks wrought into pillars and arches and set upon shelves, I looked at them as complacently as if they had been a lot of exploded percussion-caps. "It

is a pity they can't be used again," I thought; and that was all. I began to believe the beautiful economy of nature to be greatly overrated.

This is the burial-place of the Capuccini, who esteem it a blissful privilege to lie here for a few years in consecrated earth brought from Jerusalem, and then, when their graves are wanted for fresher brothers, to be taken up and transformed into architectural decorations. The walls and recesses and arched ceilings of these chapels (which are beneath the church but not under ground) are thus ornamented with the brotherhood skillfully arranged in fanciful devices, the finger-joints and the fragile links of the vertebral column being wrought into friezes and light cornices, and the larger bones arranged in diamonds and hearts and rounds, like the sabres and bayonets in an armory. Here and there on the ceiling is a complete skeleton set into the plastering, quite suggestive of an outline by Flaxman or Retzsch. It requires a highly cultivated taste to appreciate this. The poor monks! they were not very ornamental in life; but time is full of compensations. Death seems to have relieved them of one unhappy characteristic. "There is no disagreeable scent," says the author of *The Marble Faun*, describing this place, "such as might have been expected from the decay of so many holy persons, in whatever odor of sanctity they may have taken their departure. The same number of living monks would not smell half so unexceptionably." The Capuchin golgotha is more striking than the Parisian catacombs, for the reason that its contracted limits do not allow you to escape from the least of its horrible grotesqueness. In the catacombs you are impressed by their extent rather than by anything else.

Rome is one enormous mausoleum. There the Past lies visibly stretched upon his bier. There is no to-day or to-morrow in Rome; it is perpetual yesterday. One might lift up a handful of dust anywhere and say, with the Persian poet, "This was once man." Where everything has been so long dead, a death of

to-day seems almost an impertinence. How quickly and with what serene irony the new grave is absorbed by the universal antiquity of the place! The block of marble over Keats does not appear a day fresher than the neighboring Pyramid of Caius Cestius. Oddly enough, we saw no funeral in Rome. In almost every other large city it was our fortune, either as we entered or departed, to meet a funeral cortege. Every one stands uncovered as the train crawls by, the vehicles come to a halt at the curbstone, the children stop their play, heads are bowed, golden locks and gray, on every side. As I have said, though in a different sense, they make much of their dead abroad. I was struck by the contrast the day we reached home. Driving from the steamer, we encountered a hearse straggling down Broadway. It attracted as much reverential attention as would be paid to an ice-cart.

I happened to witness a picturesque funeral in Venice. It was that of a chorus-boy, in a church on one of the smaller canals somewhere west of the Rialto. I stumbled on the church accidentally that forenoon, and was not able to find it again the next day, — a circumstance to which the incident perhaps owes the fairy-like atmosphere that envelops it for me. The building had disappeared, like Aladdin's palace, in the night.

They were performing a mass as I entered. The great rose window behind the organ and the chancel windows were darkened with draperies, and the colossal candles were burning. The coffin, covered with a heavily embroidered pall, stood on an elevated platform in front of the magnificent altar. The inlaid columns glistening in the candle-light, the smoke of the incense curling lazily up to the frescoed dome, the priests in elaborate robes kneeling around the bier, — it was like a masterly composed picture. When the ceremonies were concluded, the coffin was lifted from the platform by six young friars and borne to a gondola in waiting at the steps near the portals. The priests, carrying a huge golden crucifix and several tall gilt torches, unlighted, crowded into the bow and

stern of the floating hearse, which was attached by a long rope to another gondola occupied by oarsmen. Following these were two or three covered gondolas whose connection with the obsequies was not clear to me, as they appeared to be empty. Slowly down the narrow canal, in that dead stillness which reigns in Venice, swept the sombre flotilla, bearing its unconscious burden to the Campo Santo. The air was full of vagrant spring scents, and the sky that arched over all was carved of one vast, unclouded turquoise. In the deserted church were two old crones scraping up the drippings of the wax candles from the tessellated pavement. Nothing except time is wasted in Italy.

I saw a more picturesque though not so agreeable a funeral in Florence. The night of our arrival was one of those unearthly moonlight nights which belong to Italy. The Arno, changed to a stream of quicksilver, flowed swiftly through the stone arches of the Ponte Vecchio under our windows, and lured me with its beauty out-of-doors, though a great clock somewhere near by had just clanged eleven. By an engraving I had seen in boyhood I recognized the bridge of Taddeo Gaddi, with its goldsmith shops on either side. They were closed now, of course. I strolled across the bridge and back again once or twice, and then wandered off into a net-work of dingy streets, traversed by one street so very narrow that you saw only a hand's breadth of sapphire sky between the tops of the tall buildings. Standing in the middle of the thoroughfare, I could almost touch the shutters of the shops right and left. At the upper end of the street, which was at least three quarters of a mile in length, the overhanging fronts of the lofty houses seemed to meet and shut out the dense moonlight. In the desperate struggle which took place there between the moon and the gloom, a hundred fantastic shadows slipped from coigne and cornice and fell into the street below, like besiegers flung from the ramparts of some old castle. Not a human being nor a light was anywhere visible. Suddenly I saw what, for an instant, I took

to be a fallen star in the extreme distance. It was moving. It approached in a zigzag course. It broke into several stars; these grew larger; then I discovered they were torches. A low monotonous chant, like the distant chorus of demons in an opera, reached my ear. The chant momentarily increased in distinctness, and as the torches drew nearer I saw that they were carried by fifteen or twenty persons marching in a square, in the middle of which was a bier supported by a number of ghostly figures. The procession was sweeping down on me at the rate of six miles an hour; the trailing pall flapped in the wind caused by the velocity of the march. When the cortege was within twenty or thirty yards of me, I noticed that the bier-bearers and the persons who held the flambeaux were shrouded from forehead to foot in white sheets with holes pierced for the eyes. I never beheld anything more devilish. On they came, occupying the whole width of the narrow street. I had barely time to crowd myself into a projecting doorway, when they swept by with a rhythmical, swinging gait, to the measure of their awful threnody. I waited until the muffled chant melted into the distance, — and then I made a bee-line for the hotel.

In Italy the hour of interment is graduated by the worldly position of the deceased. The poor are buried in the daytime; thus the expense of torches is avoided. Illuminated night-funerals are reserved for the wealthy and persons of rank. At least, I believe that such is the regulation, though the reverse of this order may be the case. At Naples, I know, the interments in the Camposanto Vecchio take place a little before sunset. Shelley said of the Protestant Burying Ground at Rome that the spot was lovely enough to make one in love with death. Nobody would dream of saying that about the Camposanto at Naples, — a parallelogram of several hundred feet, inclosed on three sides by a high wall and on the fourth by an arcade. In this dreary space, approached through a dismal avenue of cypresses, are three hundred and sixty-six deep pits, one of

which is opened each evening to receive the dead of that day, and then sealed up, — one pit for each day of the year. I fancy that the extra pit must be for leap-year. Only the poorest persons, paupers and waifs, are buried here, if it can be called buried. The body is usually left unattended at the arcade, to await its turn.

There is a curious burial custom at Munich. The law requires that every man, woman, and child who dies within city limits shall lie in state for three days in the Leichenhaus (dead house) of the Gottesacker, the southern cemetery, outside the Sendling Gate. This is to prevent any chance of premature burial, an instance of which many years ago gave rise to the present provision. The Leichenhaus is comprised of three large chambers or *salons*, in which the dead are placed upon raised couches and surrounded by flowers. A series of wide windows giving upon the arcade affords the public an unobstructed view of the interior. The spectacle is not so repellant as one might anticipate. The neatly-kept, well-lighted rooms, the profusion of flowers, and the scrupulous propriety which prevails in all the arrangements, make the thing as little terrible as possible. On the Sunday of our visit to the Gottesacker, the place was unusually full of bodies awaiting interment, — old men and women, young girls, and infants. Some were like exquisite statues, others like wax-figures, and all piteous. Attached to the hand of each adult was a string or wire connected with a bell in the custodian's apartment. It would be difficult to imagine a more startling sound than would be the sudden tinkling of one of those same bells!

But I have been playing too long what Balzac calls a *solo de corbillard*.

IV.

I once asked an American friend, who had spent many years in foreign travel, to tell me what one thing most impressed him in his various wanderings. I supposed he was going to say the Pyr-

amids. His reply was, "The politeness and consideration I have met with from every one except traveling Englishmen and Americans."

I was afterwards told, by an impolite person, that this politeness was merely a surface polish; but it is a singularly agreeable sort of veneer, and much better worth bringing home than bronzes and specimens of the old masters. Specimens of the old masters you can get — painted to order — in this country, but the veneer is a more difficult affair.

What if the smoothness is all on the surface? Some one says that if any of us were peeled, a savage would be found at the core. It is a very great merit, then, to have this savage wrapped in numerous folds and rendered as hard to peel as possible. For the most part, the pilgrim abroad comes in contact with only the outside of men and things. The main point is gained if that outside is pleasant. Likely enough your *concierge* at Paris was a *pétroleuse* in the days of the Commune; but does she not smile upon you with the brightness of a two-franc candle when she sees you coming in at ever so much o'clock at night?

The American at home enjoys a hundred conveniences which he finds wanting in the heart of European civilization. Many matters which we consider as necessities here are regarded as luxuries there. A well-appointed private house in an American city has perfections in the way of light, heat, water, ventilation, drainage, etc., that are not to be obtained even in palaces abroad. The traveler is constantly amused by the primitive agricultural implements which he sees employed in some parts of France, Italy, and Germany, by the ingenious devices they have for watering the streets of their grand capitals, and by the strange disregard of economy in man-power in everything. A water-cart in Berlin, for illustration, requires three men to manage it: one to drive, and two on foot behind to twitch right and left, by means of ropes, a short hose with a sprinkler at the end.

"I wondered what they would be at
Under the lindens."

This painful hose, attached to a chubby Teutonic-looking barrel, has the appearance of being the tail of some wretched nondescript animal whose sufferings would, in our own land, invoke the swift interposition of Mr. Bergh. That this machine is wholly inadequate to the simple duty of sprinkling the street is a fact not perhaps worth mentioning. The culinary utensils of Central Germany are, I venture to say, of nearly the same pattern as those used by Eve, — judging by some earthenware and iron-mongery I caught a glimpse of in the kitchen of the Rothe Ross at Nuremberg. I saw in Italy a wheelbarrow that must have been an infringement of an Egyptian patent of 500 B. C. I forget in what imperial city it was I beheld a tin bath-tub shamelessly allowing itself to be borne from door to door and let out by the job. In several respects the United States are one or two centuries in advance of Europe; but in that little matter of veneering I have mentioned, we are very far behind her.

The incivility which greets the American traveler at every stage in his own domains is so rare an accomplishment among foreign railway, steamboat, and hotel officials, that it is possible to journey from Dan to Beersheba — certainly from Ponkapog to Pesth — without meeting a single notable instance of it. I think that the gentlemen of the Dogana at Ventimiglia were selected expressly on account of their high breeding to examine luggage at that point. In France — by France I mean Paris — even the drivers of the public carriages are civil. Civilization can go no further. If Darwin is correct in his theory of the survival of the fittest, there will ultimately not be a single New York hackman left on the face of the earth. We shall have to import Parisians. I am not positive but we shall also run short of railway conductors and ticket-sellers. We have persons occupying these posts here who could not hold similar positions in Europe fifteen minutes.

The guard who has charge of your carriage on a continental railway, so far from being the haughty autocrat who on

our own cars too often snatches your ticket from you and snubs you at a word, is the most thoughtful and considerate of men; he looks after the welfare and comfort of your party as if that were the specialty for which he was created; he never loses countenance at your daring French or German, or the graceful New England accent you throw upon your Italian; he is ready with the name of that ruined castle which stands like a jagged tooth in the mouth of the mountain gorge; he does not neglect to tell you at what station you may find an excellent *buffet*; you cannot weary him with questions; he will smilingly answer the same one a hundred times; and when he is killed in a collision with the branch train, you are not afraid to think where he will go, with all this kindness.

I am convinced that it is the same person, thinly disguised as the proprietor of a hotel, who receives you at the foot of the staircase as you step down from the omnibus, and is again the attentive and indefatigable chamberlain to your earthly comfort. It is an old friend who has been waiting for you these many years. To be sure, as the proprietor of a hotel the old friend makes you pay roundly for all this; but do you not pay roundly for food and shelter in taverns on your native heath, and get no civility whatever, unless the hotel-clerk has lost his mind? Your continental inn-keeper, of whatever nationality, keeps a paternal eye on you and does not allow you to be imposed upon by outsiders. If you are to be imposed upon, he attends to that trifling formality himself, and always graciously. Across three thousand miles of sea and I know not how many miles of land, I touch my hat at this moment to the landlord of that snuffy little hostelry at Wittenberg, who awoke me at midnight to excuse himself for not having waited upon us in person when we arrived by the ten o'clock train. He had had a card-party — the Herr Professor Something-splatz and a few friends — in the coffee-room, and really, etc., etc. He could n't sleep, and did n't let me, until he had made his excuses. It was downright charming in you, mine host

of the Goldner Adler; I thank you for it, and I'd thank you not to do it again.

Every American who has passed a week in rural England must have carried away, even if he did not bring with him, a fondness for our former possessions. The solid hospitality he has received at the comfortable old inns nestled in leaves and mosses by the roadside is sure to figure among his pleasantest reminiscences. It lies in his recollection with Stratford and Canterbury and Grassmere; as he thinks of it, it takes something of the picturesqueness of those ruined abbeys and cathedrals which went so far to satisfy his morbid appetite for everything that is wrinkled and demolished in the way of architecture. It was Shenstone who said, —

" Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Whate'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

The foreign traveler will scarcely be inclined to sigh over that. If he is, he will have cause to sigh in many an English village and in most of the leading cities across the Channel. I know of one party that can think with nothing but gratitude of their reception at the Hotel —, one raw April night after a stormy passage from Dover to Calais and a cheerless railway ride thence to Paris. Rooms had been bespoken by telegraph, and when the wanderers arrived at the Rue de Rivoli they found such exquisite preparation for their coming as seemed to have been made by well-known gentle hands reaching across the Atlantic. In a small salon adjoining the parlor assigned to the party, the wax candles threw a soft light over the glass and silver appointments of a table spread for their repast. A waiter arranging a dish of fruit at the buffet greeted them with a good evening, as if he had been their servitor for years, instead of now laying eyes upon them for the first time. In the open chimney-place of the parlor was a wood fire blazing cheerfully on the backs of a couple of brass griffins who did not seem to mind it. On the mantel-piece was an antique clock, flanked by bronze candlesticks that would have taken your heart in a *bric-à-brac* shop. The furni-

ture, the draperies, and the hundred and one nicknacks lying around on tables and *étagères*, showed the touch of a tasteful woman's hand. It might have been a room in a *château*. It was as unlike as possible to those gaudy barracks — fitted up at so much per yard by a soulless upholsterer — which we call parlors in our own hotels. Beyond this were the sleeping apartments, in the centre of one of which stood the neatest of *femmes de chambre*, with the demurest of dark eyes, and the pinkest of ribbons on her cap. She held in her hand a small copper pitcher of hot water, and looked like Liotard's pretty painting of the Chocolate Girl come to life. On a toilet-table under a draped mirror was a slender vase of Bohemian glass holding two or three fresh tea-roses. What beau of the old *régime* had slipped out of his tomb to pay madam that gallantry?

Outside of the larger cities on the Continent you can get as wretched accommodations as you could desire for an enemy. In most of the German and Italian provinces, aside from the main routes of travel, the inns are abominable beyond description; but the people are invariably courteous. I hardly know how to account for the politeness which seems to characterize every class abroad. Possibly it is partly explained by the military system which in many countries requires of each man a certain term of service; the soldier is disciplined in the severest school of manners; he is taught to treat both his superior and his inferior with deference; courtesy becomes second nature. Certainly it is the rule and not the exception among continental nations. From the threshold of a broken down *châlet* in some loneliest Alpine pass you will be saluted graciously. You grow skeptical as to that "rude Carinthian boor" who, in Goldsmith's poem, —

"Against the houseless stranger shuts the door."

I am aware that all this is strangely at variance with the statements of other chroniclers. Every man must accept his own experience. There are small, uncomfortable souls everywhere, if one is minded to look for them. My memory,

luckily, is so coarsely woven a sieve that particularly small, uncomfortable souls sift through. I think it has caught nothing in this sort, except the landlord of the Argyll Arms at Inverary, and him I have n't the slightest use for. For me, the brutality of the Saxons still lies exclusively between the covers of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's *Saxon Studies*. His criticisms may be as just as they are lively; Mr. Hawthorne passed three or four years in Saxony, and I spent ten or twelve days there; my experience weighs nothing against his; but I would not exchange with him.

No French, Italian, or Saxon gentleman, so far as I have observed, enters or leaves a café of the better class without lifting his hat, especially if there are ladies present. As he hurries from the railway carriage at his station, — a station at which the train halts for perhaps only a few seconds, — he seldom neglects to turn on the step and salute his fellow-passengers. It is true, for the last hour or two he sat staring over the top of his journal at your wife or sister; but to be a breaker of the female heart is what they all seem to aspire to, over there. It appears to be recognized as not ill-bred to stare at a lady so long as there is anything left of her. It is in that fashion American ladies are stared at by Frenchmen and Germans and Italians, who, aside from this, are very polite to our countrywomen, — marvelously polite when we reflect that the generality of untraveled foreigners, beyond the Straits of Dover, regard us, down deep in their hearts, as only a superior race of barbarians.

They would miss us sadly if we were to become an extinct race. Not to mention other advantages resulting from our existence, our desire to behold their paintings and statuary and the marvels of their architecture — to which they themselves are for the most part only half alive, especially in Italy — keeps a thousand of their lovely, musty old towns from collapsing. They understand this perfectly, and do whatever lies within them to interest us; they are even so obliging as to invent tombs and historic

localities for our edification, and come at last to believe in them themselves. In that same Wittenberg of which I have spoken, they will show you the house of Hamlet! and at Ferrara, a high-strung, sympathetic *valet-de-place*, if properly encouraged, will throw tears into his voice as he stands with you in a small cellar where by no chance is it probable that Tasso was immured for seven years, or even seven minutes. PRIGIONE DI TASSO! I have as genuine a prison of Tasso at Ponkapog. Though their opinion of us is not always as flattering as we could wish, it shall not prevent me from saying that these people are the most charming and courteous people on the globe, and that I shall forget the Madonna at Dresden, the Venus in the Louvre, and the Piazza of St. Mark as I saw it once by moonlight, before I forget an interview I witnessed one day in the Rue de l'École de Médecine, between a fat, red-faced concierge and a very much battered elderly French gentleman, whose redingote, buttoned closely up to his chin, threw vague but still damaging suspicions on his supply of linen.

"Pardon, madame," said the decayed old gentleman, lifting his threadbare silk hat by its curled brim with indescribable grace as he approached, "is M. . . . within?"

"I think not, but I will see."

"I am pained" (*Je suis désolé*) "to give you the trouble."

"It is no trouble, monsieur."

"Merci, madame."

The concierge disappeared. Presently she returned, loaded to the muzzle with the information that M. . . . was unfortunately not at home.

"A thousand pardons, madame, but will you have the amiability to give him this" (presenting a card that had seen better days) "as soon as he returns?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"Madame, I am sensible of your kindness."

"Do not speak of it."

"Bonjour, madame."

"Bonjour, monsieur."

This poor gentleman's costume was very far on its way to a paper-mill; but adversity had left his manners intact, and they were fit for palaces.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

JANUARY.

O Winter! Frozen pulse and heart of fire!
 What loss is theirs who from thy kingdom turn
 Dismayed, and think thy snow a sculptured urn
 Of death! Far sooner in midsummer tire
 The streams than under ice. June could not hire
 Her roses to forego the strength they learn
 In sleeping on thy breast. No fires can burn
 The bridges thou dost lay where men desire
 In vain to build.

O Heart, when Love's sun goes
 To northward, and the sounds of singing cease,
 Keep warm by inner fires, and rest in peace.
 Sleep on content, as sleeps the patient rose.
 Walk boldly on the white, untrodden snows.
 The winter is the winter's own release!

H. H.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

COMEDIETTA.

CHARACTERS.

ALFRED OF SILURIA	King.
GELOSA	Queen.
JANE	Maid.
JOHN	Servant.
BIANCO }	Princes.
NERO }	Princess.
VOLATILE	Page.
TRILLETINO	
<i>Guards, Attendants, etc.</i>	

ACT I.

Hall of palace. Queen sitting at dinner. Enormous pie on the table. John waiting. Musicians, etc.

Queen. John, tell his majesty the dinner's served, for doubtless he has quite forgotten it.

John. I'll go, your majesty. [*Exit.*]

Queen. These men are so provoking with their ways; each worse than other. My departed lord would rave like bedlam were the dinner served a minute late. The king is just as bad; he never knows when 't's dinner time at all.

Enter John.

John. His majesty will be here in an instant.

Queen. An instant, yes! His instants are like days in Jupiter; he's no idea of time. A sun-dial under a cloudy sky would know as well. [*Calls.*] Alfred Silurian! Why don't you come?

King [without]. Yes, my love, as soon as I have finished one word more of this inscription.

Queen. Bother your inscriptions, the paltry things! They never had a sense when men could read them, much less have they now. Do come!

Enter King, looking at a coin.

King. Oh rare and beautiful! A Pharaoh's coin, two tigers gamboling upon a bank, on the reverse a legend, FULEPAUP: in English, Make your game. A glorious coin!

Queen. Oh, do let your coins alone

and come to dinner! How can you be engaged in that useless nonsense!

King. Entrancing science! And it all began with only half a sixpence.

Queen. Yes, I see, Alfred Silurian; you can't blind me; I see it plainly, 't is a love affair; there is a woman in it. It's a pledge, — some giddy thing you've broke a sixpence with.

King. What cause for jealousy? 'T was years ago, long ere I married, and she wed a duke; I have not seen her now these twenty years.

Queen. No cause! I should like to know if there's no cause when a married man keeps tokens of a first love. A rival is a rival, married or single, dead or alive. To think that I have wasted my blooming youth on a faithless profligate that treasures in his bosom a prior attachment! What monsters of iniquity men are!

King. I should n't think you would have tried a second monster.

Queen. Oh, my poor departed husband was the one exception. I was his only love.

King. I should n't be surprised. He was too ill-tempered to be civil to more than one woman in his life.

Queen. How dare you thus abuse my first love! Sweet-tempered angel, look at him.

[*Takes a locket from her bosom and holds it to him open.*]

King. That is a pleasant expression.

Queen. No, that's you, you odious creature! [*Turning it over.*] The other side. There, see those transcendent features. It serves me right for marrying again. To be deceived by a treacherous. . . .

King. Good! go on: such scolding is one of the tribulations men get to heaven by. I shall soon be ready to be canonized.

Queen. Never! I'll be no means of

grace to you. I'll be a patient and obedient wife first. You shall never have a chance to claim credit for your forbearance to me; I will be the injured one myself.

King. Well, either way you like. Both have their compensations.

Queen. Then do let's cut the pie.

King. What is it?

Queen. Blackbirds.

King. No!

Queen. Yes, four-and-twenty fat ones.

King. Delicious! 'Tis my favorite game.

Queen. I had forgotten that. I never would have had them. Next time I'll ask you first.

King. I'll say the contrary, and checkmate you.

Queen. Then I will have it as you say, and spite you so.

King. Then I'll double again. I shall always be one move ahead. But to-day, by accident, we both agree. You cannot change it now. So I'll cut the pie. Strike up the music.

[*Musicians play. King begins to cut the pie. Chorus is heard very gently, "Sing a song of sixpence."*]

Queen. Hark! what's that?

King [*stopping*]. Oh, it's nothing but a Christmas carol outside.

Queen. No! Listen! it is in the pie. Just hear what they're singing. About a sixpence. It's a reproof to you. The powers above take notice of your faithlessness.

King. Pshaw, nonsense! That's a woman's whim. The song's a common one. Anybody can sing it.

Queen. No. It's ominous. I have a presentiment.

King. Bah, of course you have; women always do.

Queen. This is of some great event. Pray Heaven it may be prosperous.

King. Let us hope so, by all means. So here goes.

[*King begins to take off the cover. It flies up and there come out first a princess, who runs and falls at the*

*feet of the Queen, then two princes, Nero and Bianco, who cross swords in front.*¹

Princess. Dear lady, help me! Pray don't let them fight!

Nero. Fool!

Bianco. Knave!

King. What means this broil, and wherefore came you here?

Nero. Your majesty . . .

Bianco. Sire . . .

Nero. May it please your majesty, this milksop here . . .

Bianco. Revered sire, this ill-scheming villain . . .

Nero. May it please your majesty, this milksop here has had the weakness . . .

Bianco. Revered sire, this ill-scheming villain has the presumption . . .

Nero. May it please your majesty, this milksop here has had the weakness to become enamored . . .

Bianco. Revered sire, this ill-scheming villain has the presumption to propose . . .

Nero. May it please . . .

King. Untimely rioters, be silent—hold your tongues! If you can't agree to talk one at a time, let this young woman tell us something. What are you here for? Who are you? Why this unseemly altercation?

Princess. Your majesty, I am a poor orphan brought up at a neighboring castle. These are two young gentlemen that live there. A most unheard-of chance has brought us here.

In a forest where the boughs enlacing
Wove a canopy of green,
Passed a comely youth and maid slow pacing
Mossy trunks between.

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
A youth and maid were seen

Quickly starting from a neighboring thicket,
With his flashing rapier bare,
Pouring fierce oaths like an open spicket,
Stood a rival there.

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
Behold the frightened pair!

Not a word he to the maiden uttered,
But with scorn the youth addressed,

¹ The appearance of the princes can be easily managed by means of a pine table with a hole in it about as large as a flour barrel, over which the pie, made

of pasteboard, rests. A cloth conceals the place under the table, and guards or attendants or musicians will conceal the communication behind the scenes.

"If you know which side your bread is buttered,
Go, young man, go West."

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
Here's jealousy confessed!

Thrust and parry in an angry scrimmage
Did those jealous rivals bold.
Stood the maiden like a plaster image,
Chilled with horror cold.

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
Oh, fury uncontrolled!

Then some sorceress or kindly fairy
Rivals, maid, and retinue
Changed to blackbirds, and to regions airy
Chattering off they flew.

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
Oh, what an awful stew!

Caught and baked were we with paste around us,
Seasoned à la sauce Tartare;
Then you took the cover off and found us,
And so here we are.

Chorus. Oh, tragic history,
Oh, wondrous mystery,
That is too strong by far!

King. 'T is marvelous indeed!

Queen. I told you so, and has a deep
significance.

King. But say, young woman, know
you these two rivals well?

Princess. I only saw them rarely in
the park.

Queen. Have you encouraged them?

Princess. So as a maid not impolite
might give encouragement to flattering
youths inclined to flirt, — no more.

Queen. A dangerous sport, the cause
of many woes!

King. Quite like her sex; their web
has many threads, and each may catch
a fly.

Queen. Their natural prey. But not
too many; one is quite enough.

Princess. I'm sure I meant no harm.
Men are such fools!

Nero. She has as good as accepted
me.

Bianco. 'T is false! She's sworn un-
dying constancy to me.

Nero. She smiles a greeting when we
meet.

Bianco. Conceited puppy! She presses
my hand at parting.

Nero. She trembles when I enter the
apartment.

Bianco. She may well, seeing so con-
scienceless a reprobate. But she blushes
whenever I address her.

Nero. She ought to blush for shame,
a girl of sense, to speak to such a ninny.

Bianco. She wears the flowers I give
her.

Nero. She is the idol of my soul's
devotion.

Bianco. She is my sovereign mistress.
I will maintain my claim against the
universe.

Nero. I will exterminate any pre-
sumptuous rival that dares mention her
name.

Bianco. The Princess Volatile is mine.

Nero. Liar! She's mine.

[*They fight.*

King. Ho, guards, arrest them. [*They
give up their swords.*] Young woman,
speak; which is the favored lover?

Princess. May it please your majesty,
I cannot yet decide.

King. Then take one of them forth-
with; the other shall be executed in-
stantly. Prepare the block!

Queen. For shame — to force a wom-
an's inclination in such haste! Give her
time. We'll entertain them in the pal-
ace and await the event. Whichever
one she choose, the other'll doubtless
hang himself and save us trouble.

[*Gesture of assent from Bianco and
of dissent from Nero.*

King. No. They've spoiled our roy-
al dinner, they disturb the peace. And
more, I doubt me much they may be
tramps. Perhaps 't is their intent to
rob the palace.

Queen. Suspicious monster! I'm sure
their tale is true.

King. Silence, woman, you're an un-
balanced sentimentalist! Go read The
Nation! The public peace demands it.
Let them be confined. Guards, conduct
them to the Square Tower.

Queen. Oh, never mind, my dears:
It will not be severe. You'll find the
cells attractive. They're furnished by
the Household Art Company on plans of
Eastlake.

Princess. Oh!

Nero. Has n't your majesty a con-
venient dungeon?

Bianco. Or a comfortable rack? We
should prefer them much.

Queen. Ungrateful creatures! I am

President of the Criminal Comfort Society. You'll find all modern conveniences, Psyche mirrors . . .

Princess. Oh, how charming!

Queen. Electric bells and speaking-tubes. I'll call a meeting instantly to bewail your fate, and circulate petitions for your discharge.

King. Enough. Conduct them, guards. [*They go out with guards.*] These people touch me strangely. The maiden is of a rare beauty. She, at least, might lodge more regally.

Queen. Never! I'll have no gay coquettes inside the palace. You deceitful creature, with your broken sixpences and tokens, you are not to be trusted! I'll countermine your schemes. Don't even speak to her but in my presence. But the girl is an attractive creature. She reminds me of my dear departed — Ah!

King. Well, what now?

Queen. My lost Amanda! Her envious relatives stole her away after my husband's death. She should be just her age. Can it be she?

King. Oh, gammon! She might more likely be the child of . . .

Queen. Silence! Don't dare to speak of her, the brazen creature, the rival of your lawful wife. This girl is infinitely handsomer. My husband had such hair and eyes.

King. A hideous, squinting lout, of sinister aspect. I knew him well.

Queen. Unfeeling wretch! — to trifle with the sorrow of a wife and mother.

Enter Maid, with fruit.

Maid. Will you have dessert now?

Queen. Oh, what is it?

King. I will have none. I have no appetite for mortal food. These things unhinge my soul.

Queen. You're thinking of that jade and her sixpence. You know you are.

King. Woman, leave me; your vile suspicions are unseasonable.

Maid. 'Tis apples of Sodom, your majesty, and sour grapes.

Queen. Ugh! take them away, I've had a surfeit of them. I'll drown my sorrows with my bread and honey in the kitchen.

[*Exit Queen.*]

King. Maid, remove the dinner, but beware lest thou disturb the cover of the pie. It holds a legion of enchanted folk. Already has it sent forth three whose state and history perplex us much.

Maid. Oh my! [*Exit King.*] Enchanted people? I should like to see them so. And it's so lonesome here. Heighho! John's of no use; he's such a stupid dolt. Oh, if one should be a prince, and marry me!

I should like a handsome lover,
Tall and fair with eyes of blue,
Round whose full-arched temples hover
Crispy curls of chestnut hue.
But if such I can't discover,
Why, a plainer one will do;
Lovers now, alas, are few;
So a plainer one will do.

I should like a high-born lover,
Rich in generous virtues too,
One whose pride of birth shall cover
No base deed nor thought untrue.
But if such I can't discover,
Why, a humbler one will do.
Lovers now, alas, are few;
So a humbler one will do.

I should like a wealthy lover,
Who with costly gifts will woo,
So that I may live in clover,
Diamonds wear and fashions new.
But if such I can't discover,
Why, a poorer one will do.
Lovers now, alas, are few;
So a poorer one will do.

I should like a constant lover,
Ne'er his love to change or rue,
But to find till life is over
Charms in me still fresh and new.
But if he should prove a rover,
Why, another one will do.
Flying love I'll ne'er pursue,
For another one will do.

Oh dear, I was born a princess, I am sure. I must have been changed at nurse. I feel sometimes a lofty spirit. This servile life is irksome to me. I feel I have a destiny. I will try the pie for just one . . . Oh, mercy, suppose it should be a woman! Horrors, one less chance for me! I won't risk it. Oh, pooh, it's sure to be a man! The men always crowd out first everywhere. I must — I must. Oh, I wonder what he'll be like! If it should be a prince! [*Steps cautiously to the pie.*] I will — no, I won't. What should I do with him? Oh, I could hide him somewhere; or perhaps he'd run away with me. Would n't that be divine! Oh!

[*Takes up the cover. A page jumps out and falls at her feet.*]

Page. Ah, to what heavenly regions have I soared? or if thou art of mortal mold, fair maid, what land is this, that boasts such beauty rare?

Maid. I'm but a simple serving maid, fair sir.

Page. Then are you, sure, of noble birth, by arts of sorcery to servile tasks abased.

Maid [aside]. I always said so. I knew it all the time.

Page. Ah, deign to turn on me those beauteous eyes, that I may bask in their effulgent gleam.

Maid. Your looks and language please me, certainly; but if I be of lineage high, it fits me not to be too forward with strange folk.

Page. I'm not a stranger, for our souls have met in other states of being . . .

Maid. Hark! — what 's that? Oh, mercy, 't is the king! What shall I do? Oh, go, run, hide!

Page. Let him come in; I fear him not.

Maid. Courageous heart! But women, timid souls, are filled with fear. Spare me the test.

Page. Then show me a hiding-place.

Maid. Here, here, a bag. Some call it pocket. It is meant for rye.

[*Puts him in the bag and sets him in the corner.*]

Enter King.

King. Come, lazy maid, why this delay? The table here? 'T will soon be supper-time, and nought prepared. For now I do bethink me, we have had no dinner. Once and again I've counted o'er my coins, and shrewdly does my stomach cry for food. And why this pocket full of rye? It should not thus be standing in the banquet-hall of kings.

Maid. Oh, don't disturb it, your majesty. Maybe it is enchanted like the pie. Perhaps a man is in it.

[*King draws back.*]

King. 'T were well to try. I'll pierce it with my sword.

Maid. Please don't! If it 's enchanted, the least bit of a hole might let the creature out.

King. 'T is true. I'll take it with me to the well and throw it in, so I'll dissolve the charm.

Maid. Oh, gracious me! The water will be spoiled. [*Aside.*] 'T would be a shame to have one's love drowned like a kitten five days old.

King. I'll risk the water, so we break the spell. What ho, attendants, take the bag away!

[*Enter two attendants, who take up the bag and carry it out, the King marching ahead. Page throws kisses at the Maid through a hole in the bag behind their backs.*]

Maid [to Page as they go out]. Cling to the bucket and I'll draw you up. [*Soliloquizes.*] Pray Heaven I lose him not! So sweet of speech. So handsome too. John's such a stupid dolt. The looking-glass can tell me more than he.

[*Takes out a pocket mirror and prinks.*]

Queen [outside]. Jane, you silly girl, come here. You're always loitering, crimping your hair, or fribbling up yourself with gewgaws. Flounces and furbelows become not serving maids. I'll give you warning instantly.

Maid. She envies me that I am fair and young. Give me warning indeed! I'll leave her for my charming prince and give her none. Coming, ma'am.

[*Exit. Curtain.*]

ACT II.

Prison cell. Princess sings.

Two lovers sue my hand to gain,
And tell with sighs their anxious pain.
I'd gladly wed ere beauty wane,
Which shall it be?
Which shall it be?
I can't marry both of them,
So which shall it be?

The one ambitious, keen, and bold,
Well fit the reins of state to hold,
And win advancement, fame, and gold.
Which, etc.

The other ardent, generous, fond,
Dreaming of love, and naught beyond,
Formed but to bless the marriage bond.
Which, etc.

If pride and power could satisfy
The yearnings of the heart that cry,
I'd wed the clever one, nor sigh,
Which, etc.

If love and youth would always stay,
And keep all worldly cares at bay,
I'd take the ardent one, nor say,
Which, etc.

But since love must abandon pride,
And greed of power sweeps love aside,
I cannot, though I would, decide.
Which, etc.

Princess [*taking photographs from the table*]. Bianco, Nero, wherefore are ye two? O niggard Nature, to divide the stuff meant for but one! Why must I choose between? If only, Nero, you were fair and fond, or you, Bianco, wise, 't were easy done. But in you, alas, I see high power and wealth; in you fond love alone and marriage bliss. I'll trust to chance; kind Venus, give me aid. [*Shuffles the photographs and starts to draw, then stops.*] No, drawing one, the other I must lose. Oh, sad necessity! I dare not draw. I'll take the clever one. What woman e'er would lose the chance to hear her female friends, all choked with envy, say, "She married well"? But then my heart would starve. I'll choose for love. I should be wretched, though, without the pomp of brilliant retinue and life in state. Either's a sorry lot. I'll wait and see. Stand there, ambitious Nero! [*Puts Nero's picture on table in frame.*] I will think of thee by day and roll in luxury. [*Kisses Bianco's picture and puts it in her bosom.*] But thou, Bianco, lie here next my heart and fill my dreams with bliss. [*A noise in the wall.*] Dear me, what's that! [*Bianco digs a hole in the wall and enters.*] Why, Bianco, how came you here? I am glad you came. It is very lonely here.

Bianco. Ah, princess, might I always cheer your loneliness as well!

With sighs my choked words mingling
My veins with passion tingling,
Thy love I sue.
Thy bright eyes' lambent flashes,
Streaming through long dark lashes,
Have pierced me through.
Thy form of such perfection,
Its motion seems reflection
Of some sweet strain,
Thy virtues far excelling
The temple fair their dwelling,
My peace have slain.

Princess. Oh, how enchanting! I wish you would always woo me so. No,

on the whole you'd better not! I should be so charmed with the wooing I should forget to be won, and that would be a pity. But how came you here?

Bianco. Oh, the air was so bad in my cell. I am fastidious about ventilation, and I cut through.

Princess. Now, don't affect indifference. It is n't nearly so becoming. You came to see me, you know you did. Go on with your wooing. You do better in the impassioned rôle.

Bianco. Of course I did. What walls could keep me from you?

Princess. Is that a conundrum? You must n't ask them.

Bianco. Exasperating enchantress, you drive me to madness. You have no heart.

Princess. Oh, yes, I have — in preparation, as the publishers say; out in a few days.

Bianco. Then I may hope?

Princess. Of course you may do that. Men always do. They think their wretchedness a greater claim to women's sympathy. Pray, how much have you to give in return for all these perfections that you sang just now?

Bianco. Oh, nothing, I know. I cannot hope to match such gifts of mind and person. But indeed I love you.

Princess. Oh, you told me that before.

Bianco. True, I am not worthy; I was a fool to dream of it.

Princess. No doubt; all men are that.

Bianco. I'll sue no more. I see my rival sneering at me from yon picture. He is preferred. I'll find some quick device to stop the flurry of this beating heart.

Princess. Don't be a goose. It would be very foolish to quit the world seeing another's photograph, at least without inquiry. Kurtz takes them well and sells them cheap enough. Girls' albums are all full of them. I have another here, not so ill-looking, either.

[*Takes his from her bosom.*]

Bianco. Oh, ecstasy! I am preferred, then. [*Seizes her hand.*]

Princess. Oh, not so fast. I have not said so. You jump at conclusions.

Bianco. At least a ray of hope lights my despair. I will be patient.

[*A noise.*]

Princess. There's a noise! Don't let yourself be seen. Hide, hide, in here!

[*Showing him a place. Nero climbs over the wall on the other side.*]

Nero. Princess adored by gods and men, I find you thus alone. Accept my suit and make me happiest of men. All my gifts are at your service. You shall rise with me to heights sublime of power. We will sit on pinnacles of greatness.

Princess. I should think 't would be uncomfortable; and they say the air is thin up there. Love would lack nutriment.

Nero. Bah! such romantic passion is a fancy less substantial than moonbeams. My love is of a thicker fabric. It thrives best in elevation.

Princess. I fear 't is tough and leathery, like lichens on a mountain-top.

Nero. But it can stand the strain of life. Ah, now I see you keep my picture there to gaze upon; 't is well; I knew you were a girl of sense. My hope's confirmed. I seal your sweet consent.

[*Tries to kiss her, but she slips away.*]

Princess. Wait; my lips give signals only from my heart. You have n't touched that yet. The mind is in the eye, so look your fill. But I hear some one. Go, hide!

[*Shows him another hiding-place.*]

Enter King.

King. Fair maiden . . .

Princess. Ah, your majesty. This visit augurs well for clemency. I hope my indecision may be pardoned.

King. I pray you, pardon my intrusion. Your advent hath stirred thoughts in me of times now long since passed. Pray, have you any coins—a sixpence, say—about you?

Princess [*aside*]. Mercy, is the king insane? [*Aloud.*] You speak in riddles, sire.

King. A half would do.

Princess [*aside*]. I'll humor him; they say it's the safest course. [*Aloud.*] I have n't even half a one, your majesty; I spent the last for cream-cakes at the pastry cook's.

King. 'T was natural; I only hoped you might perhaps have half a one. You're very like a maid I knew and broke a sixpence with.

Princess. I am sure I am not the one.

King. Maybe she had a child. If you be she, I fain would know, and do her kindness, too.

Princess. Alas, I have not even such a token of my mother. I never knew her. She is dead, they say. But I sometimes think she may be living, and I may find her.

King. Pray Heaven you may, since you're not her I seek. Besides, the queen once lost a child, and you might take its place. But hush, I heard a step. I fear the queen might find me here, and so her jealous mind would fire, and ruin all. I'll hide.

Princess. Here, then. [*Hides him.*]

Enter Queen.

Queen. Poor girl!

Princess. Ah, your majesty.

Queen [*aside*]. She more and more reminds me of him. Can it be she? I'll sound her. [*Aloud.*] My dear, you must be lonely here without your mother.

Princess. I am used to that, your majesty; I never had one.

Queen [*aside*]. 'T is more suspicious. I am pierced with doubts. [*Aloud.*] There are many such. Did she die in your childhood?

Princess. They told me so.

Queen. Have you anything of hers to know her by?

Princess. Nothing. I only have a little bib I wore in infancy, curious wrought and fair.

Queen. Oh, show it me! I had a daughter that was stolen away.

Princess. Dear me! I left it at the castle where I dwelt.

Queen. Oh run, fly, bring it! But stay; some one comes. Don't breathe a word, the thing is secret. Hide me quick. [*Hides her.*]

Enter Maid.

Maid. Sweet lady, I am come to comfort you. You must want attendance. You have doubtless always had a train.

Princess. Oh, yes. I went abroad with twenty servitors. They were with me then when I became a blackbird, and were changed with me.

Maid. It must be charming so to live in state.

Princess. 'T was often irksome. If I had my little page I should be happy to be rid of them.

Maid [aside]. Her page! It must be he. Oh dear, she loves him! How could she help it? [*Aloud.*] So you had a page. You liked him well?

Princess. Indeed, he was the loveliest of lads, gay, brave, and gentle, formed to dazzle maids.

Maid. Think you he followed you?

Princess. I'm sure he did. I fear he's still enchanted in the pie.

Maid [aside]. If she discovers him, he's lost to me. She mourns for him, that's sure; I'll ask her more. [*Aloud.*] What if I release him?

Princess. I should be very grateful. I'll give you choice of twenty more as fair as he.

Maid. And even him?

Princess. Yes, him as well as any, if he pleases you.

Maid. Oh, heavenly lady, I'll serve you ever for such a boon.

Princess. Why do you set your heart on him? Many are more beautiful than he.

Maid [falling on her knees and hiding her face in the princess's lap]. I have already rescued him and he is mine. I love him.

Princess. You well deserve him, then. He's yours, if he consent.

Maid. He will, I know.

Princess. How do you know that?

Maid. He told me so.

Princess. The rogue! It's just his way. But hark! I think I heard something. Quick, in here. You might be blamed. [*Hides her.*] So now they are caged. I'll just step out and take the air. And why not turn the key?

[*Goes out and turns the key in the lock.*

They come out one at a time, beginning at the centre and following down the right, each one running back when the next one appears. Then in order

down the left in same manner. Then the King comes out.

King. All quiet? Where is the maid? No one here?

[*Looks around. Queen comes out.*

Queen. Yes, I am here. Sink through the floor and hide from light of day, detected villain!

King. My dear, it is n't day, it's evening; and besides, there's no trap-door. You may put out the light if you like, and we shall all be hid.

Queen. Never! I'll watch you.

King. You wrong me. I only came to see if she had half a sixpence with her.

Queen. That's a blind. You praised her comeliness even in my presence. I know you well. You have been singing love-songs to beguile her.

King. I have forgotten how to sing since I married you. I thought she had a look of one . . .

Queen. Again my rival! I shall burst with rage.

King. I'll say no more. But this maid might well supply your loss. She has no mother, so she says.

Queen. I will adopt such one as pleases me. 'T is my concern.

King. As you like. She's nothing to me. She has not the token.

Queen. If I thought she could be the child of that base huzzy, she should not live a minute in the palace. But where is she? You have removed her.

King. No, I hid, and found her gone. But how came you here? You have been tampering with my prisoners. Leave affairs of state to me.

Queen. I only thought she might know something of my daughter.

[*Nero comes out.*

Nero. She might well, your majesty. Perhaps 't is she herself. She is an orphan.

King. How came you here?

Nero. I heard a noise, and feared there might be mischief brewing. So I rushed to rescue my affianced mistress.

[*Enter Bianco.*

Bianco. 'T is false. The mischief is his own. He wished to carry off the maid.

King. Bless my soul, this is too much. Such quarreling is enough to split the kingdom. She must choose at once. If not, I'll hang you both and lay the burden on her conscience. But till we find her, I decree a general amnesty.

Enter Maid.

Maid. And may I be included too?

King. Gracious! what are you doing here with these young men?

Queen. The lazy maid, she's always gadding.

Maid. I came, like all the rest of you, to see the lady. I had a better right than any man.

King. 'Sh! Say no more. Everybody is pardoned.

King. Grace and pardon for all peccadilloes,
In peace lay your heads on your pillows;
But let music first sound,
Let the measure go round,
And care be consigned to the billows.

Chorus. Then bury the hatchet, the hatchet, the hatchet,
And keep a millennial day;
This moment of gladness, oh, snatch it,
oh, snatch it,
And each one enjoy what he may.

Queen. I banish my jealous suspicion
Of the king, on one simple condition,
That he never shall name
That brazen-faced dame,
But leave her to go to perdition.

Chorus. Then bury, etc.

Nero. I wait for my lady's decision,
With my rival avoiding collision;
My wrath I'll repress
In hope to possess
The fair creature that dazzles my vision.

Chorus. Then bury, etc.

Bianco. My soul that with sorrow is yearning,
The passion my bosom is burning,
I'll console for a while,
And with sweet hope beguile,
My suspense into confidence turning.

Chorus. Then bury, etc.

Maid. With joy my whole being is thrilling,
My lover to wed me is willing;
The princess says yes,
And relieves my distress
At the loss of a young man so killing.

Chorus. Then bury, etc.

[*They try to get out, but find the door locked.*]

King. Caught, cribbed, caged, trapped, confined. The locksmith, ho! A lucky chance you put in bells and tubes. [*Rings and speaks.*] What, ho! We can't get out.

Muffled voice outside. Coming, sir, coming.

King. Then while the night away with merriment.

[*They sing the chorus, and dance. Curtain.*]

ACT III.

Court of the palace, with a well.

Princess. Oh, what a lark! I wish I could have seen them when they met. I trust they got out safe. [*Laughs.*] But I'm choked with laughing. I am so thirsty. And here's a well, old oaken bucket and all, just like the song. How delightful! I wonder if I could n't draw some water. [*Takes hold of the rope.*] Mercy! I did n't know it was so heavy. [*Drops it down again. A groan from below.*] What's that? Everything is enchanted here. . . . Pshaw, how silly! It was only the creaking of the rope. [*Tries again and draws it up. The Page comes up, hanging to the rope. Screams.*] Here's a man. Murder! fire! thieves! help! . . .

Page. Oh, don't be alarmed.

Princess. Why, it's only my page! For goodness' sake, how in the world did you come here?

Page. That heartless maid — she hid me in a pocket of rye and the king threw me down the well. She said she'd rescue me. But she's played me false. Confound her!

Princess. But 't was she that broke the charm and let you out. I thought you were in love with her.

Page. And so I was, but I discard her, the unfeeling wretch!

Princess. Pray, don't be angry; I think she loves you.

Page. Why did she almost drown me, then?

Princess. Maybe for romance. She wanted to receive her dripping lover to her arms as Hero did Leander. Or perhaps to tease you. It is a girl's privilege to tease the man she loves.

Page. But do you really think she loves me?

Princess. I'm very sure; she told . . . But it won't do to tell secrets. Your sex is quite conceited enough, already.

Page. You've seen her, then? Delightful! I can guess the secret. I will forgive her, but I'll pay her off in teasing.

Princess. Oh, yes; that's fair. But here come the king and the rest. Keep your wits about you.

Enter King and others, except Nero.

King. Treacherous jade! What are you here for?

Princess. I was very thirsty, and I stepped out to the well to drink.

King. But you locked us in! The royal family under lock and key! It's a capital offense.

Princess. Did I? I quite forgot there was a catch. I beg your royal pardon. But how did you get out? I am so sorry.

King. We waited for the locksmith. But who's this strange young man, here?

Princess. It is my pretty page. He was enchanted like the rest.

King. Who let him out? Why, this is rank revolution. I gave strict orders . . .

Enter Maid, with clothes.

Maid. May it please your majesty, I let him out. I only wanted one; I thought you would n't mind. Besides, it was before the amnesty. You pardoned us all, you know.

King. Good gracious! Why, the kingdom's upside down! I'll . . . I'll . . . I'll . . . abdicate, . . . I'll . . .

All. Oh!

Queen. Give me the fellow; I have use for him.

King. Woman, let my prerogative alone.

Queen. 'T is my affair. You need n't be alarmed. Go, fly, young man, and get the princess's bib, the one she wore in infancy. Bring it, and look for pardon at our hands. Go!

Princess. It's in the bureau, second drawer, left hand.

[*He goes to wing. Changed to a black-bird, he flies across from that side and pecks the Maid's nose.*]

Maid. Oh, my nose, my nose! [*Puts her hand to her nose.*] It's gone, and I shall be a fright.

Queen. Quick, the royal court-plaster. No, I have it here. [*Puts some on.*]

King. Goodness! here's more magic. Go hang a horseshoe on the kitchen door. I will surround the palace with a charm.

Maid. Oh, don't, your majesty. Perhaps he could n't come back.

Queen. On your life don't break the spell.

King. I will go, then, and count my coins till he come back.

Enter Nero.

Nero. Speaking of coins, I have a half a sixpence here. Will't please your majesty to accept it? It will add to your collection.

King. Merciful heavens! a sixpence? Let me see it, quick! [*Nero hands it to him.*] It is, it is! It has the same device.

Queen. So have all sixpences.

King. Silence, woman! Nero, how came you by this?

Nero. My mother gave it me long since.

King. Your mother! It must be he. And now I think of it, he looks like her. Son of my earliest love, come to my arms.

[*They embrace.*]

Queen. Oh, this is too much! To receive before my very eyes my rival's child. Offspring of that deceitful woman, go, leave my presence!

King. Never; he shall stay. We do adopt him as our heir apparent. Nay, we'll make an era. We will proclaim ourself, by act of parliament, Emperor of Alaska and the Sandwich Isles. He shall be regent of those outer realms, and styled Imperial Highness. He shall wed the maiden if he condescend to take her. She must consent. No woman ever yet refused a crown.

Queen. I will not brook this insult. I will make the world too hot to hold him. Bianco shall be my special favorite and espouse the princess under my protection. Now choose.

Princess. Oh dear! This is a trying case. . . . I'll . . . take the crown.

King. There, I told you so. She's wise as she is beautiful. She cannot be your child.

Queen. I would disown her, if she were. No, I'll keep her with me to enjoy the misery she brings upon herself.

King. No doubt you will torment her cleverly enough. You have rare gifts that way.

Bianco. All women have; even when they love. But I will seek a remedy to ease my galled spirit.

Nero. Try glycerine, 't is excellent for galls.

Bianco. What readiest way to end my wretched life?

Nero. I've seen it in the papers that freezing was an easy way.

Bianco. 'T is well. I will sit down and freeze me in her bitter coldness.

Princess. Oh do, Bianco. There 's a dear. I could n't bear to have you live. . . . And I'll be just as cold as ice. You will not suffer long. [*Bianco sits down.*] Good-by.

Bianco. You 'll find a half a sixpence when I'm dead, hung by a ribbon on my neck. Bury it with me. It was my mother's gift in infancy.

Queen. How touching! What affection! There 's a youth of different stamp, no offspring of that heartless flame of yours. Young woman, see what a heart you 've thrown away.

Princess. I always knew he had a heart.

Bianco. 'T is yours until it cease to beat.

Princess. You 're a dear good creature. But 't would never do. Be reasonable now; don't make a fuss.

King. Come, then, we 'll celebrate the nuptials. Bless you! [*The blackbird flies across the stage again, the other way, with the bib in his beak. The Queen screams.*] For goodness' sake what is the matter now?

Queen. The bib, the bib. [*Enter Page with the bib.*] Quick, let me see it. It is, I am, thou art, she is, we are, it is, it is!

King. Speak, say, tell, explain! What means this great ado? Run for the doctor, somebody! The queen is in a fit.

Queen. It is my child. That faded yellow coronet I wrought myself.

[*They embrace. Chorus.*

Sweet infant stolen from the crib,
Welcome to princely joys ad lib.,
Won by the bib.

The bib, the bib, the blessed bib,
With rocket, Bengal light, and squib
We hail the bib.

Speak, orators, in language glib;
Write, chroniclers, with fresh-cut nib;
Tell of the bib.

The bib, the bib, the blessed bib,
With rocket, Bengal light, and squib
We hail the bib.

Sail, racing yachts, with close-hauled jib;
Groan, tables, with the fat ox-rib;
Honor the bib.

The bib, the bib, the blessed bib,
With rocket, Bengal light, and squib
We hail the bib.

King. A lucky chance. How things come out. It surely was a wondrous pie. I hoped she 'd find her mother. And indeed she much resembles her. At least she favors not that hideous knave, her father.

Queen. She is his very image. Re- vile thou not that choicest type of man- hood.

King. Enough, the two shall wed and thus end all suspicious jealousy.

Queen. Agreed. I'm sorry for this poor enamored youth. But 't is an af- fair of state. You must devote yourself, Bianco, for your country.

Bianco. Oh, I do, I do! I feel the fire of patriotism in my veins. See, I am resigned.

[*Assumes a heroic attitude in his seat.*

King. Farewell, Bianco; I will see your funeral rites performed right hand- somely.

Queen. Farewell; we will remember you occasionally.

Princess. Oh yes, Bianco, I will strew flowers on your grave, say once a year, till you 're forgotten. Good-by, dear.

Nero. Farewell; I do forgive you.

[*They weep.*

Page. If your majesties have done, here 's half a sixpence that I found hard by. 'T was in the road, as thrown from some high window in the palace.

Nero. Pshaw, 't is not a coin—a little paltry piece of tin.

King [*taking it*]. Yes, 't is a sixpence, but it's not so ancient. The date 's a modern one, not five years since. And see, it fits the one you gave me. A cu- rious coincidence. You say you had this from your mother many years ago?

[*Nero tries to get out of sight.*

Queen. He 's slipped away. No doubt it is a scheme of his to win your favor. He cut a sixpence in two and threw away the other half. He is astute enough.

Princess. Shame! 'T was a heartless trick. He 's not the son, then.

King. 'T is clear, he is an impostor.

Maid. I 'm certain, now I look at him, he is the low-born creature that I, was changed at nurse for.

King. No doubt, no doubt. You must be, then, of gentle blood.

Princess. If he 's a villain, I may break the match.

King. Of course. And I renounce him. He 's no son of that sweet angel. Let him be put under the pump and banished.

Page. Put him in the well.

Princess. No, put him in the pie.

King. Good! What ho, bring in the pie. [Exit John.]

Nero. But, your majesty, I pray for grace. I am an honest man. I never stole. The sixpence was my own.

King. True, there are few who do not steal, and they deserve encouragement. We pardon you.

Queen. But your majesty says often, "Let no guilty man escape."

King. 'Sh! That 's in dispatches, and is meant for show. What do women know of politics? He must, however, stay away a while, until the thing blows over. Say till to-morrow or next day.

Queen. But meantime we must find another husband for the princess.

King. Yes; why not the page?

Maid. Oh, your majesty, that 's worse than stealing.

King. I did not know he loved the maid. . . .

Page. I did love her, but since she left me in the well my ardor 's cooled. So if your majesty insists . . .

Maid. Ungrateful creature, 't was to save your life.

Page. Oh, that makes a difference, and if their majesties allow, I would fain espouse her instead of the princess.

King. Does the maid incline?

Maid. I would have had him, but 't was he that nipped my nose.

Page. I only tried to kiss you, and you dodged.

Maid. I did n't mean it.

Page. I promise I will not offend again.

Maid. You need n't promise, I will pardon you.

Page. Do your majesties consent?

Queen. By all means, take the flibbertigibbet. You 're welcome to her.

King. She 's no worse than others, and of gentle blood. 'T is well. We 'll have the wedding in place of the princess's. We are entitled to a festival after all this worry. The princess must wait. [Screams outside.]

Enter John.

John. Oh, mercy, your majesty, the cover of the pie fell off and twenty stout fellows rushed out! They 're rummaging the pantry for provisions.

King. Good! I 'm glad they 're all out. We shall have no more enchantment. Let them come in and dance a measure at the wedding.

Princess. Your majesty, Bianco also has a coin.

King. Bless me, so he has; I 'd quite forgotten him. Let 's see it.

Bianco. Look at it here. It is a talisman my mother gave me. I would die with it upon me.

King [comparing his own]. What! it seems to fit. I do distrust my skill in coins. But 't is the same.

All. It is.

King. You must be the son. 'T is you I make my heir.

Page. There 's a half sixpence that is worth a crown.

Princess. Then it all comes right, after all. My dear Bianco, you may thaw out now.

Bianco. And may I wed the princess?

King. No doubt, if she be willing and the queen consents.

Bianco. Then shall I be blessed at last, sweet princess?

Princess. Oh yes, of course. 'T was you I wanted all the time, but circumstances, you know . . .

Bianco. Oh, acme of delight! My head whirls, dizzy with ecstasy.

Princess. It ought. "Love makes the world go round" always.

Bianco. I sit among the stars.

Princess. The best place. The stars sit in the stage boxes. But it's expensive, unless you're one yourself.

Bianco. Go on, I do not mind your gibes. My heart's so full of bliss there is no cranny left for sorrow.

Princess. Oh, that is too sweet! I can't resist it; I will gibe no more.

[*Gives him her hand. He embraces her.*]

Bianco [*to the Queen*]. Ah, may I hope, your gracious majesty, still to retain your favor, even though I be descended from the hated fair and wear the token of the severed coin?

Queen. You do belie such lineage, young man, and must affect your father I consent.

Bianco. So I may wed your new-found daughter, then?

Queen. Such union heals all woes. Take him, my dear.

King. A worthy son-in-law. So let the priest be sent for, and the nuptials made forthwith, now when she's in the humor. Heaven knows what turn her fickle fancy next may take.

[*Sings with chorus.*]

No more the love-sick youth shall sigh;

Sing a song of sixpence!

The maid no more his suit deny;

Sing, etc.

The future now is love's ally;

A pocket full of rye, of rye!

Four and twenty in a pie,

Four and twenty blackbirds!

The cortege gay to church shall hie,
While rustic swains throw glances sly
At blushing maids that cry, Oh, fie!

Let German bands the horse-hair ply,
Skip, whirl, and slide, ye dancers spry;
Champagne shall foam and corks shall fly.

Let streaming hunting hide the sky,
Let colored fires all nature dye,
Let salvos wild the cannon try!

Their wedded bliss shall age defy,
Around them swarm the smaller fry,
And keep the generous line for aye.

J. B. Greenough.

LEFT OUT.

It was a heavy-hearted winter's night.

But down the broad stairway of Steinway Hall there poured a great stream of light, which enabled certain muddy-looking street-boys, hanging about the pillared entrance, to observe a mass of satisfied people gravitating toward the sidewalk, at the close of a symphony concert. Among these people were Philip Tetlow and his wife, all unconscious of an adventure which was about to befall them.

Philip Tetlow—a man perhaps twenty-eight years old, with a face serious even to dryness, in repose, but frank as a boy's when quickened by pleasure, interest, or sympathy—was an advertising agent. In an interval when other forms of advertising were dull, he had suddenly resolved to announce his own

marriage; having previously gained the consent of Miss Lucy Sporling, of Middletown, Connecticut. It was not often that they spent their dollars in going to one of Thomas's concerts; but to-night they had taken this enormous risk, and felt themselves fully repaid. So translated were they by the music that not until they had been nearly run over by a street car at the corner of Fourteenth Street did they notice that the heavy-hearted night had begun to fling down large, ragged snow-flakes at them, in a sullen sort of sport.

Crossing Union Square, they waited for the particular little one-horse car that was to carry them off into that obscure region west of Jefferson Market, where sundry streets take an abrupt turn and slink off toward the Hudson, then—de-

spairing, perhaps, of any better fortune — plunge into the river and are lost. The car did not come at once, and the Tetlows paced the sidewalk in front of a great jewelry warehouse, now closed and dark, waiting. Just below this sombre, iron-fronted pile, a glare of immoderate light burst forth from a wine room, lighting up the big flakes that reeled slowly downward, and shone over the sidewalk already wet with melting snow. It was here that Tetlow became dimly conscious of a figure standing near him, on the edge of the glare — an oldish man with a long, woeful beard, rusty in hue but straggling into gray here and there, who was dressed in pale blue trousers and a bleached brown coat that glistened with moisture from the increasing snow-fall. The creature was pleading miserably, in a faint voice. Tetlow hardly perceived that he was begging until they had passed him. But music had opened his heart.

"I've a great mind to go back," he murmured hurriedly, to his wife, with his fingers rummaging in his pocket.

"Is it too late?" she asked.

Both had a furtive air, seeming to know that if they had had their account-books with them, or if some acquaintance of average scientific morality had been by, they could have been at once convicted of a gross offense against the maxims of society. But impulse prevailed; Tetlow turned back.

The moist, disheveled spectre took the gratuity in a pallid, inappreciative way, though trying to form some expression of thanks. Tetlow was glad not to be burdened with a "God bless you." But he had hardly rejoined his wife, with that restless, embarrassed feeling which is the reward of virtue in such cases, when he heard feeble steps hurrying behind him. He looked around. There was the spectre again!

The outcast waited blankly an instant, then, "Hope you'll excuse it, sir," he began; "I—I could n't help it. I"—Here his words became a confused mumbling; but Tetlow saw that they were an inquiry, and he caught the word "mistake."

"Mistake?"

"Did you?" — the dingy wanderer seemed to collect himself, and to shake off the lethargy of cold and starvation — "did you give me a fifty-cent bill, just now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tetlow. "At least I meant to. Was n't it one?"

"Meant to?" repeated the beggar, with a flash in his eyes that seemed like that of anger, but with a tremulous tone which showed it to be born of emotion. "Well, sir, I did n't know; but — my God, sir! I never had such a thing happen before." The man stopped, and his beard shook as if his throat was working behind it. He could say no more.

Tetlow was so astonished that he too could say nothing.

"No, sir," resumed his strange companion, presently. "Many's the time I've had to beg on these here streets; and no one thought of giving me more than ten cents, maybe. I came after ye, because I could n't believe it; oh, if you *did n't* make a mistake, I wanted to know it — wanted to make sure."

The two men gazed at each other silently; there was nothing about the beggar that recalled to Tetlow any one whom he knew, yet it seemed as if that wan face floating there before him in the mingled light and darkness was almost more familiar to him than any in the world, except his own. Within the instant, he had grown to know it so well that he felt sure he should never forget it.

"Young man," said this shelterless being solemnly, once more collecting his voice, "you're one out of a thousand, I tell you. You have made an eepoe in my life." And as he spoke, a ruined, far-off superiority was restored to him; it pervaded his heavy, slouchy form, insinuated itself through his grievously poor garments, shone in his soiled, tired face. "You've made an eepoe in my life," he repeated, so that the uncouth word seemed like an echo of itself returning from some dim inner chamber of despair.

Tetlow, with his wife beside him, feel-

ing the whole thing to be queer, unprecedented, uncomfortable, and not knowing what reply to make, was still held there by a spell which he could not shake off. While the haggard man had been speaking, he had noticed a glistening on his cheeks; for the big snow-flakes were still tumbling out of the dark, in their gloomy sportiveness, flitting through the arid gas-light, and silently melting on the gaunt face there. But Tetlow now caught sight of a different moisture in the outcast's eyes; and presently thin, straggling tears began to slip down upon the melancholy countenance. Overcome with sorrowful emotion, he stretched out his hand and took the beggar's.

"Thank ye, sir," said the latter, shaking it very much but with little strength. It seemed as if he were anxious enough to respond, but were so unused to all friendly interchanges that he hardly knew, any longer, how even to grasp the hand of fellowship. "But I must n't keep you standing," he said, suddenly; "and the lady." Here he made an ill-defined movement of courtesy toward Mrs. Tetlow; an unpolished movement, quickly lost in his prevailing slouchiness, yet so strong in its sincerity that it went straight to the dear little lady's heart.

He began moving away, still facing the two.

"I'm glad to have done you any good," said Tetlow, awkwardly. Then the wine-room glare in which he had first seen the man roused a sense of responsibility. "Don't spend the money for liquor," he said, shyly.

"I won't — no," said the man, with an ambiguous, receding manner.

So lifeless was the response, so much was his energy sunken, that he seemed to be retiring from manhood into spectrehood again.

"Good night," said Tetlow.

"Good night," returned the wraith, through the snow-flakes. "God help you, sir. I shall never" —

But just then the little one-horse car came down the square, and relieved the amateur benefactor.

It was very late, however, before Tet-

low could compose himself to sleep, that night. His mind was full of earnest pity for the vagabond who had for a moment come so close to him and then been left behind like a drowning man in the wake of a ship. Pity? Yes, and a kind of despairing fury was mixed with it, such as the lost man himself might feel, if no effort were made to save him.

A few days later, when the episode had retired to a comfortable distance in his memory, Tetlow found it convenient to go to the Cooper Institute reading-room. On a winter's day one sees a motley assembly there. At first, the spectacle of so many seedy or dubious persons among them is puzzling. Is the appetite for news, you ask, stimulated in proportion to the increase of poverty? So blank and indeterminate, too, does life become, when food and occupation are mostly gone, that you can fancy these vagrants have been led hither by a delirious hope of finding their own deaths announced in the papers, and the enigma of their starved lives solved by a line or two of print. But the mystery lessens if you look at the thermometer: the morning papers and seventy-two degrees of heat within doors, here, are better than thirty degrees and no literature outside.

Just as Tetlow had finished his inspection of the files, and was about to go, the figure of one of these shabby loiterers, just passing out of the doorway, attracted his notice. With a shiver he recognized in it the very man whom he had begun to hope he might forget. He knew that it was selfish to forget; but it was vexatious to have the man reappear and irritate his conscience. He held back, for a moment, fearing to overtake the beggar. As he did so, he saw that the policeman stationed near the door was looking pointedly after the man.

"A good chance," reflected Tetlow. "I'll ask if he knows him."

The policeman, pink and solid as to face, massive, blue, many-buttoned as to person, gazing with mixed wonder and scorn at the vanishing outcast, turned with great relief on hearing Tetlow's voice.

"Know him?" said he; "I know him, if you can call it knowing with a cuss like that. I don't believe he knows himself rightly. But he's here most every day, off and on — when he an't in mischief somewheres else."

"Does — does he drink?" inquired Tetlow, thinking to settle a doubt which had risen in his mind.

"I s'pose so," answered the officer stolidly. "I never see him but here. He don't drink here, but" — with a disgusted half-smile — "he *eats*. Yes, sir," he proceeded, seeing Tetlow attentive, "that man an't got no more sense of decency than to come here and eat! Food for the mind, you see;" he pointed toward the long desks filled with flapping pages of print; "but this here pauper, he wants to make a restyront of it. I've seen him," continued the officer, with an air of very impressive accuracy, "I've seen him come on a cold day and sit pretty much all day afore one o' them files, never turning a page, sir. And there he'll sit with his old shiny coat buttoned tight acrost his chist, and about noon-time he'll haul out a greasy sandwich, and gnaw it right over the newspaper — the dirty beast! He got some grease on the paper, one day, and I told him he'd better not try that on again. I thought that 'd be the last of him, for it scared him. But, damn 'em, you've no idea how these fellows stick. I'd turn him and some o' those others out o' here pretty quick, only my orders does n't allow of it."

"What made him go out so early to-day?" asked Tetlow, rather angry, yet so much impressed by the official's righteous ferocity* that he rather dreaded to be turned out himself, if he asked many questions.

"Well, the fact is," returned the roundsman, with a deserving air, "he makes me sick, that bloke, an' I could n't put up with him no longer. I thought I'd stretch a point, and so I just walks up to him and says, 'Look here, Johnny, this an't a-goin' on forever. Either you or me has got to leave this hall, and it's better for you by a long sight if we don't leave it together.' That fetched

him, sir." The lictor was unable to repress a chuckle. "He warn't proof agin that little dodge, and so he just turned tail and walked out where he belongs."

"Well, where *does* he belong?" demanded Tetlow, earnestly.

"Why, outside."

"*Outside?*"

"Yes; in the streets. Where else would you put him? We can't lock him up."

"Oh, of course not," assented Tetlow.

But his mind did not assent at all. The confusion, the discomfort and pity and protest, that had prevailed there a few nights before, in thinking of the poor outcast's situation, all came back to him with increased tumultuousness. He went out, hoping to get sight of the pauper somewhere. But the silent, squalid image of the victim did not cross his path again.

Tetlow went toward his office, in the lower part of Chatham Street, but his mind was still uneasy. "We can't lock him up," he meditated. "No, that's true enough. But to say he belongs outside! Outside where? In the streets? The next move, then, is to put him outside of *them* — outside of everything. O wise generation that lays out streets! For without them what should we do with our loose human beings? We might be forced to hang or imprison them all; unless, perchance, we were driven to show a love so untiring for them that they should be restored to order and fitness. But we don't *all* belong in the streets, and why don't we? Who's to decide whether this particular man belongs there or not?"

It may seem strange that Tetlow should so suddenly have become sensitive to the sufferings of an outcast fellow-creature. We all go to charming concerts, we all encounter unfortunate beings: we do not all become sensitive to the woes of others. But to most of us there comes some moment or some hour when we see clearly the dark depths of life, and cease to deceive ourselves. Tetlow's hour had come. Of

late the earth had seemed to him an unusually well arranged and desirable place. Of late, too, he had begun to turn the universe over in a new light, with some reference to its fitness for possible children of his own to be born in. This made the revulsion severe when it came.

Yet it was with some satisfaction as well as regret that he said to Mrs. Sporling-Tetlow, that evening, "Any way, I shan't probably see the poor fellow again. It was a chance that I came across him twice, and it won't happen a third time." In this he was mistaken. In New York, probably more than in any other large city, when a face or figure once claims your attention, you are apt to encounter it again, and often. The current of the crowds moves in ellipses on the long avenues; the ratio of your steps with some other person's steps causes you to catch up with him; then you lose him, catch him again, and finally ratio and linear measure carry him away from you forever. You meet him a given number of times, and after that you could not encounter him if you were to spend a year's walking in the attempt. Tetlow's chances with the vagrant stranger had not yet run out.

A few days later there came a comfortless thaw, accompanied by slow, drizzling rain. This time, Tetlow, passing along a side-street not far from his home, came up with and passed an ill-clad, heavy, rain-soaked man, who carried something tightly grasped in his fist. As Tetlow went by, he glanced back and recognized the pauper, who, lifting the shut hand, disclosed a small greenish apple, and took the merest nibble from it. He seemed not to notice his benefactor's presence, but shuffled on uneagerly, indifferent to everything around — though again holding the apple firmly, as if it was all that life had left him. Tetlow took a few steps on his forward way, then, changing his mind, turned and went up to the man.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

The nameless fellow turned his eyes slowly and heavily on Philip. "How are you, sir?" he asked. His voice

betrayed no feeling; there was no change in his face.

"You know me, then?"

"Do you think I'll ever forget?"

"I thought you had already; you looked so uncomfortable."

"Yes, I saw you watching me," was the answer. It was made quietly, with no effort to excite compassion, but the tone meant, "I knew you were sorry for me."

"Then why did n't you speak?"

"It is n't for me to claim acquaintance," said the outcast; not meanly, but with a tarnished sort of urbanity.

"But why do you stay out in the cold rain?" demanded Tetlow, nervously.

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

The man's appearance was so quietly, doggedly dejected, he was so manifestly discouraged beyond the power of mere words or fifty-cent pieces to restore him, that Tetlow saw he had fallen several degrees in the scale of hope since that memorable concert night.

"But you asked me for money, you know, the other time," he said. "Why did n't you just now?"

So far as the other's dimly-expressing countenance could, it showed surprise at the question. "Why?" he repeated, with an accent strangely like that of reproach. "That was at night; I never can beg by day. Besides," he began, with greater impulsiveness, as if about to reveal a more weighty motive. But with that word he paused.

Tetlow felt the reproach. The man, he saw, had been too proud to remind him of that intimate passage between them, at the snowy corner in the midst of night. He had prized too highly the kindness once done him, to risk coupling with it any rebuff at another time. "Is there any way of getting relief besides begging?" asked Tetlow, after reflection.

"None that I know of. I want to get work; but no one will give me any, now, it's so long since I was washed, and my clothes are so bad they don't like my looks."

"Have you tried to get in at any of

the places for poor — for the destitute?"

"I tried at the church where I used to be a member," said the vagabond.

"You're a church-member, then?" Tetlow asked, in surprise. The fact struck him as almost comical that a member of a Christian church should be found in this miserable, neglected plight upon the streets.

"I was a Baptist once," returned the man, as if in doubt whether his immersion in poverty, since, had not annulled his former consecration.

"Well, could n't your people help you?"

"They did n't know me. No one remembered; they wanted me to come again and see a committee or a board. I got kind of discouraged, and quit."

Tetlow mused.

"Have you ever tried the St. John's Guild, an Episcopal order?" he inquired.

"No."

"I believe they help men," Tetlow rejoined, feeling that his way of dealing with the case was decidedly feeble. "They're not Baptists, but then it really don't make much difference."

"No," said the other. "They're all pretty much the same."

He spoke in a broad, unsectarian way, defining his position as a liberal Christian; but to Tetlow there seemed a bitter satire in the words.

What now most touched his heart was the utter absence of complaint in the luckless man's demeanor. His effusiveness at their first meeting had even made him suspicious; but this noiseless despair penetrated every fibre of his being.

"How long have you been thrown out in this way?" he asked, breaking off his reverie.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"How? Don't know?"

"No. I can't tell when I last had a bed. I've had work, sometimes, — now one thing, now another, — and then I'd slip up again. 'Pears to me it's like a sickness where you keep a-spectin' to get well all the time, and then you go back. Only, when you're sick the real way, you're in bed; but this kind o'

sickness is jist when you an't got no bed at all."

The idea was half ludicrous, yet it filled Tetlow with compassion.

"You must let me do *something*," he said, with unruly emotions tugging at his voice. He could endure inaction no longer. "Could n't you come and get something to eat, with me?"

"Was you going to get something?" said the man, with repressed eagerness. "I would like to eat," he added, simply. "Yes."

Under shelter of Tetlow's umbrella they retraced the street toward Sixth Avenue, the guide suiting his steps to the slow, shuffling gait of his charge — a gait which long experience had seemingly taught him would wear well.

"By the way," asked Philip, "what's your name?"

"Philip Erne, sir."

"Philip!" echoed Tetlow, surprised. To have his own name come from such a source was like suddenly seeing his face in a mirror that should reflect it pale, sick, and wretched. Somehow he revolted at telling the beggar that their first names were the same. He merely said, "My name is Tetlow." In a moment he inquired, "Were you born in New York?"

"Yes," said Erne, continuing in a gradual, reminiscent voice, "I was born in a street you would n't remember. 'Tain't there any longer. That was in old days; it was down near Canal and Centre streets." After a pause, he said, "'T was a good quarter o' the city, them times. We was n't badly off, least not before my father died. But he did n't leave no money."

"What was his trade?" asked Tetlow, with interest.

"He was a commodore."

"A skipper?"

"No; commodore in our navy. He meant me to go in the navy, too; and if he'd lived some longer, I'd have been a middy. But when he died, that way, I told mother I'd learn a trade; and I went to shoe-making."

"And what first brought your misfortunes?" suggested Tetlow.

"Well, trade was n't good, and I went to the war. Ever since, things have gone wrong. I was took by the rebels and kept five months in And'sonville."

They had now come to Sixth Avenue. Pausing a moment, Tetlow selected a small, cheap eating-house, which had an air of flashy neatness, and took his new friend to it.

"Will you have a beefsteak and some ale?" Tetlow asked his charge.

"Thank you; was you going to take ale?"

"Yes."

"I'd rather have coffee."

The trap had been adroitly laid to detect any habit of drinking. But Erne showed no suspicion of it.

"Won't you have any kind of liquor?" urged Tetlow.

"No. I found out in the army that coffee goes further, a good deal. Much obliged."

Tetlow, greatly relieved, ordered coffee and steak, and himself took ale, though he did not want it. While he sipped, and Erne ate, their conversation went back to the war. Erne related his harrowing prison-experience minutely, but in the dull, quiet way that was usual with him: how he had lain down night after night unprotected on the ground, with thousands of other men crowded so close that they could scarcely turn; how many of the prisoners "got kind o' crazy, they'd suffered so much," and went up to the dead-line to be shot; these, and things much more terrible, he told without a change of voice, and without pausing in the process of feeding himself.

"But how did you ever live through it?"

"Very few men could have got through all I did; but I was strong then." A look of resolution and endurance came into the massive outline of Erne's face while he spoke, as if the mere memory of his sufferings called up unconsciously all his fortitude. "Sometimes I felt pretty near wild, myself. I never did get really so; but I was so starved I'd dream of nights that some one asked me

to sit down to a splendid dinner, with everything nice you could think of, and — well, I never eat so much in my life as I thought I did then. But I'd wake up as hungry as ever in the morning."

"The starving," said Tetlow, presently, "seems more cruel than the shooting."

"Well, the rebs could n't help that. They had n't much of anything themselves. Why, right here in New York I've had to go through just the same thing again. People don't think nothing about it here. And how can you expect 'em to? We an't fighting for 'em now."

These military recollections supplied Tetlow with a plan for relief. "Can't you get a pension?" he inquired, at length.

"No. I only had a flesh-wound. Of course if I'd been killed there'd have been a pension — if any one could have drawn it."

It seemed as if Erne's wits were a little askew: he did not see the grotesqueness of what he was saying. Tetlow laughed, but he regretted it the next moment, for Erne's face suddenly struck him as having grown sadder and darker.

The meal ended and paid for, it seemed impossible to turn the ragged veteran adrift again, without further help. Tetlow found that under his coat Erne had only the remnant of a cotton shirt. He bought him a blue flannel one, gave him change enough to get a light supper and a night's shelter at one of the cheap lodging-houses in the lower part of the city, and told him to come to his own rooms the next day at an early hour.

In the intervals of his business, that day, Tetlow ferreted out the names of several charity-establishments for men, which he thought might be applied to on Erne's behalf; and in the evening he called on the wife of the minister at whose church he worshiped. It was a church beyond Tetlow's means; the minister drew a large salary, and it was with some trepidation that Tetlow, who attended service regularly, but sat in such places as Providence and the sexton as-

signed, approached the costly parsonage. But he knew the lady to be a beneficent person.

After sketching the circumstances of his meeting with Erne, "Long exposure," he said, "has made him rheumatic, and he needs rest. He only asks for a few days' shelter, and is anxious to work. Now, what's the best place for him?"

"But, as I understand, he is not quite an invalid?"

"No," said Tetlow.

"Not helpless?"

"I'm afraid not," Tetlow confessed, though fondly hoping that the less serious Erne's case, the better it would be for him.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" exclaimed the minister's wife, with as much compassion as if Erne had been a hopeless cripple. "If he had been really sick, I could have got him a bed in a hospital."

"Then he won't do, as he is?"

"Never in the world."

"I suppose he'd better be out of the world," said Tetlow, despondently.

"Yes, almost," was the answer.

"What other chance is there, then? Any?"

"Is he over sixty and under ninety?" began Tetlow's interlocutor, categorically.

"Under ninety, yes, certainly. But not over sixty. Why?"

"Because," said the lady, "there's another affair, a Home for Old Men, where I could put him, if he were just between those ages. And you said he was temperate. Are you sure he's not a reforming drunkard?" This query was put with almost tender persuasiveness.

Tetlow, grieved at loss of so fair a chance for reform, told the bitter truth.

"Then I'm sure I don't know what can be done," said the listener. "This is precisely the most difficult kind of case to deal with."

"I don't seem to have managed it quite right, at least," observed Tetlow, with a dash of irony in his voice.

"No," said the minister's wife, good-humoredly, "you have not painted your

man in nearly glaring enough colors to make him a success."

This way of taking it mollified and encouraged Tetlow. "Can you tell me about *these* places?" he propounded, pulling out the memorandum which he had made. "Here's The Preserving Providence: what's that for?"

"Oh, that's only for finding employment for poor men of good character. They have no lodgers."

"And The Paupers' Bower? That *sounds* very favorable. Would n't it be the right sort of place?"

"Dear me," sighed the victim of his importunity; "it's nothing in the world but a free reading-room, open day and evening. They can buy tea there, however."

"Oh," murmured Tetlow, discomfited. But he rallied to the attack with a fresh name, The Rock in the Desert. This, however, proved to be merely a benevolent society for the free distribution of milk in small glasses, to be drunk on the premises.

"Milk at one place, and tea at the other," Tetlow commented. "Would n't it be better to put them together?"

"You would be a benefactor if you could do it," said the lady. "What all these schemes need is union and coöperation, to make them efficient."

"Well, can you tell me anything good about The Wanderers' Home? I overlooked that, just now. I'm sure I ought to succeed at a home."

"If this were anything else," said the minister's wife, "it would be ludicrous. Don't you know what The Wanderers' Home is? It merely gives information to strangers about their relatives, — when they have any, — and forwards artisans who are passing through the city. You see, although the charities of New York are really vast, the big institutions are for big classes and extreme cases; they swallow camels mostly, and strain at the hungry gnats. These little places are carried on by enthusiasts or theorists."

"There's only one other on my list at all," said Tetlow, feeling quite discouraged; "and that's The Bethlehem."

"That I don't know at all," said his adviser.

"Well, then, I'll try it!" he exclaimed, with fervor.

"My ignorance recommends, does it?" laughed the lady.

Tetlow warmly disclaimed the idea, but rose to take his leave.

"Could you wait a moment?" she asked him, gently. "I may find some old clothes that your candidate might call for."

She left the room, and was gone a few moments, announcing as she came back that no old clothes could be found. "But I wish you would give him this," she added, handing Tetlow a folded bank-note.

The simple man did not discern that this had been the sole object of her search. He went his way with many thanks, and as he came to the nearest street-light could not forbear to draw out the paper dollar for inspection. He was astounded to find the figure on the bill a five. A rush of gratitude filled his heart. How strange that he should be scanning this unexpected bounty, under the gaslight, just as Erne had gazed at his, and with the same sort of emotion! The next moment, seeing the street dusky and deserted beyond, Tetlow indulged in a bolt down it at double-quick, to relieve himself. And the minister's wife was surprised to receive from him, on the following day, a respectful ecstasy of written thanks.

Tetlow had been careful to ask the number of Erne's regiment, and his company. He now wrote to a friend at the Brooklyn navy-yard, for information as to Erne's father, and asked him to address a note to some one who could examine the regimental record.

In accordance with the appointment they had made, the houseless Philip came, in the morning, to the benevolent and sheltered one, and they went together to The Bethlehem. It proved to be a small, shabby house in the shabbiest part of Pearl Street. The two Philips stepped into a room part office and part dining-hall, yet not very much of either. An oil-cloth, with a great deal of brown

coloring-matter and a great deal of abysmal perspective in it, covered the floor; near the windows stood several tables, set, and arrayed in thin cloths that would have been transparent if they had not been so dirty; on the other side of the room were a shiny wooden railing, a desk, a table holding some books and pamphlets, together with a school globe; and a barren, disconsolate-looking clock was fixed against the wall.

A young woman in a dark woolen gown and ornamental pinafore, whose doubtfully gleaming hair, brushed wavily along the forehead, gave her the look of having been cut out of some child's illustrated book, was hovering near the untidy tables, but on seeing the visitors she made haste to place herself officially behind the small railing, at the same time busily dissolving in her cheek a lump of sugar, just purloined from the other part of the room.

"I want to get shelter here for this man," said Tetlow with special firmness, because the place seemed particularly doubtful. "I suppose you can arrange it."

"I'll see, sir," said the young woman, unconsciously delighting him by her tacit admission. She stepped to a whispering-tube in the wall, and called through it, "Mr. Niddock!"

"Sit down," said Tetlow to Erne, taking a chair for himself also.

So soon as he was seated, he found himself overwhelmed by a sudden distaste for his mission. It was not that he did not hope and expect to succeed; neither was it that he distrusted Erne. But he was so much younger than this mature street-waif that there seemed something anomalous in the situation. To be in a position of patronage toward this elderly man was odious. He had felt the falseness of the relation on the previous day; but the newness, the excitement and sympathy, of the occasion had veiled it. He now became clearly aware that there was a constraint in his position which he could by no amount of effort break down. He could not seem to place Erne on a level with himself. Suppose the man had been his

uncle, in decent circumstances; he would have treated him with well-defined respect. This he could not do with Erne, yet he was persuaded that, to make his benevolence a manly one, he ought to achieve it. The whole affair irked him in a way that he could not have foreseen a few hours before.

With brief delay, Mr. Niddock appeared. He was a small old man with a deeply marked, eccentric countenance, the side-scenery of which was supplied by some long curls of hair that had once been brown, but had now faded into a displeasing yellow. His step and attitude were springy and his manner was effervescent; almost flightily so, Tetlow thought.

"How do you do, gentlemen?" he said, coming forward in an eager, excitedly welcoming way. "Anything I can do for you?" And he shook hands with both of them very plentifully.

He made no distinction whatever between them, and this was evidently managed expressly to put Erne at his ease. Tetlow keenly took to heart the difference between this and his own conduct; he wished that in speaking to the girl he had not called Erne "this man." He glanced at him quickly, now; but Erne avoided the glance, and with an awkward movement shifted his footing and knotted his hands together.

"My name is Tetlow," explained that gentleman. "And this is Mr. Erne. He would like to get lodging here for a few days, till he feels better and can take a fresh start." He was about to put in vouchers for Erne's trustiness, but Mr. Niddock answered quickly.

"Very natural," he said, with antiquated liveliness. "Are you in the mood for some breakfast, Mr. Erne?"

"Better have some," threw in Tetlow, anxious to make amends for any former coolness.

"Thank you," said Erne, gravely. Perhaps he already suspected Tetlow's weariness. At all events, of the three, his demeanor was now the most austere reserved.

"We can't give you any great choice,"

said the Bethlehem proprietor, with an artificial laugh. "Where we have so many friends coming in, you see, we have to calculate hospitalities pretty close."

"Don't you keep coffee?" asked Erne, his sombreness lifting like a fog and giving a glimpse of anxiety.

"Yes, yes; we'll give you a cup of coffee and some bread. Will you take anything with it?" Mr. Niddock added, with a manner of grisly playfulness. "You'd better not, though. It may not agree with you."

Erne gazed at him with a slow surprise, as if to say, "Why not?"

"Because the last guest we had asked for 'something else,' he was a dyspeptic, he said; and the only something else we had was nothing. But he said 'nothing did n't agree with him.' I thought you might be the same way."

Here Mr. Niddock laughed with very successful violence, bringing into his face an amount of color and a number of unsuspected wrinkles that made him look almost like another individual. Tetlow, too, smiled in sympathy.

"Well," said Erne, with no answering light of humor in his face, yet showing a certain appreciation; "I've tried nothing a good deal, and I don't think it *does* agree with me, so I'll take my grub without it this time, if you'd be so good."

Mr. Niddock nodded his extreme satisfaction at this reply, and called to the picture-book girl, "Samarita, go and get this gentleman some breakfast, will you? And keep the coffee hot!"

His manner was so savory of the feast that Tetlow, as he spoke, well-nigh felt an-hungered.

"Queer name, Samarita," observed Mr. Niddock, incidentally, when the girl had left the room. "She's a niece of mine from the country. I got her to come down because I thought her name would be appropriate. But you must excuse me a moment, while I take a run up-stairs."

Tetlow acquiesced, thinking that perhaps the old gentleman preferred this particular form of exercise to that of walking on a level. But when Samar-

ita reëntered the room with a tray holding a very small cup, beside which lay a diminutive roll something larger than a thread spool, he fancied that the benevolent proprietor might have retired to hide his mortification at the slightness of the provision. At all events, Mr. Niddock returned almost on the instant when Erne had dispatched the slender refreshment, and began with vivacious dolefulness to explain that he could not possibly accommodate the wanderer, that day.

In spite of his better resolutions, Tetlow suffered a momentary relapse into annoyance at the thought of having Erne's affairs hang longer in the balance.

"But there's a man up-stairs whom I've notified to leave to-morrow," said Niddock; "and Erne can have his bed."

"Then he'll be sure to get in to-morrow?" queried Tetlow, by way of clincher.

"To-morrow night; oh, yes," said Mr. Niddock.

"Do you support this house yourself, sir?" asked Tetlow of Mr. Niddock, as he and his charge turned toward the door.

"Yes, I do what I can. I have some property, and I made up my mind, a while ago, to devote the rest of my life to helping others. But I can't always meet expenses; they *will* overrun; and then I beg, or else pray for help. A prayer is pretty sure to be answered; begging's more uncertain."

When the two Philips came out of The Bethlehem, they walked along the street till they reached a convenient doorway, where Tetlow stopped to tell his companion of the gift from the minister's wife.

Erne was so dazed by her generosity that he could make no remark upon it. "Who's the lady, did you say?" he asked. "What's her name?" His lip trembled as he said, with a touch of awe in his voice, "She must be a very good woman. I wish I could tell her how much it does for me," he went on, holding the green bill one end in each hand and gazing vacantly at it, as if he hoped to find words upon it that would express

his meaning better. Then he lifted his eyes with a sad impatience at his inadequate utterance.

"Well," remarked Tetlow, hastily, "that will help you to manage, you know, till you get in at Niddock's; and then you can buy a coat with part of it."

Erne did not at once respond; he seemed a little uneasy.

"I wish I could do something for this," he presently said. "I'm not well enough to work much yet, you see. But it seems queer to take so much money without doing anything for it."

Tetlow managed to reassure him. "But now," he continued, preparing to quit the convenient doorway, for it seemed proper to get rid of Erne's affairs for the time, "how will you arrange, to-night? Forty cents will get you a bed at the lodging-house where you went before, won't it? Then" — Erne having assented — "you'd better go there to-night. To-morrow, that's Friday, you put up at Niddock's. By Monday would you be ready to call at my office and let me know how you are?"

"If that would suit you, sir," said Erne, with a gleam of that old, disused courtesy which had once before caught Tetlow's attention.

"Well, then, suppose we go along; it's too cold, I find, standing here."

He was prepared to bid Erne good-by; but, to his surprise, the latter did not lead up to it. Instead, he stepped out of the doorway, and seemed to await Tetlow. Accordingly, they started off together. The disbursement of the five dollars had dispelled the slight constraint which seemed to be clutching hold of them while in The Bethlehem; and now Erne was apparently unwilling to have an abrupt parting.

As they walked on side by side, without at first saying anything, there stole over Tetlow a queer sensation. Erne seemed to be clinging to him, bodily, though in reality he was not even touching him. Was the sensation like that of some one who has plunged into a stream to save a drowning person, and finds the weight more than he can carry to shore? But very soon a pleasanter image arose,

and Erne now appeared merely a hungry and forsaken man, who had received the boon of a delicious dream, and was trying to keep up its illusions by an effort not to wake. With this thought a warm rush of simple and generous emotion came pouring into Tetlow's heart.

"It's all real, Erne! You need n't be afraid that it won't last; you have friends, now, and they'll stick by you." This was what he longed to say impetuously, at the moment; but the words scattered themselves unheard within his mind, and he merely remarked, "It's pleasant to think that we've got something arranged, at last. Is n't it?"

"Yes, it'll do me good," Erne replied, in a brooding voice. "I want to get this rheumatism out of me, and then I can work."

"How on earth have you managed, nights," queried his friend, "when you did n't have any money?"

"Oh, I had very good nights," said Erne, deprecatingly, as if he had perhaps seemed to complain. "When it's too cold to walk, I go to the police stations. That's very bad; there's too many of us together, and there's cursing and tricks and singing, but you get warm even when you can't sleep. I'd rather get a good lot of straw down a cellar-way, as I did it sometimes. But there was a good many nights, this year, when I could stay out all night."

Tetlow reflected a moment. "Do you mean *walking* all night?"

"Yes, you can keep very comfortable that way," answered Erne. "I generally worked around from the Battery up the west side, — not along the river, there's too much wind there, — up to Fifty-Ninth Street or somewhere there. Then you turn and come over to Broadway and walk down the Bowery here, and if you walk slow and stiddy that's pretty near as much as you want for one night."

"The length of the city, twice!" murmured Tetlow. "If you go six or eight miles like that, how do you get any sleep?"

"Well, you can't sleep much, of course. But then, it's better than the

stations. And along toward morning, some o' those saloons for the car-drivers and the newspaper men gets open and makes it kind of cheerful. There's places where the steam and the fires make the side of the houses or the sidewalk warm, and you can steal a sleep there before it comes day-time."

"*Steal* a sleep!" Tetlow mentally echoed. "Is even that gift of God denied him?"

They walked for some moments without further remark. Then Tetlow halted, saying abruptly, "I must go to my office now." Erne seemed suddenly to fear that he might have accompanied his patron too far. "But we shall meet on Monday again," Tetlow cheerily reminded him.

The other Philip simply gave a nod. With this they parted. But Erne was not yet roused from his dream; it was only a momentary break.

That afternoon, on his way up town, after business, Tetlow sought out the little church which Erne had mentioned to him. It was a small edifice with a great many cornices, moldings, flutings, and miscellaneous protuberances. The color was that of molasses candy, and the two little spires looked as if they had been drawn out at a pulling of the candy, and inadvertently left so. Finding a little black sign with the sexton's address on it stuck into the gewgaw moldings near the door, he was able to get at the sexton himself, and through him at the minister, who referred him to a Mr. Bumpus, of the church committee, to be seen in the Sunday-school room, the next day, at four o'clock.

At the appointed time, Tetlow, going to the basement room, was confronted with Mr. Bumpus, a small, knotty, red-nosed man, who thoughtfully prodded his rough-shaven chin while listening to Tetlow, and then polished his smooth, red nose officially with a handkerchief, for an instant, before replying.

"I will bring the matter before the board, Mr. Tetlow. *That* much I can do for you."

"How soon does the board meet?"

"Not till next month, unfortunately. We've just had one meeting."

"And I am to sustain the man for a month, I suppose," said Tetlow with perhaps pardonable indignation, "fattening him to be served up at your board."

"We must examine the church records, at least," returned Mr. Bumpus, with an ominous air of long-suffering, "to test your candidate's claim. Besides," he continued, with a half-concealed pride, "we are struggling under a heavy load of debt at present, for this new house of ours." He glanced for a moment upward, as though to indicate the molasses candy walls and pinnacles above.

Tetlow left this cautious gentleman promptly, and went home much embittered. As he sat before the fire, that evening, encouraged by his wife's honest sympathy, he gave vent to his gloom.

"Poor Erne is stored away for to-night at The Bethlehem," he observed. "But who knows what may become of him three days from now? How strange that a man should be so utterly without a place, part, or lot in the world! We mortals, after all, are like figures on a slate, always arranged in a problem, and obliterated in a moment to make room for a new calculation. But poor Erne don't even seem to belong to the sum, as it stands just now. He might be got in, if he were just something else than what he is. If he were his own father he might retire on half-pay. If he were helplessly sick, he could go to a hospital. And if he were a criminal, he'd be taken care of completely. But just because Erne has physical endurance, and because he's honest and temperate, he's left to his own devices."

Who that knows human nature will be unprepared to hear that even while Tetlow was thus arraigning the system of things, there was creeping over him a doom-like weariness of his championship of Erne? The very apathy of society which he condemned became alluring to him, and tempted him to drop the

whole troublesome business. He knew that Erne was under cover for this one night, at least, but he said to himself that if it had not been so, and if, instead, the pauper had been shivering now on the sidewalks, he should hardly feel like taking a step to succor him. The very things which had before assisted his sympathy now repressed it. The thought of the child that might be born to him, which had but a few days earlier made him more keenly alive to Erne's misery, seemed to-night to arouse only a spirit of parsimony and self-preservation. The novelty of the situation was gone. Charity, they say, begins at home: it ends almost anywhere.

Tetlow knew, of course, that this was all wrong, and he tried to shake off the mood. But it was not so easy. When he reached his office, next day, the drowsy and disorderly boy who opened it of mornings and had stayed there by direction on Tetlow's going to the church, announced, "Gentleman here after you went. Same one that called before. Said he could n't wait 'bout the advertising. Go somewhere else." This dismal news revived Tetlow's dissatisfaction. Feeling very sour, he nevertheless pursued his business with great energy, making some politic calls and starting up prospects of employment, so that he grew more hopeful before night. But his heart had imperceptibly hardened towards Erne.

It was with a sort of disgust that he recalled, on his way to business, the next Monday, that this was the date set for the reappearance of the outcast. An hour later, as he sat, fretful and uneasy, reading the newspapers at his desk, he heard a slight, shuffling step, then a subdued, disconnected tapping at the office door, and Erne appeared on the threshold, timid, quiet, yet with an obscurely hopeful air. Tetlow turned around.

"Well?" he said, perhaps a shade austere. He himself noticed this, and went on more genially, though without much welcome, "Oh, how are you? I did n't expect you quite so soon."

Erne had taken half a step forward. He paused.

"I — I would n't have come, sir, only" —

"I know; yes. I told you to; I remember, of course." The moment he had said this, Tetlow wished that he had used the word "asked," in place of "told."

Erne remained near the door, falteringly expectant, as it seemed; Tetlow remarked that he looked somewhat stronger and fresher than hitherto, though still unkempt and worn and pitiable enough. "Come in, why don't you?" he asked. Erne hereupon drew nearer, but caught the eye of the disorderly office-boy fixed with contemptuous inquiry upon him, and again hesitated. The very room began to seem mysteriously hostile to him.

"Did you stay at The Bethlehem, nights," asked Tetlow, "after I left you?"

"Once — Friday."

"Why not after that?" inquired the benefactor with some sharpness.

"Well," answered Erne, "there an't any Bethlehem much, any more."

"What do you mean?" demanded the other, trying to face this remarkable sentence squarely.

"Some creditors had everything attached, Saturday morning," was the reply. "We was all turned out, and the sheriff come in. Niddock, he did n't give up, though; said he would run the place for his creditors, as an eating-house, till he'd paid." Erne waited, turning his old felt hat over in his hands, and added, "He'll have to stiffen his coffee some, if he wants pay-boarders."

Tetlow began to laugh, at thought of this catastrophe coming upon the one devotedly miscellaneous friend of the poor whom he had met. But his mirth was quickly checked. He remembered that Erne would now be thrown back on *his* hands. Again that strange semi-hallucination of this big, helpless man clinging bodily to him attacked his senses. He wondered if Erne were not one of those creatures he had heard of, whom it is useless to befriend, because they represent gravitation in human nature

and are continually slipping to the bottom of the heap. A picture rose before his mind of this man forever returning upon him, haunting him, becoming a life-long burden. His laughter died away, and he grew very serious as he said, "I suppose you've spent most of that five dollars, then?"

Erne delayed answering. He seemed ill at ease, and glanced out of the unwashed office window with an absent, far-seeking expression. Not till long afterward did Tetlow see the meaning of this look. It was a retrospect into the gray past, a dim foresight into the equally cheerless future. The question about that meagre sum of money had sharply recalled his utter helplessness, and he was loath to force that helplessness again upon his befriender.

"Well?" repeated Tetlow, to hasten the answer.

"Oh," said Erne, with an effort. "I had to spend some, but — I've got plenty. Plenty," he repeated.

"How much have you got left?"

"A dollar and a half, sir." The words came with an air of contrition, as if the speaker expected some chastisement. "I bought some shoes," he explained, glancing down at the new coverings of his feet.

"All right," said Tetlow, in answer. "You'll need something, then, to-day."

Erne advanced to the desk, and took the offered piece of money. Instantly Tetlow was smitten with chagrin for not having risen and gone to him. But nothing would go aright, this morning. He was anxious to get rid of the man, and the desire showed itself in these small mis-moves. Erne gave no sign of perceiving this; but Tetlow, all the same, felt as if he were under moral surveillance, as if the beggar had been brought hither by some presiding power, to make record of his, Tetlow's, unworthy motives.

"You're looking better," he said, abruptly, eying Erne full in the face. "You'll be able to make your way easier, now that you're well." He fancied that the words would seem cordial; but in his heart he wished to say, "Be-

ing better, you'll have no further claim on me."

But Erne took little impression from what was actually said; he heeded only these words in the heart. "Yes, I'm better," he said, in a strange, bewildered, yet passive voice, reminding Tetlow of its muffled tones at their first meeting. "I shall get along all right, now. I'm very grateful to you, Mr. Tetlow."

The words had the sound of a farewell. Yet he stood there indecisively, as before; and he was merely making answer, as before, to Tetlow. Could his speech really forebode what its sad internal echo seemed to mean—a parting?

"Oh, no—not grateful, Erne," rejoined Tetlow, lightly. But again the words and the manner had lost their cunning; their would-be cheer was simply freezing.

Tetlow could bear this no longer. The occasion seemed critical, and he was resolved to have an end of it, one way or other. If his action should seem abrupt or hasty, he thought it might be excused by his having as yet no absolute proof of Erne's genuineness. He got up and led the way to the passage outside of the door; but on his way an idea crossed him which modified his intention. Erne had followed, drawn by his wounded instinct, feeling perhaps that he was to be turned away peremptorily. Tetlow closed the door, and they stood alone in the passage.

"Have you any one dependent on you?" Tetlow asked, half cautiously.

He thought the query a stretch of imagination, and ventured on it with doubt. But it had just occurred to him, and conscience would not let him dismiss it.

Erne's face fell, or rather faded. It took on such a weary, colorless sadness that expression seemed departing from his features.

"No," he responded, in a low voice. "I have no wife—nobody. She died after my children."

"You had children, too?"

The shock of surprise was so acute that Tetlow could not withhold the question.

"I had two fine boys," said Erne, slowly, in a remote-sounding tone.

"And when was it?"

"When they died? It was in the war." Erne took hold of the chipped and battered banister of the stairs, unconsciously pressing it hard with his big hand. His eyes seemed clouded with many memories. "My wife wrote me one of 'em was very sick; then, pretty soon, that he was dead. I tried to get a furlough. Before it came, she wrote that the other one was gone, too." Erne paused. His hand had left the banister, and was working nervously at the old felt hat. The subdued voluminous roar of the streets, as it circled up into the gloomy hall-way, was almost like the rush and hum of bitter recollections made audible. Then Erne resumed, in a tone that seemed to proceed out of this same hoarse murmur, vague, drowsy, yet penetrating, "I did n't want my furlough much, then: it came just after the second young 'un died. But I went home. I almost think we was both glad when it run out and I went back to the army. But then I was taken prisoner. I never saw my wife again"—

There was a long silence; but at length the narrator said, with almost a sigh, "Mebbe 't was all right. I've been on the streets ever since, starving a spell and working a spell. What could I have done for 'em?"

Tetlow was deeply and strangely affected. Till now he had been busy with the man's present state, which seemed mournful enough. He had had a subconsciousness of power, a flattering sense of patronage, so long as he thought that Erne's discomforts could be alleviated. But now he was thoroughly humbled in presence of so pathetic a revelation; all the more because Erne had hitherto reserved this dismal evidence of his individuality so completely, and had been willing to pass for a man who had no memories. You may as well try to build a pier of air, as to supply people with the joy you wish for them, when once the elements of it have been given and the combination has failed or come to an end. And Tetlow felt strongly the

hopelessness of this situation. Saddened, self-accused, abashed, he at this instant lost the sense of superiority which had all along beset him, in dealing with Erne. The two men, just for that brief space, were like two atoms brought together in a great void world of emotion. He stretched out his hand, and Erne met it with his. Did either recall that in their several meetings since the first, they had not shaken hands again till now?

"You'll come and see me again?" urged Tetlow, with contrite persuasion. "I went to your church, Saturday," he continued, hoping that this might convince Erne of his cordiality, "and the board is going to consider your case. They don't meet for a month. But you'll come before then?"

"Oh, I'll get ahead by myself, now I've got a start," said Erne. But his face still wore that lost, faded look. It seemed almost as if chill night were gathering and closing around him once more, and as if in a moment he would be swallowed up by it.

"But let me know whether you get ahead or not," Tetlow again besought. "Thank you, sir," mumbled Erne, indistinctly, as he turned and clumsily began to descend the stair. Again there was that dim sound of farewell in his voice. He seemed in haste to be gone. Tetlow could think of no way to stay him. Suddenly Erne paused, and said, as if he were afraid the matter had been forgotten before, "Please thank that lady." But he did not look up or back. "You've taken a heap o' trouble for me, sir," he added, as he began to move again.

"Good-by," said Tetlow, sadly, yet with warmth. He found himself unable to say anything else.

But Erne did not seem to hear. Perhaps his own heavy footfalls as he crept down the flight, holding by the smooth-worn rail, had drowned Tetlow's voice. Presently he reached the floor below, and passed out of sight.

Tetlow went back into his office, full of an inexplicable depression. He had scarcely sat down to his desk when he was seized by an impulse to go out and

search for Erne again, to make sure that he should not lose sight of him. The shapeless roar of the streets made its dull way into his back-room, and seemed to remind him how hopeless would be an attempt to find any one in this great city, with no more clew than he now had as to Erne's whereabouts. But there floated before Tetlow continually, persistently, through all that day, the simple squalid picture of Erne going down the barren, dirty staircase without answering the "good-by;" still going down without turning his head, and then passing out of sight as he reached the landing below. And there came back to him his own words of the Saturday night: "But who knows what may become of him three days from now?" When he found himself at home in the evening, he confessed his uneasiness to his wife. He described the interview and the memory of it that had clung to him. "It fills me with a queer foreboding," he said. "I'm afraid Erne will never come back."

Mrs. Tetlow tried to reassure him. But there was a faltering in her voice: she, too, felt the foreboding.

Many days passed, and nothing was heard of Erne. Meantime, an answer came from the navy-yard friend to whom Tetlow had written, which sustained Erne's assertions about his father and the regiment in which he had served.

One Sunday, as Tetlow was coming out of church, the minister's wife asked him about his charge. "I remember how hard it seemed to get just the right thing for him. Did you succeed? And how is the poor fellow now?"

Tetlow was inwardly consumed with shame at the question, it brought home so keenly the responsibility he had tired of. Unbidden, the words rang in his ear, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Here he had been pleading for this man a few weeks before, and already he had abandoned him — did not even know whether he was alive or dead. To beg for a man, to take money for him, and then not to know what had become of him! Tetlow could not have felt more humiliated if he had

been guilty of stealing the petty trust fund that had been placed with him.

"I succeeded partly," he said, in a halting way. "But I—I cannot say what has become of my poor friend, now. I've lost sight of him."

"So soon?" said the minister's wife, with a graceful air of reproach. She had merely abbreviated the solemn words which had just recurred to Tetlow.

It was clear that she rated the offense lightly, and if Tetlow had been of a less serious bent he would have taken comfort from the fact. But he went home pondering, full of remorse.

When the month appointed by Mr. Bumpus was out, Tetlow went to the little church with a hope of some tidings of Erne there. The committee-man met him with a self-approving air, and announced that the board had examined the records and found Erne's name, and would try to get him some work if his address could be given them. "*That* much we can do, sir," was his climax.

"Then you have n't seen him since?" asked Tetlow, wearily.

"No," said Mr. Bumpus. "Have you his address?"

"Call on me in a month," retorted the other, sarcastically, "and perhaps I can give it to you."

Never again could Tetlow come upon any trace of Erne. That strange law of motion, those mysterious adjustments of ratio and linear measure which had brought about their meeting, now intervened as firmly to keep these two men apart. Thrice had they been brought together, and a bond had been formed; but now the bond was broken. At first Tetlow sought relief among his friends. But one, when he said sadly, "I shall never see the man again," answered, "Why in the name of reason should you want to?" Another preached to him the heinousness of giving promiscuous relief to the poor, and thereby encouraging intemperance and crime.

"What good can your theory do me?" demanded Tetlow. "All I care for is this. He came into my life as if predestined, and his fate was in my hands for a few days. I might have restored

him to a place in life, and given him the poor boon of my steady friendship in place of what he had lost. But when I had half saved him, I let him go again. And through him I might have reached a nobler relation with all the oppressed and sorrowing. Who knows?"

This thought, with all the memories that accompanied it, became a terrible burden to Tetlow. It was with a bitter yearning that he longed to get sight of Erne once more, to have his opportunity over again, to cherish the lost man as a brother. He repeatedly put short notices into some of the papers, so worded that they should convey an appeal to Erne's eye if they ever met it. But they resulted in nothing.

"If I could only hear that he was dead," he once exclaimed, "it would be better than this suspense. For then I should know that in one way at least he had got fitted into the system of things."

Another time, when an unknown man was reported to have been found floating dead in the Hudson, near one of the ferries, Tetlow was struck by the description, and went to look upon the drowned. But it was not Erne.

And it was strange to see how his mind busied itself with Erne's whole past, and speculated again and again upon the episodes of that humble life. Nothing would console him. He seemed to feel a kind of jealousy that he should know so little about it. He fought, as it were, with the relentless oblivion which had snatched away this fellowship of sympathy and buried it beyond his reach.

On that last day when he saw Erne, he had feared that the outcast might haunt his life. He does haunt it. But how different is this spectral presence from the actual fellowship which Tetlow dreaded! There is no sordid annoyance, no vulgar importunity, like that which he expected. Yet Erne is ever present to him in thought. That man who had lost his place in life, who had once shared the gentlest human ties, and then, when they were loosed, had drifted away into the circle of sorrowing semi-ghosts whose

shade defines the steady light of prosperity, — that poor being appears again and again before him. Not always in dreams; sometimes, also, he rises during a pause in the busiest day, to fix a pallid, unreproaching gaze on his unfaithful friend; or again he is the companion of late mus-

ings, when the wintry night scourges the city streets with a cruel wind; but always when his image comes it is like the form of some lost duty, some exiled power of loving-kindness, banished from the world when this same fellow-creature was cast out into misery.

George Parsons Lathrop.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

'T WAS sung of old in hut and hall
How once a king in evil hour
Hung musing o'er his castle wall,
And, lost in idle dreams, let fall
Into the sea his ring of power.

Then, let him sorrow as he might,
And pledge his daughter and his throne
To who restored the jewel bright,
The broken spell would ne'er unite;
The grim old ocean held his own.

Those awful powers on man that wait,
On man, the beggar or the king,
To hovel bare or hall of state
A magic ring that masters fate
With each succeeding birthday bring.

Therein are set four jewels rare:
Pearl winter, summer's ruby blaze,
Spring's emerald, and, than all more fair,
Fall's pensive opal, doomed to bear
A heart of fire bedreamed with haze.

To him the simple spell who knows
The spirits of the ring to sway,
Fresh power with every sunrise flows,
And royal pursuivants are those
That fly his mandates to obey.

But he that with a slackened will
Dreams of things past or things to be,
From him the charm is slipping still,
And drops, ere he suspect the ill,
Into the inexorable sea.

James Russell Lowell.

WEIMAR IN JUNE.

JUNE is late in reaching Northern Germany, but all the fairer for its delay. The region is a field where two climates meet and contend, so that, while snow-drops often come with February and violets with March, as in England, the air keeps its raw chillness into May, and frost is a possibility until after the three dreaded days of *Pancratius*, *Servatius*, and *Bonifacius*. Then the sun gains suddenly in power, and the long, lingering twilights seem to come all at once. Gardens that have been wearily budding for a month make a glorious show of lilac, white and red thorn, and laburnum blossoms; the hard, green globes of the peony burst into heavy roses, that lean on the gleaming sward; but not until the first bud on the rose-tree opens is it really June.

There are also two varieties of climate in Thuringia, depending on the elevation of the soil. A difference of four or five hundred feet is equivalent to several degrees of latitude. The river Saale and its tributaries possess the deepest valleys, and there the chestnut and walnut thrive almost as luxuriantly as in Baden, the vine is cultivated, and the harvest begins three weeks earlier than on the windy upland region. The wine country of the Saale, beginning near Rudolstadt, extends even to the famous Golden Mead, at the foot of the Hartz. About Naumburg and Rossbach, where the Hussites were conquered by the children, and Frederick the Great scattered the French army like chaff with the wind of his charge, you see nothing but vineyards. It is rather an acrid juice which they yield, and the rest of Germany delights in ridiculing its claim to the noble name of wine. This is one of the places where three men are required to drink a glass, — one to swallow the beverage, and two to hold him during the act! Claudius, in his Rhine-Wine Song, says, —

“Thuringia’s land, for sad example, bringeth
A stuff that looks like wine,

But is not : he who drinketh never singeth,
Nor gives one cheerful sign.”

It would be wrong, however, to infer a corresponding sourness in the temper of the inhabitants. They manage to extract, through that fine human distillation which no chemistry can quite fathom, the same genial and kindly mellowness of nature from those “berries crude” as the Markgräfer or the vintager of the Palatinate from his warmer growths. To be sure, there is here a sober Saxon exterior, and some aspects of life are faced with apparent severity; but frankness, fidelity, and a warm good-fellowship are the prevailing characteristics. At Nebra, in the valley of the Unstrut, I once stopped at a tavern called “The Inn of Care,” the sign whereof was a man with a most lugubrious face, leaning his head upon his hand. Perhaps it was meant to symbolize the condition of the outside world; for certainly there was no care, nor sign of the like, within the walls of the cheerful and home-like hostel.

In speaking of the population of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, I use the name of Saxon in its modern geographical sense. The ancient tribe, the Thuringians, were a decidedly more genial and impressible people than their tough and stubborn Saxon neighbors on the north. The best modern representatives of the latter are the Scotch, who also retain much of their physical character. During the early Middle Ages the Sorbs (or Servians) pressed into Thuringia as far as the Saale, but the traces of their Slavic blood are now found principally in the mountain districts. Even in the kingdom of Saxony a great part of the so-called “Saxon” population is strongly mixed with the Slavic element; yet as the mixture usually reaches beyond all traditions of ancestry, it shows itself only in features or temperament, not in general character and habits. The Saxons, then, are a strong, toiling, patient race; capable

of warm and constant attachments; naturally intelligent, social, and with a tolerable sense of humor; given to enthusiasms and equally liable to prejudices, yet neither so stubborn nor so egotistic as the North-Germans; and only delayed somewhat in their further development by their adherence to an easy, conventional habit of life.

When I returned to Weimar in June, the great sweep of upland around the city seemed quite as monotonous in its silver-gray mantle of rye-fields as under the brown stubble of October; only the gardens and the park beside the Ilm showed the bloom and delight of summer. It was a new pleasure to go back to my old quarters at the Russischer Hof, to find the old circle of friends at the reserved end of the dining-table, and to hear art and literature taken up and discussed as if at the point where I had withdrawn from the conversation six months before. The streets, now, were full of old acquaintance; odors of linden-blossoms floated into the library through open windows, and when, in company with Schöll and Köhler, I walked to Ober-Weimar for the afternoon coffee, the park meadows were literally mats of wild flowers.

Yet there was less of the past in the air than during those fading autumn days. Ghosts seem to like the smell of dead leaves better than that of opening roses: the overpowering life of Nature which filled the beautiful valley banished every shadowy foot from its paths, and the lives of the great poets receded far away from ours. One melody, only, floated everywhere: it was the perfect voice of the time, and every word was so steeped in the only musical tones which could convey its spirit to the ear, that neither could possibly be remembered alone. Goethe gave one, Beethoven the other; and whoever knows both knows them for life:—

“ Wie herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne,
Wie lacht die Flur!
Es dringen Blüten
Aus jedem Zweig,
Und tausend Stimmen
Aus dem Gesträuch,

Und Freud' und Wonne
Aus jeder Brust:
O Erd', O Sonne,
O Glück, O Lust!”

I am forced to quote the original, because no one can translate Goethe and Beethoven at the same time. Is it not singular how few poets have sung of the opening summer? I think there is scarcely a quotable verse in English before Lowell's *Day in June*—which was published twenty years before it trickled through the widening layers of appreciation and reached the universal public. How many accomplished musical scholars have I not found who were quite ignorant of this perfect idyl of Beethoven!—perfect, because it exactly repeats Goethe's words in the inarticulate speech of a kindred art.

Thus we come back again to Goethe, as we always must in Weimar. There may be some persons in the little capital who now and then pass an entire day of their lives without thinking of Goethe or hearing his name uttered, but I imagine they are very few. The stranger, of course, does not seek to escape him. I could not get out of my bed in the morning and take the first eastward look from the window without finding Herder, Musaeus, and Bertuch in the spire of the Stadtkirche and the trees of the Erholung; nor walk through the streets without noticing one that led into the Schillerstrasse or the Goethe-Platz; nor look off into the country without seeing a road that made for the Ettersburg, or Tieffurt, or Berka; nor pick up a newspaper, read a programme, or meet a friend, without the suggestion of one or all of the names.

During this last visit I saw a great deal of one of the most estimable of women, whom I never supposed I was seeing for the last time. Although old—I believe just as old as the century—and somewhat infirm, there was so much freshness of feeling in her speech, such eager human interest in all true and good things, that her spiritual life seemed competent to bear up the failing body for many years longer. When, six or seven months ago, Alwine Frommann died, one of the most intimate remain-

ing links between Goethe and our generation was lost. Daughter of the former, and sister of the present Friedrich Frommann, the publishers in Jena, she knew the poet almost as a member of her family. He was the welcome friend who brought her toys when she was a little girl, the teacher and kindly counselor of her years of early maidenhood, and the honored and beloved old man whose memory was a blessing, as it was a pride, to her whole life. Minna Herzlieb, the "Ottile" of Goethe's *Wahlverwandtschaften*, was her foster-sister; and I heard the same simple, truthful, and easily intelligible story of Goethe's relations to Minna, from her own lips, as Mr. Andrew Hamilton (through whom I made the acquaintance of Alwine Frommann) has lately published in *The Contemporary Review*.

No author has ever been so persistently misjudged in regard to his relations with women as Goethe. The world forgets that during the greater part of his life he was the object of the intensest literary jealousy and hostility, and that the most of the stories now current had their origin therein. The scandal occasioned in Weimar by his marriage to Christiane Vulpius — another part of his life which has never yet been correctly related — is an additional source of misconception. The impression thus produced, combined with a false apprehension of Goethe's true character as a man, have kept alive to this day the most unfounded slanders. Schiller's life contains exactly the same number of love-passages, but they ceased to be remembered against him after he had married a refined and noble-natured patrician lady. Goethe offended the sentiment of the circle in which he moved less by his non-marriage than by his final marriage with the plebeian Christiane, the much-maligned woman whose memory still waits for justice. Old prejudices and slanders have a tremendous local vitality. It is rather a sorry business to pry into the intimacies of an individual life, even for the sake of explanation or defense; but one who undertakes the study of Goethe has no

alternative. When the beautiful eyes of Minna Herzlieb looked at me from the wall, as I listened to Alwine Frommann's story of days now nearly seventy years gone by, and I saw many a simple relic of a man's guarded tenderness for a girl's transient enthusiasm, which made the relation clear in its innocence, I could but lament anew the reluctance of the world to give up its belief in evil.

A Weimar friend, one day, gave me an amusing illustration of the blunders which even the most careful writer may make. When Mr. Lewes was in Weimar, collecting materials for his biography of Goethe, my friend, who had made his personal acquaintance, told him a story illustrative of the sentimental admiration which women, in Lavater's day, lavished upon him. The Marchesa Branconi, mistress of the Duke of Brunswick, famous alike for her beauty and her wit (Goethe and Karl August visited her in Switzerland), sent her garters to Lavater, as the most marked sign of homage which she could render. When the biography was published, my friend was amazed to find that the lines from the marchesa's letter were attributed to Lavater, who was thus made guilty of sending both garters and "gush" to her! Assuredly, no man ever gained a wider reputation by means of a softer head, than Lavater; but he was hardly idiotic enough for an act like this.

Alwine Frommann was a charming specimen of the old Weimar society. She had that low, clear, gentle voice which invites confidences, and she received them frankly because she was always ready to return them. Whenever she said to a man, "I feel that I can trust you," I cannot imagine that the trust was ever betrayed. Her eyes were still youthfully soft, and her smile exquisitely sweet. In her dark silk dress, cap, and the lace which was her only ornament, leaning forward in her earnestness as she spoke and making slight gestures with her delicate hands, she brought something of the storied "Wednesday Circle," nearly all the members of which she had known, vividly into my imagination. For many years

she was companion and reader to the present Empress Augusta, and the Empress's nieces, the Princesses of Saxe-Weimar, were her most devoted friends. When I last called upon her, she exclaimed, "If you had only been ten minutes sooner! The dear princesses have just left."

Soon, however, she returned to the one topic about which she was never weary of talking or I of listening. "It was simply impossible to know Goethe without loving him," she said. "When I grew up to girlhood, and began to hear and understand the old scandals, supposing them to be true, I said to myself, 'I cannot have such a man for a friend; I will not see him when he comes again!' Well, he came; so frank, so kindly, so fatherly and considerate to me in every word and thought, that I could neither remember my resolution nor believe the stories."

"Do you think this was the usual impression he made?" I asked.

"Always, — that is, where he felt free and unconstrained. Our servants were devoted to him, because, with all his personal dignity, he was so kind and *human* in his treatment of them. I remember we had once a cook, a young woman from the country, who took great pains to observe what dishes he particularly relished. When he visited Jena he usually lived in our garden-house, and his meals were carried to him there. So, the next time he came over from Weimar, the cook prepared the dinner she thought he would like. Goethe was tired and hungry, and was so touched by this attention to his tastes that he said to her, 'Thou art a good child!' took her head between his two hands, and kissed her on the forehead. She rushed back to the house, breathless, her hands clasped, and her eyes shining as I never saw them before, and said to us, 'Oh, he kissed me on the forehead!' And for days afterward she moved about the house with such a quiet, serene, solemn air, that one could only believe that she felt the kiss as a consecration. Yes, and for me, too, his friendship is a consecration."

There was a touch of sadness and absence in her tone as she said this, and the vision of the eye went back with the memory in a pause which I did not dare to disturb, except to say farewell. As she sits there, facing the portrait of Minna Herzlieb, with her thin hands clasped under her lace shawl, and the bouquet of red roses which the Princess Elizabeth had brought from Belvedere on the table, I still see her.

From another lady, intimate with the Goethe family from childhood, I heard many picturesque anecdotes of Weimar life; but she was too young to have known more than the close of the great era. One of the distinctest figures in her memory was that of Frau von Pogwisch, the mother of Ottilie, Goethe's daughter-in-law, a tall, determined, masculine lady, with a passion, accompanied by a talent (the two are not always found together!), for playing upon the bugle. What free and clear individualities the women of that day show! How they strove to keep pace with the men in all current knowledge, reading history and philosophy, studying languages and arts, criticising and corresponding! Yet I cannot discover that any one was the less attractively feminine, or made herself unhappy by the longing for a prohibited political destiny.

Furthermore, they seem to have been good housekeepers. Even the enemies of Christiane Vulpius were compelled to allow her that virtue. Schiller's Lotte kept good count of her groschen when she took table-boarders in Jena, and I dare say she would have made both ends meet evenly but for her husband's rather thoughtless hospitality. It was hardly fair to bring in six guests for a late supper, when there was only a small bit of roast veal and a big dish of lettuce in the house. Frau von Stein, at her estate of Kochberg, was once surprised by a message that the duke would arrive in an hour or so, to dine with her. There was small time for preparation, and very little in the house. A good, savory soup, to be sure: no German household can fail there; some potatoes, and a single haunch of venison, the latter a

lucky gift, just received. Orders were given, house and hostess put on their best appearance, the duke arrived, and dinner was announced. All went well until the venison came, when — oh, woe! — the attendant footman awkwardly tilted the dish in carrying it to the table, and the haunch fell upon the floor.

Frau von Stein, “with death in her heart” (as the French novelists say), smiled and serenely said, “Take it away, and bring the other!”

The haunch was taken out, regarnished, and brought back again. The hostess took her carving-knife and fork, sliced the most tempting portion, and offered it to Karl August, with the words, “Will your royal highness have a piece of *this*?”

“Thank you,” he answered, “if you please, I will take a piece of the *first*.” He was too shrewd not to perceive the artifice, and too plain in his habits to care for the accident.

I made the acquaintance, in Weimar, of Count York von Wartenberg, son of Field-Marshal York of the Napoleonic wars, a gentleman of fine taste and culture; and Baron Wendelin von Maltzahn, whose scholarship needs no other illustration than his edition of Lessing’s works. In fact, there is scarcely any province of the society of the place without a few distinguished members; but the culture of the aristocratic class seems most prominent because it is so unusual elsewhere. The house of the State Councillor, Stichling, the grandson of Herder, is the centre of the most agreeable circle; and those old friends, Chief-Librarian Schöll and the artist Preller, know how to make the evenings speed with anecdote and friendly repartee.

My summer visit was all too brief. I could only verify a few points, and perform the pleasant social duties required by the hospitality I had enjoyed, when the time came for me to say farewell. The grand duke and his family were then staying at the Belvedere, a summer castle on an airy hill, about three miles from Weimar, and I spent part of two days very delightfully there. Nothing could have been more frank, genial, and

unrestrained than the spirit which prevailed at that summer court. The view southward from the hill overlooks the valley of the Ilm, and ranges over scattered forests to the uplands dividing it from the Saale, a landscape such as one often sees in the English county of Kent. To the north, over Weimar, the Ettersberg rises in a dark, level line. Although so near to the city, the place has an unexpected air of privacy and seclusion. Since the days of the Duchess Anna Amalia, it has been a favorite residence of the reigning family.

One road yet remained to be trodden, — the old highway crossing the uplands from Weimar to Jena. There is now a roundabout connection by rail between the two places, scarcely a saving of time and certainly no increase of comfort, in fine weather; but the German people, like the Americans, imagine that it is both. The old road, which, even a hundred years ago, brought Weimar and Jena as near as the opposite suburbs of a great capital, will soon be deserted except by country carts and an occasional pilgrim from abroad.

Fortunate in having such an accomplished scholar as Mr. Andrew Hamilton for a companion, a gentleman whose studies during his ten years’ residence in Weimar made him the best possible guide and commentator, I set out one bright morning in an open post-chaise. After climbing the hill beyond the Ilm, we passed the Webicht, a local name for a grove lying between Weimar and Tiefurt. It is a natural wood, with undergrowth of thickets and scattered planting of wild-flowers, such as we see everywhere in this country. I first knew it in its late autumn garb, with the accessories of falling leaves and wheeling ravens, from the lovely picture of Baron von Gleichen-Russwurm (Schiller’s grandson).

As we turned to the southeast across the high, rolling country, Weimar soon dropped behind us into the valley of the Ilm, and became invisible; the Belvedere rose a little above the horizon line, but in all other directions the landscape was as lonely and monotonous as Central

Russia. It was that season when grass is not quite ripe for the scythe, wheat and rye are just coming into head, beets and potatoes have been hoed, and the farmers have a few idle days; consequently the broad miles of cultivated land on either side were almost deserted. Yet it was a region where a poetic brain would involuntarily begin, or go on with, its work, — just enough suggestion in the open expanse of sky, in occasional low, distant gleams of blue, and in the two or three dells that deepen to the northward, disclosing sheltered meadows and groves.

There are three or four little villages on or near the road. I remember the names of Umpferstedt and Hohlstedt, and the brown old buildings of the latter, clustering about a big Lutheran church, as dark and heavy in appearance as the square bastion of a fortress. There were always lilacs, peonies, and snow-balls — the unfailing flowers of the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon peoples — in the garden; there was linen bleaching on the grass-plots beside the pool; there were two women to be seen gossiping in the shade, and possibly two men behind their beer, in the tavern; the toll-man lifting his bar from the highway, and glad of a chance to exchange a few wise remarks with our postilion; and lastly, the goose-girl, with her bare feet, her long stick, and her quacking flocks. These features seem sufficiently picturesque, when you set them together for the reader of another land; yet, divested of its rich associations, the road from Weimar to Jena is about as uninteresting as any twelve miles in the world.

The upland drains to the northward, and its highest crest forms the rim of the Saale valley. Thus Napoleon, by climbing it from Jena under cover of an autumn fog, secured at once the advantage of position. The battle was fought mostly to the eastward of the highway, over a continuance of the undulating plain. Here Rossbach was avenged, even as Sedan has avenged Jena. The people do not make a show of the battleground, for an obvious reason, as they

do at Leipzig and Waterloo. Yet the battle here was a wholesome, if an exceedingly bitter lesson: here the feudal spirit really fell, with the sword in its heart, although it maintained a galvanic semblance of life until 1848. The highest part of the field, now overgrown with pines, is called the Napoleonsberg.

We descend into the Mülhthal (mill valley), at present, by a new and admirable piece of road-engineering. Mr. Hamilton, pointing it out to me, said, "The Botenfrau never went this way; she took yonder path, which you can see rising straight through the woods." Ah, the Botenfrau! I had almost forgotten that classic personage. Many of her sisters still travel, in shine or rain, the mountain-roads of Thuringia; nay, have not I, myself, entrusted her with messages, and money for purchases, and has she not always faithfully rendered account? The "messenger-woman" is an ancient institution in the land. She has her stated days, when she makes her appearance with a deep, square basket, slung knapsack-wise to her shoulders, with her ever-reliable memory and her unchallenged honesty, to take your commission for a volume of poetry or a leg of mutton, to borrow for you of a friend or pay an importunate enemy. On the second day, punctually to the hour, you will see her again, — all your business promptly attended to for a very trifling charge, and a budget of gossip thrown in, which you cannot be cruel enough to refuse hearing.

I wonder what Schiller and Goethe would have done without their messenger-woman. She undoubtedly took five hours for the walk between Jena and Weimar, for she gossiped and had her beer at Hohlstedt and Umpferstedt; but the manuscript scene of Wallenstein which Schiller sent in the morning was in Goethe's hands in the afternoon, and the latter could frequently return his criticism by ducal *estafette* before the author had gone to bed. Not only manuscripts passed between the two. The messenger-woman very often carried Teltow beets to Goethe, and fresh pike or perch to Schiller. (I cannot under-

stand how either should be much of a delicacy: Teltow beets are dark roots, like stunted parsnips, with a flavor half bitter and half medicinal; and the Elbe pike is as coarse a fish as ever tempted an inland palate.) Sometimes the messenger carried birthday presents, sometimes money, often proof-sheets; and it is startling to think what hostilities of the Schlegels, and Bürger, and Kotzebue, may have been stowed away in the same basket! If we had any tears to spare, we would drop one to thy memory, good messenger-woman! We know thou wert tanned and leathery of visage, stouter of leg than the Graces, and as garrulous as any Muse; yet thou wert the go-between of the Olympians, a peasant-Iris, and shalt not wholly lack the honor thou couldst not comprehend!

Descending into the Mühlthal, we soon emerged into the broad, warm, luxuriant valley of the Saale. Here the bluffs and forelands of the upper region have almost the dignity of mountains, as they stand apart to leave ample space for the town and its garden suburbs, and the spacious river-meads. Here, below, there was no breeze, and the June sun had its voluptuous will; every mansion and cottage was clasped in a ring of blossoming rose-trees. And such roses! richly-fed and tenderly-tended *rémontants*, opening great circles of white, pink, crimson, maroon, or salmon-colored petals, such as Persia or Cashmere never dreamed of. The rose, indeed, is but a gypsy in the Orient: here she is princess of an ancient line, and the commonest gardener loves her better than Hafiz. How could one echo, looking on this peerless perfection of bloom, and inhaling the breath that turns sense into soul, the mournful afterthought of Omar Khayyâm?

"Yes, but where leaves the rose of yesterday?"

As we drove into the city, my friend pointed out the old Frommann house, where Alwine's childhood was passed. There is still a little garden attached to it, and also a garden-house, but the latter is surely too new to have been Goethe's residence from sixty to seventy years

ago. We stopped at The Black Bear, the same hostel wherein Luther spent one night, wearing a trooper's armor and calling himself "Squire George," on his secret journey from the Wartburg to Wittenberg. There was quite a crowd in the little university town, by reason of Bach's Passion being given in the church; and thus the Frommann family was not at home when we first called there.

Through Mr. Hamilton's kind offices, however, I made the acquaintance of a lady who was familiar with the court of Duke Karl August, and had known Goethe in the still fresh and vigorous beginning of his age. As a young girl, she was one of the principal performers in a masque which he wrote, on the occasion of the Empress of Russia's visit to Weimar; and her account of the kindly patience with which he drilled her and other maidens in their tasks was very vivid and delightful. They all went to his house to rehearse, and in such a state of fright that the most of them were on the point of running away. The imposing presence of the poet, his deep, powerful voice, and the supreme place in German literature which was then, at least, universally conceded to him, affected both the sense and the imagination. But the lady who told the story concealed her trepidation and stood her ground. Goethe, she soon saw, was pleased with her apparent self-possession, even as he seemed to be annoyed by the shyness of her companions. He praised while he corrected her delivery of his verses, declaimed them for her, and instructed her so gently, yet so wisely, that her performance was a famous success. She represented a Genius, with wings, gauze, and spangles; her part was to address the empress, face to face. "I felt Goethe's eye on me," she said to us; "and I thought only of *him* while I spoke. I forgot all about the empress, and everybody was astonished at the coolness with which I looked at her."

There is no great significance in this anecdote, by itself. But it is one of hundreds which I heard, and which produce the same impression of a grand, no-

ble, and simply humane personality. I cannot go further, now, into any presentation of Goethe as a character, for this is a part of the larger task which led me to Weimar; yet I cannot help now and then dropping such illustrative details as entered into my experience in making acquaintance with those who knew the poet and the circumstances and associations of his life. From a long study of his works and the special literature they have called forth, I went to the place — as was, in fact, inevitable — with a tolerably complete mental outline of the man; and it was my greatest cheer and satisfaction, when I left Weimar to return home, to find that I was only obliged to add the necessary light and shade, with scarcely the need of a variation in the drawing.

After dinner, Bach's *Passion* being ended, we found Friedrich Frommann, and were received like old friends. The quaint old house, with its long and winding passages leading to chambers looking upon little verdurous courts, where there was no sound of the streets, quite fascinated me. The dark wooden floors, the simple yet comfortable furniture, the few choice pictures and busts, the absence of mere show, of every sign of struggle and emulation, and the not-to-be-described atmosphere of art and taste and thought which they who know never fail to detect with their first sniff of the air, — all these were blissfully welcome. Herr Frommann and his daughter bestowed upon us the hospitality of the house in full unreserve. His sister, Alwine, had given me no letter of introduction; she simply said, "My brother will expect to see you, when you go to Jena," and the introduction was thereby already made.

I here feel inclined to enter a protest against the astonishing distortions of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's *Saxon Studies*. I cannot but suspect that the author, who has so much original as well as inherited talent, must have had some unpleasant personal experience which has insensibly colored his pictures. It is difficult, otherwise, to account for exaggerations which themselves so clearly proclaim

their character, and therefore defeat their purpose.

I have found as true, — in America, England, Russia, Sweden, France, and Italy, — but nowhere truer gentlemen and ladies, than in Germany. To doubt this is simply to doubt the quality of our own original stock. Furthermore, although the general *average* of culture may be higher (and I think it is, in our Atlantic States), there is no country where high culture includes a larger class than in Middle and Northern Germany. To learn this, one must not be merely a member of an American colony, in a capital; one must know the various circles of society, especially in the smaller principalities, freely and familiarly. I assume, of course, that the narrower prejudices which spring from convention and habit must be given up. I have known certain persons to be inexpressibly shocked because, in accordance with old customs, the pudding comes before the roast and salad, on some very respectable German tables.

But the Germans have one fault which especially grates upon American nerves, because each individual of us is sensitive with the consciousness that he represents the nation. Almost every intelligent German has his fixed theory, wherein each fact of our day is fitted into its place, and he finds it very inconvenient to change their relative position. Consequently, whenever he hears something that conflicts with the theory, he abruptly rejects it, and is very often unconsciously discourteous in his manner of doing so. At a public supper in Weimar, for example, I sat beside an official who gravely stated that the laws of the United States had permitted the slave trade with Africa until the year 1861! When I quietly told him he was mistaken, he cried, "But it's true! it's a well-known fact!" Then I was provoked to say, "Sir, this is a subject which I, as an American, understand, but which you, as a German, do not; I demand, therefore, that you shall not contradict me again!" The blank surprise on the man's face was a study; I saw at once that his contradiction was only the pre-

vailing habit of his class, and repented me of my temporary irritation.

This form of egotism is constantly encountered, although it is not often so offensively expressed. It is a species of *chauvinisme* which, like individual vanity, is seldom consciously possessed by a people. I dare say our American variety makes itself felt quite as aggressively by any other nation.

We drove back to Weimar towards sunset, when every long swell of the upland or crest of a distant wood was outlined by a keen, golden edge of light. The valley of the Ilm opens suddenly, like that of the Saale, only half as deep and broad, but made very picturesque by the old mill and bridge, the high-towered castle and the park. The old paths of the poets, visible through the gaps in the heavy foliage, were doubly cool and

secluded in the evening shadow. Families sat at tables in their gardens and took their tea in the open air. Beyond, on the avenue stretching away to Belvedere, gleams of fresh color moved to and fro; and we met no face which had not cast away its anxious look of labor, in a glad surrender to the influences of the hour. The scene recalled Goethe's line:

"Here is the people's proper heaven!"

Another day of farewells, and I left Weimar. There is no Fountain of Trevi there, the drinking of whose waters would insure me a return; but I might have taken a parting cup at the fountain which is guarded by the lovely bronze group of Death and Immortality. Perhaps the acceptance of an earnest task is a better guarantee than either, for it seems to give a presumptive right to the years required to perform it.

Bayard Taylor.

SISTER BEATRICE.

A CLOISTER tale — a strange and ancient thing

Long since on vellum writ in gules and or:
And why should Chance to me this trover bring

From the grim dust-heap of forgotten lore,
And not to that gray bard still measuring

His laureled years by music's golden score,
Nor to some comrade who like him has caught
The charm of lands by me too long unsought?

Why not to one who, with a steadfast eye,

Ingathering her shadow and her sheen,
Saw Venice as she is, and, standing nigh,

Drew from the life that old, dismantled queen?

Or to the poet through whom I well descry

Castile, and the Campeador's demesne?

Or to that eager one whose quest has found

Each place of long renown, the world around;

Whose foot has rested firm on either hill, —

The sea-girt height where glows the midnight sun,

And wild Parnassus; whose melodious skill

Has left no song untried, no wreath unwon?

Why not to these? Yet, since by Fortune's will
This quaint task given me I must not shun,
My verse shall render, fitly as it may,
An old church-legend, meet for Christmas Day.

Once on a time (so read the monkish pages),
Within a convent—that doth still abide
Even as it stood in those devouter ages,
Near a fair city, by the highway's side—
There dwelt a sisterhood of them whose wages
Are stored in heaven: each a virgin bride
Of Christ, and bounden meekly to endure
In faith, and works, and chastity most pure.

A convent, and within a summer-land,
Like that of Browning and Boccaccio!
Years since, my greener fancy would have planned
Its station thus: it should have had, I trow,
A square and flattened bell-tower, that might stand
Above deep-windowed buildings long and low,
Closed all securely by a vine-clung wall
And shadowed on one side by cypress tall;

Within the gate, a garden set with care:
Box-bordered plots, where peach and almond trees
Rained blossoms on the maidens walking there,
Or rustled softly in the summer breeze;
Here were sweet jessamine and jonquil rare,
And arbors meet for pious talk at ease;
There must have been a dove-cote too, I know,
Where white-winged birds like spirits come and go.

Outside, the thrush and lark their music made
Beyond the olive-grove at dewy morn;
By noon, cicalas, shrilling in the shade
Of oak and ilex, woke the peasant's horn;
And, at the time when into darkness fade
The vineyards, from their purple depths were borne
The nightingale's responses to the prayer
Of those sweet saints at vespers, meek and fair.

Such is the place that, with the hand and eye
Which are the joy of youth, I should have painted.
Say not, who look thereon, that 't is awry—
Like nothing real, by rhymesters' use attained.
Ah well! then put the faulty picture by,
And help me draw an abbess long since sainted.
Think of your love, each one, and thereby guess
The fashion of this lady's beautousness.

For in this convent Sister Beatrice,
Of all her nuns the fairest and most young,

Became, through grace and special holiness,
Their sacred head, and moved, her brood among,
Dévoté d'âme et très-fervente au service;

And thrice each day, their hymns and Aves sung,
At Mary's altar would before them kneel,
Keeping her vows with chaste and pious zeal.

Now in the Holy Church there was a clerk,
A godly-seeming man (as such there be
Whose selfish hearts with craft and guile are dark),
Young, gentle-phrased, of handsome mien and free.
His passion chose this maiden for its mark,
Begrudging heaven her white chastity,
And with most sacrilegious art the while
He sought her trustful nature to beguile.

Oft as they met, with subtle hardihood
He still more archly played the traitor's part,
And strove to wake that murmur in her blood
That times the pulses of a woman's heart;
And in her innocence she long withstood
The secret tempter, but at last his art
Changed all her tranquil thoughts to love's desire,
Her vestal flame to earth's unhallowed fire.

So the fair governess, o'ermastered, gave
Herself to the destroyer, yet as one
That slays, in pity, her sweet self, to save
Another from some wretched deed undone;
But when she found her heart was folly's slave,
She sought the altar which her steps must shun
Thenceforth, and yielded up her sacred trust,
Ere tasting that false fruit which turns to dust.

One eve the nuns beheld her entering
Alone, as if for prayer beneath the rood,
Their chapel-shrine, wherein the offering
And masterpiece of some great painter stood,
The Virgin Mother, without plume or wing
Ascending, poised in rapt beatitude,
With hands cross-wise, and intercession mild
For all who crave her mercy undefiled.

There Beatrice — poor, guilty, desperate maid —
Took from her belt the convent's blessed keys,
And with them on the altar humbly laid
Her missal, uttering such words as these
(Her eyes cast down, and all her soul afraid):
“O dearest mistress, hear me on my knees
Confess to thee, in helplessness and shame,
I am no longer fit to speak thy name.

“ Take back the keys wherewith in constancy
 Thy house and altar I have guarded well!
 No more may Beatrice thy servant be,
 For earthly love her steps must needs compel.
 Forget me in this sore infirmity
 When my successor here her beads shall tell.”
 This said, the girl withdrew her as she might,
 And with her lover fled that self-same night;

Fled out, and into the relentless world
 Where Love abides, but Love that breedeth Sorrow,
 Where Purity still weeps with pinions furled,
 And Passion lies in wait her all to borrow.
 From such a height to such abasement whirled
 She fled that night, and many a day and morrow
 Abode indeed with him for whose embrace
 She bartered heaven and her hope of grace,

Until he left her, ruined and alone,
 Unknowing by what craft to gain her bread
 In the hard world that gives to Want a stone.
 What marvel that she drifted whither led
 The current, that with none to heed her moan
 She reached the shore where life on husks is fed,
 Sank down, and, in the strangeness of her fall,
 Among her fellows was the worst of all!

After black years their dismal change had wrought
 Upon her beauty, and there was no stay
 By which to hold, some chance or yearning brought
 Her vagrant feet along the convent-way;
 And half as in a dream there came a thought
 (For years she had not dared to think or pray)
 That moved her there to bow her in the dust
 And bear no more, but perish as she must.

Crouched by the gate she waited, it is told,
 Brooding the past and all of life forlorn,
 Nor dared to lift her pallid face and old
 Against the passer's pity or his scorn;
 And there perchance had ere another morn
 Died of her shame and sorrows manifold,
 But that a portress bade her pass within
 For solace of her wretchedness or sin.

To whom the lost one, drinking now her fill
 Of woe that wakened memories made more drear,
 Said, “ Was there not one Beatrice, until
 Some time now gone, that was an abbess here? ”
 “ That was? ” the other said. “ Is she not still
 The convent's head, and still our mistress dear?

Look! even now she comes with open hand,
The purest, saintliest lady in the land!"

And Beatrice, uplifting then her eyes,
Saw her own self (in womanhood divine,
It seemed) draw nigh, with holy look and wise,
The aged portress leaving at a sign.
Even while she marveled at that strange disguise,
There stood before her, radiant, benign,
The blessed Mother of Mercy, all aflame
With light, as if from Paradise she came!

From her most sacred lips, upon the ears
Of Beatrice, these words of wonder fell:
"Daughter, thy sins are pardoned; dry thy tears,
And in this house again my mercies tell,
For in thy stead, myself these woeful years
Have governed here and borne thine office well.
Take back the keys: save thee and me alone
No one thy fall and penance yet hath known!"

Even then, as faded out that loveliness,
The abbess, looking down, herself descried
Clean-robed and spotless, such as all confess
To be a saint and fit for Heaven's bride.
So ends the legend, and ye well may guess
(Who, being untempted, walk in thoughtless pride)
God of his grace can make the sinful pure,
And while earth lasts shall mercy still endure.

Edmund C. Stedman.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XVIII.

MY friend left us after a visit of a few weeks, taking my sister to Ireland with her on a visit to Ardgillan.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, *December 21.*

MY DEAREST H—: My aunt Dall brought me home word that you wished me to send a letter which should meet you on your arrival at Ardgillan; and I would have done so, but that I had previously promised myself that I would do nothing this day till I had copied out the fourth act of *The Star of Seville*, and you

know unless I am steady at my work this week, I shall break my word a second time, which is *impossible*, as it ought to have been at first.

[A tragedy in five acts, called *The Star of Seville*, at which I was working, is here referred to. My father had directed my attention to the subject by putting in my hands a sketch of the life and works of Lope de Vega, by Lord Holland. The story of *La Estrella de Sevilla* appeared to my father eminently dramatic, and he excited me to choose it for the subject of a drama. I did so, and Messrs. Saunders and Ottley

were good enough to publish it; it had no merit whatever, either dramatic or poetical (although I think the subject gave ample scope for both), and I do not remember a line of it.]

However, it is nine o'clock; I have not ceased writing except to dine, and my act is copied; and now I can give you an hour before bed-time. How are you? and how is dear A——? give her several good kisses for me; she is by this time admirable friends with all your circle, I doubt not, and slightly, superficially acquainted with the sea. Tell her she is a careless little puss though, for she forgot the plate with my effigy on it for Hercules [Miss S——'s nephew] which she was to have given my aunt to pack up. I am quite sorry about it; tell him, however, he shall not lose by it, for I will send him both a plate with the Belvidera and a mug with my own natural head on it, the next time you return home.

I stood in the dining-room listening to your carriage wheels until I believe they were only rolling in my imagination; you cannot fancy how doleful our breakfast was. Henry was perfectly enraged at finding that A—— was gone in earnest, and my father began to wonder how it had ever come to pass that he had consented to let her go. After breakfast, Dall and I walked to Mr. Cartwright's (the dentist), who fortunately did not torture me much; for if he had, my spirits were so exceedingly low that I am sure I should have disgraced myself and cried like a coward. As soon as we came home I set to work, and have never stopped copying till I began this letter, when, having done my day's work, I thought I might tell you how much I miss you and dear A——.

My father is gone to the theatre upon business to-night; my mother is very unwell, and Dall and Henry, as well as myself, are stupid and dreary.

My dear H——, tell me how you bore the journey and the cold, and how dear A—— fared on the road; how you found all your people, and how the dell and the sea are looking. Write to me very soon and very long. You have let several

stitches fall in one of the muffetees you knit for me, and it is all running to ruin; I must see and pick them up at the theatre on Thursday night. You have left all manner of things behind you; among others, Channing's two essays. I will keep all your property honestly for you, and shall soon have time to read those essays, which I very much wish to do.

A large supply of Christmas fare arrived from Stafford to-day from my god-mother, and among other things, a huge nosegay for me. I was very grateful for the flowers; they are always a pleasure, and to-day I thought they tried to be a consolation to me.

Now I must break off. Do you remember Madame de Sévigné's "Adieu; ce n'est pas jusqu'à demain — jusqu'à samedi — jusqu'aujourd'hui en huit; c'est adieu pour un an"? and yet I certainly have no right to grumble, for our meeting as we have done latterly is a pleasure as little to have been anticipated as the events which have enabled us to do so, and for which I have so many reasons to be thankful. God bless you, dear H——; kiss dear little A—— for me, and remember me affectionately to all your people. I am yours ever truly,

FANNY.

Dall sends her best love to both, and all; and Henry bids me tell A—— that the name of the Drury Lane pantomime is Harlequin and Davy Jones, or Mother Carey's Chickens; ours is yet a secret; he will write her all about it.

Mr. Cartwright, the eminent dentist, was a great friend of my father's; he was a cultivated gentleman of refined taste, and an enlightened judge and liberal patron of the arts. If anything could have alleviated the half-hour's suspense before one obtained admission to his beautiful library, which was on some occasions (of, I suppose, slight importance) his "operating-room," it would have been the choice specimens of lovely landscape painting by the first English masters, which adorned his dining-room. I have sat by Sir Thomas Lawrence at the hospitable dinner-table, where Mr. Cartwright gave his friends the most

agreeable opportunity of using the teeth which he preserved for them, and heard in his house the best classical English vocal music, capitally executed by the first professors of that school, and brilliant amicable rivalry of first-rate pianoforte performances by Cramer, Neukomm, Hummel, and Moscheles, who were all personal friends of their host.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
January 3, 1831.

MY DEAR H——: I promised you, in the interesting P. S. I annexed to my aunt Dall's letter, to write to you to-day, and I sit down this evening to fulfill my promise. My father is gone out to dinner, my mother is asleep on the sofa, Dall reclines dozing in that blissful arm-chair you wot of, and Henry, happier than either, is extended snoring before the fire on the softest, thickest, splendidest colored rug (a piece of my mother's workmanship) that the most poetical canine imagination could conceive; I should think an earthly type of those heavenly rugs which virtuous dogs, according to your creed, are destined to enjoy.

[My friend Miss S—— held (without having so eloquently advocated) the theory of her and my friend Miss Cobbe, of the possible future existence of animals; such animals at any rate as had formed literally a precious part of the earthly existence of their owners, and in whom a certain sense, so nearly resembling conscience, is developed, by their obedience and attachment to the superior race, that it is difficult to consider them *unmoral* creatures. Perhaps, however, if the choice were given our four-footed friends to share our future prospects and present responsibility, they might decline the offer, "Thankfu' they werena' men, but dogs."]

Dear H——, the pleasant excitement of your society assisted the natural contentedness or indifference of my disposition to throw aside many reflections upon myself and others, the life I lead and its various annoyances, which have been unpleasantly forced upon me since your departure; and when I say that I do not feel happy, you will not count it merely

the blue-devil-ish fancy of a German brain or an English (that is bilious) stomach.

I think the season of the year, the closing and opening of one of the measured periods of time into which we divide our lives, the recurrence of which generally brings wanderers back, at least for a season, to their homes, and forms a rallying point for kindred scattered by circumstances, has made me melancholy. The new year has begun, and finds us separated from two of our dear ones, and ignorant even of the abode or fate of one of them. I have a feeling, not of dissatisfaction or discontent so much as of sadness and weariness, though I struggle always and sometimes pretty successfully to rouse myself from it.

You say you wish to know what we did on Christmas Day. I'll tell you. In the morning I went to church, after which I came home and copied *The Star of Seville* till dinner-time. After dinner my mother, who had proposed spending the evening at our worthy pastor's, Mr. Sterky's, finding my father disinclined for that exertion, remained at home and went to sleep; my father likewise, Dall likewise, Henry likewise; and I copied on at my play till bed-time: *voilà*. On Monday, contrary to my expectation, I had to play *Euphrasia* before the pantomime. Give my love to dear A——. Henry has, I know, told her all about that festive performance, or I would have done so; in the mean time tell her she respects me more than I deserve and much more than I desire, if she will not write me a "stupid letter;" she ought to know, better than that, how much pleased I should be to hear from her in any style. You know we were to spend Christmas Eve at my aunt Sidons's; we had a delightful evening and I was very happy. My aunt came down from the drawing-room (for we danced in the dining-room on the ground floor) and sat among us, and you cannot think how nice and pretty it was to see her surrounded by her clan, more than three dozen strong; some of them so handsome, and many with a striking likeness to herself, either in feature or expres-

sion. Mrs. Harry and Cecy danced with us, and we enjoyed ourselves very much; I wished for dear A—— exceedingly. Wednesday we dined at Mrs. Mayow's.

[My mother's dear friend, Mrs. Mayow, was the wife of a gentleman in a high position in one of our government offices. She was a West Indian creole, and a singularly beautiful person. Her complexion was of the clear olive-brown of a perfectly Moorish skin, with the color of a damask rose in her cheeks, and lips as red as coral. Her features were classically symmetrical, as was the soft, oval contour of her face; her eyes and hair were as black as night, and the former had a halo of fine lashes of the most magnificent length. She never wore any head-dress but a white muslin turban, the effect of which on her superb dark face was strikingly handsome, and not only its singularity but its noble and becoming simplicity distinguished her in every assembly, amid the various fantastic head-gear of each successive Parisian "fashion of the day." As a girl she had been remarkably slender, but she grew to an enormous size, without the increased bulk of her person disfiguring or rendering coarse her beautiful face.]

Thursday I acted *Lady Townley* and acted it abominably ill, and was much mortified to find that Cecilia had got my cousin Harry to chaperon her two boys to the play that night; because, as he never before went to see me act, it is rather provoking that the only time he did so I should have sent him to sleep, which he gallantly assured me I did. I do not find cousins so much more polite than brothers (one's natural born plagues) as to warrant Praed's assertion in the song, —

"Have you ever a cousin, Tom?
Does she happen to sing?
Sisters, we've all by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing."

Harry's compliment to my acting had quite a brotherly tenderness, I think. Friday, New Year's Eve, we went to a ball at Mrs. G——'s, which I did not much enjoy; and yesterday, New Year's Day, Henry and I spent the evening at Mrs. Harry's. There was no one there

but Cecy and her two boys, and we danced, almost without stopping, from eight till twelve.

[The lads my cousin Cecilia called her boys were the two younger sons of her brother George Siddons, Mrs. Siddons's eldest son, then and for many years after collector of the port at Calcutta. These lads and their sisters were being educated in England, and were spending their Christmas holidays with their grandmother, Mrs. Siddons. The youngest of these three schoolboys, Henry, was the father of the beautiful Mrs. Scott-Siddons of the present day. It was in the house of my cousin George Siddons, then one of the very pleasantest and gayest in Calcutta, that his young nephew, Harry, son of his sister-in-law, my dear Mrs. Harry Siddons, was to find a home on his arrival in India, and subsequently a wife in Harriet, the second daughter of the house.]

I like Cecilia much better than I did formerly. She used to seem to me to want *humanizing*; but I have taken to her much more cordially ever since she said she liked to see us young things dancing; that is a benevolent emotion, akin to pure philanthropy, for which I should not have given her credit; moreover, she last night gave me two spontaneous kisses, by which I was the more flattered and pleased because her disposition and manner have always appeared to me the reverse of caressing; in short, if I can but "keep my eye upon her," I think I shall get very fond of her, but if I once lose sight of her, I am afraid the next time we meet we shall have all our work to do over again. Mrs. Harry is not very well, though I think she tries to keep herself from dwelling upon Harry's departure as much as she can; but the dark cloud of approaching separation is already throwing its shadow over them all; and the other night at Mrs. G——'s ball, Sally [his sister] said to me, as she watched Harry dancing, with the tears in her eyes, "It is what he has wished and what he has chosen, therefore we are content. He leaves us under every advantage, with the finest appointment, and goes to uncle George's

house, which will be at once his home; therefore we ought to be thankful, but parting for ten years is a sore trial." I cannot think what his mother will do; though I cannot think why I say that, for I know she will bear her trial with patient courage and uncomplaining, unselfish resignation. Willy [her second son] returns to Switzerland to his school at Hofwyl, under Dr. de Fellenberg, on Tuesday.

I am to act Juliet to-morrow, and Calista on Thursday; Friday and Saturday I am to act Mrs. Haller and Lady Townley at Brighton. I shall see the sea, that's one comfort, and it will be something to live upon for some time to come. Next Wednesday week I am to come out in Bianca, in Milman's Fazio. Do you know the play? It is very powerful, and my part is a very powerful one indeed. I have hopes it may succeed greatly. Mr. Warde is to be my Fazio, for, I hear, people object to my having my father's constant support, and wish to see me act *alone*; what geese, to be sure! I wonder whether they think my father has hold of strings by the means of which he moves my arms and legs! I am very glad something likely to strike the public is to be given before Inez de Castro (a tragedy of Miss Mitford's), for it will need all the previous success of a fine play and part to carry us safely through that.

I have not seen Mr. Murray again; I conclude he is out of town just now. And now that I have told you all the news of the past, and some of the future, I will answer what you say about A—— in your letter. As to her *veneration* for me, that I should be tempted to regret, for I most certainly do not deserve it; though, at the same time that I feel quite unfit to be her model, the fear of having a bad influence upon any one must always act as a strong check upon me; but it is to very little purpose that one cultivates good principles if every breath of circumstance is to make one swerve from them. Oh, my dear H——, for all my conceit, I assure you I am, for the most part, anything but well pleased with myself. I will leave off this letter, and go

to bed and sleep, which is pleasanter and wholesomer than self-contemplation. I long for you both back very much; we all of us miss dear A——, and I especially want you. I am glad that though she is altogether more amiable than I am, you do not like her better, — as well, I should not mind, — but not better; however, I had better not say this, for you will yet have time to do so, and if you do, why, I'll manage to make up my mind to it.

We have made all inquiries about poor, dear A——'s trunk, and of course as soon as we hear of it, it will be sent to her; I am very sorry for her, poor, dear little child, but I advise her, when she does get them, to put on each of her new dresses for an hour by turns, and sit opposite the glass in them. Good-by, dear H——. Your affectionate

F. K.

My father will, I am sure, make such arrangements for me in Dublin as will enable me to come to Ardgillan for a day or two. My mother bids me tell you to say all manner of "thanks and obligations" to Mrs. T——, "to whom," she says, with a most conscious look, "I suppose I ought to have written." So mind, dear H——, you get her off well with your sister.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
6th January, 1831. }

DEAREST H——: I have only time to say two words to you, for I am in the midst of preparations for our flight to Brighton, to-morrow. Thank you for your last letter; I liked it very much and will answer it at length when we come back to town.

Mr. Murray has got my MSS., but I have yet heard nothing about it from him. My fire is not in that economical invention, the "miserable basket" [an iron frame fitting inside our common-sized grate to limit the extravagant consumption of coal], but well spread out in the large comfortable grate; yet I am sitting with my door and windows all wide open; it is a lovely, bright, mild spring day. I do not lose my time any more of a morning watching the fire kindling, for the housemaid lights it be-

fore I get out of bed, so my poetry and philosophy are robbed of a most interesting subject of meditation.

With regard to what you say about A——, I do not know that I expected her to love, though I was sure she would admire nature; she is very young yet, and her quick, observant mind and tendency to wit and sarcasm make human beings more amusing, if not more interesting, to her than inanimate objects. It is not the beauty of nature alone, as it appeals merely to our senses, that produces that passionate love for it which induces us to prefer communion with it to the intercourse of our fellows. The elevated trains of thought, and the profound and sublime aspirations which the external beauty of the world suggests, draw and rivet our minds and souls to its contemplation, and produce a sort of awful sense of companionship with the Unseen, which cannot, I think, be an experience of early youth. For then the volatile, vivid, and various spirit, with its sympathizing and communicative tendency, has a strong propensity to spend itself on that which can return its value in like commodity; and exchange of thought and feeling is a preponderating desire and necessity, and human fellowship and intercourse is naturally attractive to unworn and unwearied human nature. I suppose the consolatory element in the beautiful *unhuman* world in which we live is not often fully appreciated by the young, they want comparatively so little of it; youth is itself so thoroughly its own consoler. Some years hence, I dare say A—— will love both the sea and sky better than she does now. To a certain degree too, the love of solitude, which generally accompanies a deep love for nature, is a kind of selfishness that does not often exist in early life.

I am desired to close this letter immediately; I have therefore only time to add that I act Calista to-night here, Mrs. Haller to-morrow at Brighton, and Saturday, also there, Lady Townley. On Monday I act Juliet here, and on Wednesday Bianca in Fazio, — when pray for me! Now you know where to

think of me. I will write to you a *real* letter on Sunday.

You ask me if we all thought your blunder about A——'s trunk very stupid. Yes, indeed we did, and I abused you for it, like a true friend (to stop everybody else's mouth), more than any one else did, or dared.

Kiss A—— for me, and do not be unhappy, my dear, for you will soon see me again; and in the mean time I advise you, as you think my picture so much more agreeable than myself, to console yourself with that.

Dall has got such a nice name for me, — "Spit-fire!" and only because I told her I should like to make herribs a grid-iron to broil her heart upon, which oh I wish I had invented myself! but 't is a pleasant conception of Lord Byron's, which I have merely adopted and quoted, thinking it enchanting. Good-by. Your affectionate FANNY.

The fascination of sitting by a brook and watching the lapsing water, or on the sands the oncoming, uprising, breaking, and melting away of the white wave-crests, is, I suppose, matter of universal experience. I do not know whether watching fire has the same irresistible attraction for everybody. It has almost a stronger charm for me; and the hours I have spent sitting on the rug in front of my grate and watching the wonderful creature sparkling and glowing there have been almost more than I dare remember. I was obliged at last, in order not to waste half my day in the contemplation of this bewitching element, to renounce a practice I long indulged in of lighting my own fire; but to this moment I envy the servant who does that office, or should envy her but that she never remains on her knees worshipping the beautiful, subtle spirit she has evoked, as I could still find it in my heart to do.

I think I remember that Shelley had this passion for fire-gazing; it's a comfort to think that whatever he could *say*, he could never *see* more enchanting things in his grate than I have in mine; but indeed, even for Shelley, the motions

and the colors of flames are unspeakable.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
January 9, 1831. }

DEAR H—: I promised you a letter to-day, and if I can do so now, at least I will begin to keep my promise, though I think it possible my courage may fail me after the first side of my sheet of paper. We arrived in town from Brighton on this afternoon at four o'clock, and though it is not yet ten I am so weary, and have so much to do to-morrow (rehearsing Fazio and acting Juliet), that I think I shall not sit up much longer to-night, even to write to you.

We found my mother tolerably well, and Henry, who had been out skating all day, in great beauty and high spirits. I must now tell you what I had not room for when I wrote you those few lines in A—'s letter.

Mr. Barton, a friend of John's who traveled with him in Germany, and whose sister has lately married John Sterling (of whom you have often heard us speak), called here the other day, and during the course of a long visit told us a great deal of the very beginning of this Spanish expedition, and of the share Mr. Sterling and Richard Trench [the present venerable archbishop of Dublin] had in its launching.

It seems (though he would not say whence they derived them) that they were plentifully supplied with funds, with which they purchased and manned a vessel destined to carry arms and ammunition to Spain for the purposes of the revolutionists. This ship they put under command of an experienced *smuggler*, and it was actually leaving the mouth of the Thames with Sterling and Mr. Trench on board it, bound for Spain, when by order of Lord Aberdeen it was stopped. Our two young gentlemen jumped into a boat and made their escape, but Mr. Sterling, hearing that government threatened to proceed against the captain of the captured vessel, came forward and owned it as his property, and exonerated the man, as far as he could, from any share of the blame attaching to an undertaking in which he

was an irresponsible instrument. Matters were in this state, with a prosecution pending over John Sterling, when the ministry was changed, and nothing further has been done or said by government upon the subject since.

My brother had gone off to Gibraltar previously to all this, to take measures for facilitating their landing; he is now quietly and I hope comfortably wintering there. Torrijos, it seems, is not at all disheartened, but is waiting for the propitious moment, which, however, from the appearance of things I should not consider likely to be at hand just yet. Mr. Sterling has, I understand, been so seriously ill since his marriage that at one time his life was despaired of, and even now that he is a little recovered he is ordered to Madeira as soon as he can be moved. This is very sad for his poor bride.

Of our home circle I have nothing to tell you. My father, Dall, and I had a very delightful day on Saturday at Brighton. After a lovely day's journey, we arrived there on Friday. Our companion in the coach luckily happened to be a son of Dr. Burney's, who was an old and intimate friend of my father's, and they discoursed together the whole way along, of all sorts of events and people: of my uncle John and my aunt Siddons, in their prime; of Mrs. Jordan and the late king; of the present one, Harlowe, Lawrence, and innumerable other folk of note and notoriety. Among other things they had a long discussion on the subject of Hamlet's feigned or — as my father maintains and I believe — real madness; all this formed a very amusing accompaniment to the history of Sir Launcelot du Lac, which I was reading with much delight when I was not listening to their conversation.

I like all that concerns the love adventures of these valorous knights of yore; but their deadly blows and desperate thrusts, their slashing, gashing, mashing, mangling, and hewing bores me to death. The fate of Guinevere interested me deeply, but Sir Launcelot's warlike exploits I got dreadfully weary of; I prefer him greatly in hall

and bower rather than in tournament and battle-field.

We got into Brighton at half-past four and had just time to dine, dress, and go to the theatre, where we were to act *The Stranger*. The house was very full indeed, but my reception was not quite what I had expected; for whether they were disappointed in my dress (Mrs. Haller being traditionally clothed in droopacious white muslin, and I dressing her in gray silk, which is both stiff and dull looking, as I think it should be) or whether, which I think still more likely, they were disappointed in my "personal appearance," which, as you know, is neither *tragical* nor *heroic*, I know not, but I thought their welcome rather cold; but the truth is, I believe my London audience spoils me for every other. However, the play went off admirably, and I believe everybody was satisfied, not excepting the manager, who assured me so full and *enthusiastic* a house had not been seen in Brighton for many years.

Our rooms at the inn [the old Ship was then *the* famous Brighton hotel] looked out upon the sea, but it was so foggy when we entered Brighton that although I perceived the *motion* of the waves through the mist that hung over them, their color and every object along the shore was quite indistinct. The next morning was beautiful. Dall and I ran down to the beach before breakfast; there are no sands, unluckily, but we stood ankle-deep in the shingles, watching the ebbing tide and sniffing the sweet salt air for a long time with great satisfaction. After breakfast we rehearsed *The Provoked Husband*, and from the theatre proceeded to take a walk. I do not know whether you were ever at Brighton; but if you were not I am afraid my description will hardly show it to you. The cliffs rise all along the coast from Brighton to Hastings, and so on to Dover, where they attain a great height. There are, as I told you, no sands, but when the tide is up it nearly washes the foot of the cliffs. For about two miles we walked along a fine esplanade crowning the heights,

with the sea stretched out below us to the horizon, on one hand, and on the other every variety of style of building that the not very chaste taste of our modern architects could suggest, — squares, crescents, terraces, all magnificent *stucco* edifices, without, perhaps, much individual beauty or elegance; but, seen from the sea, or *en masse* at an *appropriate* distance, I dare say the whole would have the appearance of some of Martin's incredible ranges of architecture, and look imposing — that is, imposturing — enough.

All this was very fine, but still it was streets and houses; and there were crowds of gay people parading up and down, looking as busy about nothing and as full of themselves as if the great awful sea had not been close beside them. In fact, I was displeased with the levity of their deportment, and the contrast of all that fashionable frivolity with the grandest of all natural objects seemed to me incongruous and discordant; and I was so annoyed at finding myself by the sea-side and *yet* still surrounded with all the glare and gayety of London, that I think I wished myself at the bottom of the cliff and Brighton at the bottom of the sea. However, we walked on and on, beyond the Parade, beyond the town, till we had nothing but the broad open downs to contrast with the broad open sea, and then I was completely happy. I gave my muff to my father and my fur tippet to Dall, for the sun shone powerfully on the heights, and I walked and ran along the edge of the cliffs, gazing and pondering, and enjoying the solemn sound and the brilliant sight, and the nervous excitement of a slight sense of fear as I peeped over at the depth below me. From this diversion, however, my father called me away, and, to console me for not allowing me to run the risk of being dashed to pieces, offered to run a race up a small hill with me, and beat me hollow.

We had walked about four miles when we halted at one of the Preventive Service stations to look about us. The tide had not yet come in, but its usual height when up was indicated, first by a deli-

cate, waving fringe of sea-weed, like very bright green moss, and then, nearer in shore, by an incrustation of chalk washed from the cliffs, which formed a deep embossed silver embroidery along the coast as far as eye could see. The sunshine was dazzling, and its light on the detached masses of milky chalk which lay far beneath us made them appear semi-transparent, like fragments of alabaster or carnelian. I was wishing that I *could but* get down the cliff, when a worthy sailor appeared toiling up it, and I discovered his winding staircase cut in the great chalk wall, down which I proceeded without further ado. I was a little frightened, for the steps were none of the most regular or convenient, and I felt as if I were hanging (and at an uncomfortable distance from either) between heaven and earth. I got down safe, however, and ran to the water's edge, danced a galop on one smooth little sand island, waited till the tide, which was coming up, just touched my toes, gave it a kick of cowardly defiance, and then showed it a fair pair of heels and scrambled up the cliff again, very much enchanted with my expedition.

I think a fight with smugglers up that steep staircase at night, with a heavy sea rolling and roaring close under it, would be glorious! When I reached the top my father said it was time to go home, so we returned. The Parade was crowded like Hyde Park in the height of the season [Thackeray called Brighton London-super-Mare], and when once I was out of the crowd and could look down upon it from our windows as it promenaded up and down, I never saw anything gayer: carriages of every description — most of them open — cavalades of ladies and gentlemen riding to and fro, throngs of smart bonnets and fine dresses; and beyond all this the high tide, with one broad, crimson path across it thrown by the sun, looking as if it led into some enchanted world beyond the waters.

I thought of dear A——; for though she is seeing the sea, — and I think the sea at Ardgillan, with its lovely mountains on one side and Skerries on the oth-

er, far more beautiful than this, — I am sure she would have been enchanted with the life, the bustle, and brilliancy of the Parade combined with its fine sea view, for I, who am apt rather selfishly to wish myself alone in the enjoyment of nature, looked at the bright, moving throng with pleasure when once I was out of it.

Our house at the theatre at night was very fine; and now, as you are perhaps tired of Brighton, you will not be sorry to get home with me; but pray communicate the end of our "land sorrow" to A——. We were to start for London Sunday morning at ten [a journey of six hours by coach, now of less than two by rail], and my father had taken three inside places in a coach, which was to call for us at our inn. I ran down to the beach and had a few moments alone there. It was a beautiful morning, and the fishing boats were one by one putting out into the calmest sleepy sea. I longed to ask to be taken on board one of them; but I was summoned away to the coach, and found on reaching it that, the fourth place being occupied by a sickly looking woman with a sickly looking child nearly as big as herself in her lap, my father, notwithstanding the coldness of the morning, had put himself on the outside. Dall, who does not mind being inconvenienced herself to any amount, but cannot bear that my father should be so, was much annoyed, and muttered all sorts of imprecations on the insatiable greed of gain of coach office agents who, for the sake of the price of half a place, stuff an undue number of sufferers in their "leathern conveniences," or oblige those who will not submit to this imposition to pay "inside" and travel "out." But the indomitable sweetness of her natural disposition very soon getting the better of her indignation, she presently suggested to the forlorn female that, as my father was not coming, she had better relieve herself by putting the child in his place. This was declined for some time, until I again remonstrated on her continuing to burden herself while there was a vacant seat; whereupon, not without some reluctance on its own part, the

burden was transferred from its mother's knees to a place by my aunt. It had not been there long before its tender parent, looking anxiously in its ominously yellow face, observed, "You see, mem, last time she sat that way, with her back to the osses, she were so awful sick!" With the utmost trepidation I proposed an instant change of seats with me, which was rapidly effected, and to shut the universe (which was beginning to heave) from my sight, — such is the power of imagination and sympathy, — I went to sleep; from which blessed refuge of the wretched I was recalled by a powerful and indescribable smell, which, seizing me by the nose, naturally induced me to open my eyes. Mother and daughter were each devouring a lump of black, strong, greasy plum cake; as a specific, I presume, against (or for?) sickness in a stage-coach.

The late Duke of Beaufort, when Marquis of Worcester, used frequently to amuse himself by driving the famous fast Brighton coach, the Highflyer. One day, as my father was hastily depositing his shilling gratuity in his driver's outstretched hand, a shout of laughter and a "Thank ye, Charles Kemble," made him aware of the gentleman Jehu under whose care he had performed the journey.

Wednesday, January 12, 1831.

DEAREST H—: I received your letter dated the 7th the night before last, and purposed ending this long epistle yesterday evening with an answer to it, but was prevented by having to go with my mother to dine with Mrs. L—, that witty woman and more than middle-aged beauty you have heard me speak of. I was repaid for the exertion I had not made very willingly, for I had a pleasant dinner. This lady has a large family and very large fortune, which at her death goes to her eldest son, who is a young man of enthusiastically religious views and feelings; he has no profession or occupation, but devotes himself to building chapels and schools, which he himself superintends with unwearied assiduity; and though he has never taken

orders, he preaches at some place in the city, to which crowds of people flock to hear him; none of which is at all agreeable to his mother, whose chief anxiety, however, is lest some one of the fair Methodists who attend his exhortations should admire his earthly expectations as much as his heavenly prospects, and induce this young apostle to marry her for her soul's sake; all which his mother told mine, with many lamentations over the godly zeal of her "serious" son, certainly not often made with regard to young men who are likely to inherit fine fortunes and estates. One of this young gentleman's sisters is strongly imbued with the same religious feeling, and I think her impressions deepened by her very delicate state of health. I am much attracted by her gentle manner, and the sweet, serious expression of her face, and the earnest tone of her conversation; I like her very much.

Indeed, external influences and circumstances *do* affect me much more than they ought, dear H—, and it is a dose of humility poured down one's throat when one contrasts one's own weakness with the strength of all that surrounds one, and the prevailing power of events against feeling, reason, and even principle.

My mother is reading Moore's Life of Byron, and has fallen in love with the latter and in hate with his wife. She declares that he was originally good, generous, humble, religious, — indeed, everything that a man can be short of absolute perfection. She thinks me narrow-minded and prejudiced because I do not care to read his life, and because, in spite of all Moore's assertions, I maintain that with Byron's own works in one's hand his character cannot possibly be a riddle to anybody. I dare say the devil may sometimes be painted blacker than he is; but Byron has a fancy for the character of Lucifer, and seems to me, on the contrary, *très pauvre diable*. I have no idea that Byron was half fiend, half man (at least no more so than all of us are); I dare say he was not at all really an atheist, as he has been reputed; indeed, I do not think Lord Byron,

in spite of all the fuss that has been made about him, was by any means an uncommon character. His genius was indeed rare, but his pride, vanity, and selfishness were only so in degree. You know, H——, nobody was ever a more fanatical worshiper of his poetry than I was: time was that I devoured his verses (poison as they were to me) like "raspberry tarts;" I still know, and remember with delight, their exquisite beauty and noble vigor, but they don't agree with me. And, without knowing anything of his religious doubts or moral delinquencies, I cannot at all agree with Mr. Moore that upon the showing of his own works Byron was a "good man." If he was, no one has done him such injustice as himself; and if *he* was *good*, then what was Milton? and what genial and gentle Shakespeare?

What an inhuman long letter I have written you, dear H——! I hope it has not been a dreadful infliction; it is such a pleasure, and just now a great relief to me, to go on gossiping with you, for it prevents me from thinking of what makes me very nervous — that to-night is my first time of acting in Fazio. I am to stand alone too, without my father. Mr. Warde has been put into the part of Fazio, and the play thus really rests upon my shoulders. I turn very sick as I think of my first words.

I must tell you that Henry is preparing himself to fall headlong into love with Mrs. Norton. He has latterly expressed the most ardent desire to meet her, which my mother has informed him shall not be accomplished through her agency; but the beautiful "Caroline" is just now sitting to Mr. Hayter, with whom Henry is very intimate. He has seen her picture at Hayter's studio, and though he has scrupulously kept away, hitherto, on the days he knows she is there, I am in hourly expectation of hearing that he has met her at the door or passed her on the stairs, and has become cinders and ashes for her sake; while my mother is in an incessant *blaze* of apprehension for his, — which fiery comparisons remind me of far other things.

Our newspapers have become most melancholy literature of late, full of the results of these special commissions and of the executions of these unhappy incendiaries. You must keep Dublin quiet or we shall not come there this summer, and that would be a terrible disappointment!

Should you like to be M. de Polignac? [lately removed from the head of the French ministry, at the time of the breaking up of the government of Charles X.] What a number of poems and plays he will have time to write now, if he wishes and can. If I were Sir Launcelot du Lac, I would start for Poland, and to-day rather than to-morrow. Poor Poland! I have great faith in that cause, which is a noble one, though, as Cleopatra says, "Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt," and as Beatrice says, "I wish I were a man" to venture my life in such a quarrel.

Good-by, dear H——; write me a long "thank you" for this longest of mortal letters, and believe that I am your ever affectionate F. A. K.

I began living upon my allowance on New Year's Day, and am keeping a most rigorous account of every farthing I spend. I have a tolerable "acquisitiveness" among my other organs, but think I would rather get than keep money, and to earn would always be pleasanter to me than to save. I act in Fazio to-night, Friday, and Monday next, so you will know where to find me on those evenings.

Monday, 27th.

DEAR H——: Horace Twiss has been out of town, and I have been obliged to delay this for a frank. You will be glad, I know, to hear that Fazio has made a great hit. Milman is coming to see me in it to-night; I wish I could induce him to write me such another part.

We are over head and ears in the mire of chancery again. The question of the validity of our — the great theatre — patents is now before Lord Brougham; I am afraid they are not worth a farthing. I am to hear from Mr. Murray some day this week; considering the features of my handwriting, it is no wonder

it has taken him some time to become acquainted with the MSS.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }
January 29, 1831. }

MY DEAR H——: I have here by me three things, calling themselves letters, from you; the last, indeed, is something deserving the name, but the first two are mere complaints about my silence sprawled at the utmost possible extension over half sheets of paper, "Have I forgotten you," etc., and such like unworthy absurdities; but if conviction in the shape of my last letter does not overwhelm you, I do not intend that reproaches in this should annihilate you. In speaking as you do about want of perseverance and love of admiration in young people, I think you can hardly know how well calculated to produce those results our education has been; the harvest is what might have been expected from the seed that was sown. All our occupations have been of a desultory and exciting kind, and all our doings and sayings have been made matter of surprise and admiring comment; of course, therefore, we are disinclined for anything like serious or solid study, and naturally conclude that sayings and doings so much admired and wondered at *are* admirable and astonishing. A—— is possessed of strong powers of ridicule, and the union of this sarcastic vein with a vivid imagination seems to me unusual; their prey is so different that they seldom hunt in company, I think. When I heard that she was reading Mathilde (Madame Cottin), I was almost afraid of its effect upon her. I remember at school, when I was her age, crying three whole days and half nights over it; but I certainly overrated her sensibility. Her letter to me contained a summary, abusive criticism of Mathilde as a book, and ended by presenting to me one of those ludicrous images which I abhor, because, while they destroy every serious or elevated impression, they are so absurd that one cannot defend one's self from the "idiot laughter" they excite, and leave one no associations but grinning ones with one's romantic ideals. Mathilde

bald! — which after all is nonsense, because though nuns cut off their hair they don't shave their heads; still, Mathilde even with a stiff little curly crop is what I should call an image decidedly destructive of the weeping, aching passion of woe with which I closed the book. Her letters are very clever and make me laugh exceedingly, but I am sorry she has such a detestation of Mrs. Marcet and natural philosophy. As for her letters being shown about, I am not sorry that my indiscretion has relieved A—— from a restraint which, if it had only been disagreeable to her, would not have mattered so much, but which is calculated to destroy all possibility of free and natural correspondence, and inevitably renders letters mere compositions and their young authors vain and pretentious. I have always thought the system a bad one, for under it, if a girl's letters are thought dull, she feels as if she had made a failure, and if they are laughed at and passed from hand to hand with her knowledge, the result is much worse; and in either case what she writes is no longer the simple expression of her thoughts and feelings, but samples of wit, ridicule, and comic fancy which are to be thought amusing and clever by others than those to whom they are addressed.

You say my mother in her note to you speaks well of my acting in Bianca. It has succeeded very well, and I think I act some of it very well; but my chief pleasure in its success was certainly her approbation. She is a very severe critic, and, as she censures sharply, I am only too thankful when I escape her condemnation. I think you will be pleased with Bianca. I was surprised when I came to act it at finding how terribly it affected me, for I am not naturally at all jealous, and in this play, while feigning to be so, it seemed to me that it must be really the most horrible suffering conceivable; I am almost sorry that I can imagine it well enough to represent it well.

You say that we love intellect, but I do not agree with you; I do not think intellect excites love. I do not even think that it increases our love for those we do love, though it adds admiration to

our affection. I certainly do admire intellect immensely; mental power, which allied to moral power, goodness, is a force to uphold the universe.

I have forsworn all discussions about Byron; my mother and I differ so entirely on the subject that, as I cannot adopt her view of his character, I find it easier to be silent about my own. Perhaps her extreme admiration of him may have thrown me into a deeper disapprobation than I should otherwise have expressed. He has many excuses, doubtless: the total want of early restraint, the miserable influence of the injudicious mother who alternately idolized and victimized him, the bitter castigation of his first plunge into literature and then the flattering, fawning, fulsome adoration of his habitual associates, of course were all against him; but after all one cannot respect the man who strikes colors to the enemy as one does the one who comes conqueror out of the conflict. I now believe that there is a great deal of unreality in those sentiments to which the charm of his verses lent an appearance of truth and depth; in fact, his poetical feelings will sometimes stand the test of sober reflection quite as little as his grammar will that of a severe application of the rules of syntax. He has written immensely for mere effect, but all young people read him, and young people are not apt to analyze closely what they feel strongly, and, judging by my own experience, I should think Byron had done more mischief than one would like to be answerable for. When I said this the other day to my mother, she replied by referring to his Don Juan, supposing that I alluded to his profligacy; but it is not Don Juan only or chiefly that I think so mischievous, but Manfred, Cain, Lucifer, Childe Harold, and through them all Byron's own spirit, — the desponding, defiant, questioning, murmuring, bitter, proud spirit, that acts powerfully and dangerously on young brains and throws poison into their natural fermentation.

Since you say that my perpetual quotation of that stupid song, Old Wilson is Dead, worries you, I will renounce my

delight in teasing you with it. The love of teasing is, of course, only a base form of the love of power. Mr. Harness and I had a long discussion, the other night, about the Cenci; he maintains your opinion, that the wicked old nobleman was absolutely mad; but I argued the point stoutly for his sanity, and very nearly fell into the fire with dismay when I was obliged to confess that if he was not mad, then his actuating motive was simply *the love of power*. Do you know that that play was sent over by Shelley to England with a view to Miss O'Neill acting Beatrice Cenci? If it were ever possible that the piece could be acted, I should think an audience might be half killed with the horror of that entrance of Beatrice when she describes the marble pavement sliding from beneath her feet.

Did my mother tell you in her note that Milman was at the play the other night and said I had made Bianca exactly what he intended? I wish he would write another tragedy. I think perhaps he will, from something Murray said the other day. That eminent publisher still has my MSS. in his possession, but you know I can take things easily, and I don't feel anxious about his decision. I act in Fazio Monday and Wednesday, and Friday and Saturday Mrs. Beverley and Belvidera at Brighton.

You speak of the compatibility of vanity and selfishness with genius, in Byron; one cannot help thinking the highest genius scorns partnership with such rubbish; Milton was not vain or selfish, neither was gentle Shakespeare; Goethe, however, was both. Simplicity seems to me always a characteristic of greatness, and Byron was absolutely deficient in that; but pooh! we have his poetry, and as for his life — why cannot people let dead bodies be?

I was inexpressibly relieved by receiving a letter from my brother, and the intelligence that if I answered him he would be able to receive my reply, which I made immediate speed to send him.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I cannot tell you how very grateful I feel for once more being permitted to hold communion with you; how happy I am in the hope of seeing you once more and hearing your voice in the home from which you have been too long absent, and which you left under such unexpected circumstances. But at the same time that I joyfully hail your return among us, I must make use of this only opportunity I may have of telling you what we have felt on the subject of your absence. When you are with us again I trust we shall all have forgotten it, and I may then find no fitting occasion to lay before you what we have thought of the step you have taken; and yet I think you ought to know it, and may perhaps best do so through me. I received the first intelligence of your being in Spain at Liverpool, on my way home from Ireland, and should, according to your desire, have kept the contents of your letter concealed, at least for a time, but that the postmark was on it, and it came inclosed in a note from Victoire [my aunt, who was then staying in London with my mother], full of questions and conjectures as to your whereabouts; this Dall read aloud before my father, who of course asked whence your letter was dated; thus both Dall and my father knew of your plans as soon as I did.

It is useless to say anything about the shock and surprise which we all experienced; we determined, however, to keep it a secret from my mother until our return to town, and soon after we reached home her miserable anxiety about you induced my father to break the news to her. My dear brother, could you have known the pain you have inflicted, I think you would have felt there was a nearer sphere of duty which you overstepped in seeking a wider one beyond it. However, of course, these keener emotions passed away — nobody can live upon anguish — and we became accustomed, though not reconciled, to the idea of your being exposed to danger at a distance from us, and engaged in a sphere of action so different from what

we all had wished and you had proposed to yourself. You wrote that you believed yourself called upon by duty to act as you have done, and we could only feel that you were strangely mistaken, and regret that so much precious time and such fine natural powers, to whose increase every pains and advantage had been afforded, were yet awhile to remain unprofitable talents in your keeping; but I always remembered — and it enabled me to bear tolerably well the first news of your departure, and has comforted me since whenever I thought of you — that God was your keeper, and that he could mercifully protect you under your error, and in his own good time make it apparent to you. Circumstances, which are his agents, are now once more bringing you to your home and family, but I fear there is much of uncertainty and anxiety resulting from your absence itself to cloud your return. You speak of propping the cause of law and order with your abilities, but I know of no way in which you can achieve this but by the practice of some profession demanding a long course of tedious preparation and generally unprofitable labor. The wretched state of the country and the present aspect of parliamentary politics render any hope of government employment, even in a subordinate position, very vague and uncertain. But only come back, and when you are once more with us we shall better understand, perhaps, what your present wishes are; and I am sure my dear father will spare no effort to assist you in any career which you steadfastly resolve to follow.

England is rocking with the earthquake which has shaken Europe, and is certainly in need of all the support which her best and wisest men can give her; but it is neither fiery eloquence, nor brilliant intellect alone which will now avail her. Every Englishman who hopes to help in upholding the safety of the country and to rescue it from the convulsions with which it is threatened, must be steadfast in adhering with determined perseverance to the course which his judgment points out, and clear-sightedness is full as necessary as conviction.

Certainly order is not preserved by each man quitting his own appointed sphere to regulate that of others, but by adhering bravely to the post which has been assigned him and fulfilling conscientiously its duties, and thus, by the influence of his example and the exercise of his faculties, enlightening, instructing, and guiding others. England wants such men at this crisis undoubtedly.

My dear brother, our own private affairs are hardly less perplexing than the public ones: my father is overwhelmed with anxieties and vexations; I believe no less than six lawsuits are pending over that unlucky theatre, and his situation is becoming daily more difficult and more painful. Had you been here, perhaps you might have been of use to him; I am sure you could have helped, at all events, to cheer and support him under his load of labor and trial. I have reason to be grateful for the mental and bodily health which luckily preserve me from depression; they leave me little disposition, and my constant work little leisure, for low spirits. Dall sends you her affectionate love; so does Henry. A—— is at this moment in Ireland, with my friend Miss S——. We saw Mr. Donne a short time after his marriage, and he and his wife were to have dined with us, but she was unfortunately very ill and did not come. I regretted this extremely, you had spoken so highly of her to me; besides, the woman that de-

lightful person married must have been a delightful person. Poor Mr. Sterling is, I fear, dying; not, as you imagine, of disappointment and grief at the miscarriage of the Spanish insurrection, but of very decided and serious disease of the lungs. Mr. Barton called upon us to excuse Mrs. Sterling's not having done so; but ever since their marriage she has been in close attendance as nurse upon her husband. Her brother says John Sterling is ordered to a milder climate. If he recovers at all, I shall envy them: two people just united and much attached to each other going together away from everybody to live alone under the blessed sky of the south! Perhaps, however, his activity and energy of mind may render this enforced suspense of all intellectual exertion irksome to him.

Good-by; God bless you. Come back to us all and you will be welcome to all, and to none more than your affectionate sister,
FANNY.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — My brother John is alive, safe and well, in Gibraltar. You deserve to know this, but it is all I can say to you. My mother has suffered so much that she hardly feels her joy; it has broken her down, and I, who have borne up well till now, feel prostrated by this reprieve. God be thanked for all his mercies! I can say no more.

F. A. K.

Frances Anne Kemble.

SOME NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.

THOSE who have read *A Woman's Poems* and *A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles* will think a new book from Mrs. Piatt amongst the best gifts of a year which has not been poor in verse, whatever else it has lacked. No woman now writing has a more characteristic style; and in taking up a fresh collection of her

poems you may be sure that no wavering or uncertain appeal will be made to your interest. If the range of her poetry is narrow, it goes deep; it gains in poignancy for loss of breadth, and in the present volume¹ her peculiar intensity

¹ *That New World, and Other Poems.* By Mrs S. M. B. PIATT. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876

becomes an edge, a point of the keenest pathos. If so few words could justly dismiss it, we should content ourselves with saying that it was the most entire expression of Bereavement we know in literature, for that defines if it does not fully praise the book.

The first poem, *That New World*, with its sarcasm full of heart-ache, —

"How gracious we are to grant the dead
Those vague, wide lands in the foreign sky,
Reserving this world for ourselves instead,"

and the thrill of that sometimes intolerable longing, —

"And yet if these empty eyes could see
One, only one from that voyage divine,
With something, anything, sure for me —
. . . the scent of one lily to tell
That it grew outside of this world, at most;
. . . or a shell

That whispers of some unearthly coast,"

is the key-note to the rest, but it is not penetrated with the sharpest vibrations of the sorrow which inspires them. These one feels in a degree scarcely less than terrible in such a poem as this: —

COMFORT — BY A COFFIN.

Ah, friend of mine,
The old enchanted story! Oh,
I cannot hear a word!
Tell some poor child who loved a bird,
And knows he holds it stained and still,
"It flies — in Fairyland!
Its nest is in a palm-tree, on a hill;
Go, catch it — if you will!"

Ah, friend of mine,
The music (which ear hath not heard?)
At best wafts from the skies,
Somehow, into our funeral cries!
The flowers (eye hath not seen?) still fail
To hide the coffin lid;
Against this face, so pitiless now and pale,
Can the high heavens avail?

Ah, friend of mine,
I think you mean — to mean it all!
But then an angel's wing
Is a remote and subtle thing,
(If you could show me any such
In air that I can breathe!)
And surely *Death's cold hand has much, so much,*
About it we can touch!

Ah, friend of mine,
I know, I know — all you can know!
All you can say is — this:
"It is the last time you can kiss
This only one of all the dead,
Knowing it is the last;
These are the last tears you can ever shed
On this fair fallen head."

Not one of these striking poems is without some sad and joyless grace

which we do not know in any other touch than this poet's. Read, for example, the mystical verses, *Enchanted*, and you must feel the spell, and recognize your own impulse — your own, however rare — in that of her who

"sat in a piteous hut
In a wood where poisons grew!"

We sometimes still talk of Poe's weird power, but here is a poem that surpasses his careful elaborations in its wild fascination as the thing surpasses the picture of the thing. Along with her ability to dramatize the most elusive moods of the soul, there are often simple passages in Mrs. Piatt's work that move one inexpressibly with their far-reaching sense, as in the poem on *Lady Franklin*: —

"In shadowy ships, that freeze,
We think of men who sail, the frozen-fated;
Tears, if you will, for these.
*But oh, the truest searcher of the seas
In the blown breath of English daisies waited."*

One of the tenderest poems is the fairy tale called *The Gift of Empty Hands*, and among the grimmest — quiet, cold in the irony that moans and weeps in others — is *The King's Memento Mori*. We name these pieces without quoting them, because we expect the reader to go for them to the book, where there are many that we cannot give, like *Her Cross* and *Mine*, a whole drama in six stanzas; *Counting the Graves*, one of those colloquies with a child in which the simple answers are darkened with a complex, melancholy meaning; *Answering a Child*, another colloquy between mother and child concerning life and death; and *My Birthright*, the saddest of the earth-bound poems; *Folded Hands*, the tragedy of aspiration beyond the power of performance — a difficult something very thoroughly felt and triumphantly expressed. Certain of the poems strike one with awe for the fierce sincerity with which the cut-flowers of consolation are thrust aside, and the ineffable loss through death is confronted. Such a one is that called *No Help*, with its tremendous close: —

"God cannot help me, for God cannot break
His own dark law — for my poor sorrow's sake."

We Two is another such poem, with

that strain of tragic irony in it which is somewhere felt in nearly all the pieces, and which in the poem, *Giving up the World*, is so poignant:—

GIVING UP THE WORLD.

So, from the ruins of the world alone
Can heaven be builded? Oh,
What other temples must be overthrown,
Founded in sand or snow!

But, heaven cannot be built with jeweled hands?
Then—from my own I wring
Glitter of gold, the gifts of many lands;
The seas their pearls I fling.

Heaven must have flowers—after the worm has
crossed
Their blush, the wind their breath?
After the utter silence of the frost
Has made them white with death?

Heaven must have music—but the birds that sing
In that divinest nest
Thither must waver, wounded in the wing
And wounded in the breast?

Heaven must be lighted—at the fallen light
Of moon, and star, and sun?
Ah me! since these have made the earth too bright,
Let the dark Will be done!

To say of Mrs. Piatt's poems that they are morbid is criticism quite too easy not to be contemptible. That is so plain that we have not to inquire about it; but it is no selfish or egotistic morbidity. In the rush of these hopeless tears, this heart-broken scorn of comfort, this unreconciled patience of grief, is the drama of the race's affliction; in the utter desolation of one woman's sorrow the universal anguish of mortality is expressed. It is not pessimism; it does not assume to be any sort of philosophy or system; it is simply the bitter truth to a phase of human experience through which all men must pass; and the reader need not be told that such poems were lived before they were written.

There is, of course, a monotony in the book, but it is like a rhythmical repetition—not the monotony that wearies; and even this repetition of the same theme is less frequent than it seems at first. For compensation, if any is needed, we have an elevation—a rapture—away from all commonness and pettiness of thought. In an increasing clearness, more perhaps than in anything else, the book shows growth of artistic faculty;

we have heretofore had to blame the author for obscurity, of which we still find traces; and we could have wished, for the sake of the sad unity which we feel in the first two groups of poems, that those entitled *With Children* had not been included. They have their charm, their quaint, life-like grace, but it is a lapse to come to them from the others, and one feels a painful crudeness, almost, in their realistic humor after reading, for instance, so striking a poem as this:—

THE ALTAR AT ATHENS.

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

Because my life was hollow with a pain
As old as—death: because my eyes were dry
As the fierce tropics after months of rain:
Because my restless voice said "Why?" and
"Why?"

Wounded and worn, I knelt within the night,
As blind as darkness—Praying? And to
Whom?—
When you cold crescent cut my folded sight,
And showed a phantom Altar in my room.

It was the Altar Paul at Athens saw.
The Greek bowed there, but not the Greek
alone;
The ghosts of nations gathered, wan with awe,
And laid their offerings on that shadowy stone

The Egyptian worshiped there the crocodile,
There they of Nineveh the bull with wings;
The Persian there, with swart sun-lifted smile,
Felt in his soul the writhing fire's bright stings

There the weird Druid held his mistletoe;
There for the scorched son of the sand, coiled
bright,
The torrid snake was hissing sharp and low;
And there the Western savage paid his rite.

"Allah!" the Moslem darkly muttered there;
"Brahma!" the jeweled Indies of the East
Sighed through their spices, with a languid
prayer;
"Christ?" faintly questioned many a paler
priest.

And still the Athenian Altar's glimmering Doubt
On all religions—evermore the same.
What tears shall wash its sad inscription out?
What Hand shall write thereon his other
name?

It is a pleasure for every one loving literature to find, in this new book of Mrs. Piatt's, the development of her genius rather than of her mannerisms. Our geniuses are not so many that we can afford to have any of them fall a prey to eccentricity or self-conceit—which way madness and Browningism lie.

The same sort of symmetrical growth which delights the critical sense in Mrs. Piatt's book is a source of satisfaction in Mr. Aldrich's new volume.¹ Whatever was good — whatever formed the not easily namable charm — in his poetry from the first, remains here; after much experimenting with exotics in times past, he now gives us at last a flower whose airy grace and whose perfume — not too richly nor yet too delicately sweet — are quite its own. The garden-ground in which it grows is not vast, but then you are not asked to enjoy any waste land; in those charming parterres, with their outlook over a lovely country, every inch is jealously tended and made delightful. It seems to us that Mr. Aldrich's work in prose during the several years when he was writing little verse has been of as good use to him as pleasure to his readers. It has mellowed that side of his talent without whose maturity we are sure we should have lacked one of the finest graces of the poetry here offered us; and we are ready to say that his humor has saved alive a poet who seemed doomed at first by his too great daintiness and sensuous sentiment. We do not mean that it appears otherwise than sparingly in these poems; it is a light, a color at most, but where it falls we are not sure but it bestows the very finest effect of his fine art. It is not the humor, quite, of *vers de société*, and the reader will understand it better when we recall a passage from *The Old Castle*, printed among the Interludes in our November number. Musing upon the ruin about him the poet asks, —

"Where are those
Who, in steel or hose,
Held revel here and made them gay?
Where is the laughter
That shook the rafter —
Where is the rafter, by the way?"

Here the last line is not merely a stroke of such picturesque force that you lift your head with a start to stare into the hollow where the roof was; but the light, electric rush of the after-thought in it, coming upon the quasi-conventional pensiveness of the preceding verses, cu-

¹ *Flower and Thorn. Later Poems.* By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877

ously and greatly enriches them. It is a spirit which diffuses itself through the whole poem in question, and is the life-breath of what seem to us the best pieces in the book: *The Flight of the Goddess*, *On an Intaglio Head of Minerva*, *In an Atelier*, *Latakia*, and others whose winning lightness is known to the readers of the magazine and all the widely-copying newspapers. It is found in its last refinement in a little poem not before printed.

NOCTURNE.

ITALY.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window —
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time —
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!

In this the delicate luxury of the fancy is just touched — no more — with the gayety which gives its charm to the pieces mentioned, and to several others yet. It becomes very graceful and amusing satire in *Tita's Tears*, one of the new pieces, with that quality of surprise of which Mr. Aldrich has made himself master in some of his sketches. Across the Street is still another poem of the same mood as the Nocturne, but the last is the most artistic in conceit and perfect in expression.

Of the workmanship of the various poems in the book you can only say that in one it is more exquisite than in another; less than exquisite it never is. We suppose that the group of sonnets at the close of the volume show the cunning of the artist's hand more than the rest. Their patient — not too patient — finish is from a conscience about the sonnet which will not suffer the faintest slight of it. We find them all good, but

there are three that particularly please us : Even *This will Pass Away*, *Barberries*, and *Sleep*. In the last there is a strain of feeling as high and serious as it is sweet, which springs from the universal experience and will prolong itself in every heart: —

“ When to soft *Sleep* we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple day-break — little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye may mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the
gray.
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed ;
For this brief space the loud world’s voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed ? ”

Another order of pieces in the present volume seems almost as characteristic of the author as those we first mentioned. To this belong *An Untimely Thought*, *Rencontre*, *Identity*, and *Destiny*. They recall Heine in their unlabored suggestiveness, but in sentiment, tone, and manner they are entirely remote from that poet. Indeed, Mr. Aldrich’s charm is French and classic, as distinguishable from German and Romantic; or it is even better to say that it is American and his own.

There are a score of epigrammatic quatrains in the book, showing the same sensitive, artistic conscience in their finish as the sonnets; they are all neat, and some are very clever and lovely. The best, to our thinking, is this: —

GRACE AND STRENGTH.

Manoah’s son, in his blind rage malign,
Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
That day by day untired holds up a rose.

It would not have been the best, however, if the strong effect in the last line of the following had not been weakened by what seems to us the mistaken colloquiality: —

MASKS.

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
And shows you laughing lips and roguish eyes;
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
’Tis ten to one you find the girl in tears.

Our saying that the two longest poems

in the book — *Spring in New England* and *The Legend of Ara-Cœli* — are not so fine nor so characteristic as the shorter ones will be felt by those who read them, we hope, to be chiefly praise of the latter. The *Spring in New England* has taken its place among the poems to be read and reprinted on every Decoration Day; and there is no fault in the skill with which the legend is handled. Nevertheless our greater pleasure is in other pieces, and in these too, we think, is more largely the evidence of that increased mastery in the poet which we so gladly recognize.

The genuine poetic quality of Mr. Weeks¹ we were prompt to acknowledge in a notice of his first volume, printed some five years ago. This quality there asserted itself in spite of the strong infusion of Tennyson, and gave us hopes of something more distinctly good from the author — hopes which the present volume, but for the poet’s untimely death, must strongly encourage. Because it is the last of his work, it is an achievement the more interesting, and sympathetic criticism will find it full of the pathos of arrested processes and intentions. The poet has passed beyond the imitative stage, and for good or ill, whatever is here is his. Whether he would have given us hereafter something of stronger clutch is a question which can now never be settled, but that he could have given us poems increasingly lovely, with clear, original thought and direction in them, there is no doubt. The whole book has an oddly experimental character, even in its most finished pieces. The author seems, in the short miscellaneous poems which form a good half of it, to be inquiring whether there is not some untried region of literature lying closer to the arts of design than any yet explored. Almost all of them have the character of paintings or etchings, and seem to be occupied with the presentation of a scene or an attitude rather than an idea. The reader will instantly feel this in such a poem as this, called *A Hill-Top*: —

¹ *Twenty Poems*. By R. K. WEEKS. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

" Little more than a rock nearly bare,
Rough with lichens gray-green, and a line
Of pale-yellow grass, here and there,
A few daisies, a tree, and a vine.

" But the woodbine 's aglow and astream
Like a cloud that the sunseting fires,
And star-like the still daisies gleam,
And flame-like the cedar aspires."

This is very realistic, unmistakable nature; you have the spot actually before you, as if some American student of the French school had painted it for you; and the poem has no more explicit thought than many a French landscape has; you put into it whatever sentiment you will.

The dramatic poem of Andromeda's Escape is avowedly tentative, the old fable being used to hold the new wine of strictly modern feeling. The result is sometimes almost that of intentional burlesque, but the frankness of the artist and our interest in his attempt will not let us laugh. Yet no degree of respectful tenderness can prevent our seeing that the dramatic effects slip through his fingers like clews of sand. This is not the case in the two ballads, *How Roland blew the Horn*, and *Gudrun*. In the latter especially there is a bold use of the simplest phrase and the most naïve forms, which not only strongly serves the purpose but offers an interesting study of a fresh and pleasing achievement, and makes one wish that Mr. Weeks could have applied his fearless art in balladry to some theme of our own life. More than in his other work, we feel in the *Gudrun* that his death is a loss to literature.

We never thought the machinery of *The Echo Club*¹ a very fortunate conception. It was hard, beyond accomplishment almost, to keep at its due lightness the dialogue of four supposed characters who meet to write parodies of the modern poets, and we cannot say that Mr. Taylor has triumphed in the difficult task. The comment is well enough, but the critical analysis of the authors parodied is not of unusual fineness, and too much of the talk consists

of needless apology for taking the liberty to travesty, and of protest that no harm is meant. A parody is really a tribute to a certain quality and manner in a poet so individual that they cannot be mistaken for those of another writer; and when it is simply and purely a parody, as these of Mr. Taylor are, and not an ill-mannered, ill-tempered satire of the author, it is obviously a service and not a slight. It assembles and refreshes the reader's impressions, and gives the author a more distinct and tangible form. It is, to a certain extent, the finest sort of criticism, while it does not assume to describe or limit the genius upon which it plays. Mr. Taylor is not an admirer of all the people he burlesques, but of most he is, and he is generally very good-natured. Even his severity with Mr. Joaquin Miller is quite as much in sorrow as in anger. As to the parodies themselves, which are of the prominent modern English and American poets, they seem to us the best parodies ever written. They are not merely imitations of particular poems, but of a distinguishing mood and aim of each poet's art, and in indicating this they are deliciously done nearly always. Our readers must remember the miraculous likeness of the burlesques of Browning, and we promise them that they shall not have less than their original pleasure in reperusing those matchless pieces of fun; Mr. Taylor seems, in fact, to have a special gift for mocking a poet who has not waited for the parodist to make him ridiculous, but has hastened himself to "join the choir invisible" of his deriders; and at the end of the volume, here, there is a most ingenious review of *The Inn Album*, written in such *Inn-Albuminous* blank verse that one half suspects it to be the result of a plot between Mr. Taylor and Mr. Browning to palm off some genuine Browning upon us in place of the imitation. Mr. Swinburne's peculiar treble is also caught with a mocking-bird's felicity, and there is an extremely good reflection of Tennyson's idyllic manner; there is just a bit, but very exquisite, of Mr. William Morris; and the parody

¹ *The Echo Club, and other Literary Diversions.*
By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

of Mr. Dante Rossetti might have been painted alternately from that gentleman's own palette and inkhorn.

"Fair-tinted cheeks, clear eyelids drawn
In crescent curves above the light
Of eyes whose dim uncertain dawn
Becomes not day : a forehead white
Beneath long yellow heaps of hair :
She is so strange she must be fair.

"Her nose is keen as pointed flame ;
Her crimson lips no thing express ;
And never dread of saintly blame
Held down her heavy eyelashes.

"An azure carpet, fringed with gold,
Sprinkled with scarlet spots, I laid
Before her straight, cool feet unshod :
But she nor sound nor movement made

"And I was shamed through all my mind
For that she spoke not, neither kissed,
But stared right past me. Lo ! behind
Me stood, in pink and amethyst,
Sword-girt and velvet-habited,
A tall, gaunt youth with frowzy head,

"Wide nostrils in the air, dull eyes,
Thick lips that simpered, but, ah me !
I saw with most forlorn surprise,
He was the Thirteenth Century,
I but the Nineteenth."

Whoever has felt the stalwart strength, the broad movement, and the full, wholesome life of Mr. Lowell's poetry will receive a fresh and vigorous impression of these traits, as well as his more delicate qualities, from the volume in which his poems are now presented complete.¹ Such a reader will hardly fail, either, of making his reflections, as he meets the older and the newer friends in the book, upon the fact that here is a man who has himself been part of all that he has sung, not only in the sense in which all poets are so, but in the special way in which a robust, courageous, and positive personality identifies itself with the feelings and events of its time. Any political history of the years since the great moral revolt against slavery began to ennoble our politics would be incomplete without notice of the share taken by literature in the struggle, and we know not what author could so well stand for the self-righting national instinct in regard to it as Lowell. He is not one whom you class merely as antislavery; he is not

partisan or sectarian; he is humane, and too full of the clear light of humor to be humanitarian. Not scorning the wrong too fiercely to remember that there are men in it, he has never, on the other hand, sentimentalized political sinners, and his blows were delivered from a hand that was kinder to the oppressed than to the oppressors. This volume witnesses how strong and many they were both when he spoke for himself and when he let the true New England heart speak in the homely New England tongue for him; and here, too, you see perhaps more clearly than before how in the thick of the strife he was inventing types of Cervantean character, adding to poetry a new strain, and creating in literature an American kind. As you go through the book, you perceive with an increasing sense how this poet has always been and is *ours*. When you come to the war-poems — that mighty group beginning with *The Washers of the Shroud* and ending with the *Commemorative Ode* and the last of the *Biglow Papers* — you see that they represent the literature of the war. Other things remain, too, beautiful, touching, and grand, but without these the war would have no literature which could stand monumentally distinct and solid. In the contemplative poems which he has printed since is almost the sole recognition which the misgivings of patriotism during the last six years have received in literature proper. We do not mean to go into any extended consideration of his poetry here; we have been noting a very obvious side of it, and as concerns art a superficial aspect. What treasures of sweetness, of tenderness, of wise humor and wise pathos underlie this, no one need be told. The characteristics of his poetry are now part of a cultivated American's literary consciousness. The wit that always championed the wronged weak — not the merely weak — against the strong, the sense of beauty so high and fine as scarcely to have left the verse sensuous enough, the keen passion for Nature and the intimate knowledge of all her moods, the music native and fresh as the rhythms of his own June, the imagery drawn

¹ *The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell*. Household Edition. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

fragrant and living from the familiar fields and skies, the clear and joyous inspirations, — one knows these as one knows the strong thought that drives dangerously near the borders of prose, the hard-packed metaphors pushed one upon another, the humor that sometimes escapes into fun, the lofty psalm that loses itself in the echoes of the sounding-board, the whole noble art which now and then too generously forgets that it is equally noble with truth and duty. The Biglow Papers, the poems of the war, the group of pieces represented by The Ca-

thedral, the totally different group which we shall recall by *Auf Wiedersehen*, the still different strain of *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and its order, were sufficient witnesses of a many-sidedness in which the same genius was felt so potently that six lines of any one of the poems declared its authorship; yet the volume that sets them all compactly before us is rich in novel suggestion; and one somehow feels as never before how vast is the range of the poet's achievement, how great and many and various are the things he has done.

W. D. H.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

CLOSING DAYS.

VI.

DURING the past six months it has been a constant subject of discussion whether the Exhibition would mark a new era for this country in the training and development of our artistic and æsthetic faculties. The frequency of the question has led me to look at the show both as a whole and in detail. To begin with, it is to be remembered that it exhibits the productions of an inartistic age. One of the most decided proofs of this is the place occupied by photography, which has a large pavilion of its own. The real value of photography for likenesses lies in its being the imprint of life; it is not and never can become an art, but, especially under the stereoscope, it gives something of nature and reality which art cannot do. You look into the eyes of a good photograph and the very glance of a friend mysteriously meets your own; there is the pulp of life in the lips and hands; in landscape there is at once some of the actual movement and stillness of nature; a picture may be paint-

ed from memory, but a photograph is the stamp of a bodily presence. The invention deserves universal gratitude for this and the numerous facilities which it offers, but it should be kept within its proper limits. The most egregious instance of its exceeding them is to be found in the English department of Photographic Hall; there are some absurd, blurred groups, representing scenes from the *Idyls of the King*, which everybody who has been to London will recognize as Mrs. Cameron's. The attempt at artistic and dramatic effect is enormous; the result is merely a series of very poor photographs of ill-dressed actors and actresses in exaggerated attitudes. Unfortunately, it is but another case of overdoing a successful experiment: eight or ten years ago Mrs. Cameron, then an amateur, I believe, took very striking and agreeable likenesses; one of her favorite subjects was the druidical physiognomy of Henry Taylor, author of *Philip van Artevelde*, whom she used as an advertisement. Another abuse of photography is making it represent living persons as statues. Among the

specimens from Cincinnati is the bust of a young girl, whose back and shoulders are turned towards the spectator, the face being seen in profile, looking over the left shoulder; by well-known devices of powder, pose, and artificial light, the effect of sculpture is given to an extraordinary degree, enhanced by the classic contour of the head and face; it is the best example I have ever seen. But the similarity is brought about by a poor sort of trick, which neither produces illusion nor gives satisfaction; the hair, instead of folding in wavy masses, looks blowzy, the drapery clumsy, even the lines of the neck and shoulders are too abrupt from the unavoidably false foreshortening; it is altogether inartistic and looks like neither a statue nor a real woman.

The best American as well as English photographs are those of natural scenery, although ours have some of the hardness and flatness which are seen in even our most beautiful views. America occupies half the building, but our photographs are far from being the best; indeed, the worst of them are the worst in the Exhibition. I do not understand why American photographs should not be as good as any others, since success depends mainly upon a mechanical process and the clearness of the atmosphere; but the contrast between the light and shadow is generally too strong, and when this is avoided there is want of distinctness. Everybody knows the wonderful Californian photographs of the Yosemite Valley, and there are two live-oaks from California almost as fine as drawings. We have some very successful photographs on glass, of which the most striking is taken from the whirlpool at Niagara; the spray has a sharp fixity like frozen particles of water or alum crystals, but the threatening, white mass against the wooded bank, black as night, keeps something of the power of nature. The most beautiful in the Exhibition are the English landscapes, and the finest of these are Vernon Heath's trees; the contrast between the black and white is less violent than in ours, and they have a softness and fullness such as belong to

their landscape, which are seldom seen in this country; a great beech or oak stands alone in a grassy space, with some lovely bit of English scenery for background. Next to these are some wonderful sea-views by Colonel Stuart Wortley, probably an amateur, as there used to be a man of fashion of that name about London who was fond of trying his hand at various things; some of them are so effective as to be scenic, almost theatrical, though how this is contrived it is not easy to say; perhaps it is due entirely to the titles the gentleman has given them: *The Sun his Glory clouds*, *What are the Wild Waves saying?* *Flotsam*, etc. These are removed only one step from fine marine views, as Heath's trees are from Harding's studies of trunk and foliage; but the step is impassable.

In the quarters whence most was expected legitimately for the education of the eye, there has been most disappointment, preëminently in the art-galleries. So many careful notices have been given elsewhere by abler judges, that I will not dwell upon them in detail. Makart the Austrian's three great pieces must be a revelation to those who have never seen the old Venetian canvases and frescoes; his personages are wanting in true beauty and nobility, but a man of our day who dares to lavish color so superbly possesses at least the audacity of genius; nor is color Makart's only merit; his composition is studied from the Venetian masters and Rubens, and there is a generosity about his performances which ought to have an invigorating influence on minds whose highest view of art has been a Meissonier examined through a magnifying glass. The large and serious manner of the principal Spanish pictures is also a wholesome contrast to the petty, patchy, shallow productions of the modern French, frivolous school (the cynical school as somebody calls it), to which, however, Spain has given many adepts, false to her traditions. In the French department of Memorial Hall there are remarkably few of these abominations, but the collection is a very poor one; the best pictures are some fine landscapes and forest

scenes by Rémé. Among the Belgian and Dutch pictures are several agreeable subjects, and a number of very well painted ones, by men who understand their business perfectly, a knowledge in the absence of which no talent should be accepted save on probation. The English collection is incomparably the best; to begin with, there is the room of older masters, with several fair and a few fine examples of the men who painted in the last half of the past century and the first quarter of this; it is great good luck that Sir Thomas Lawrence is represented, not by fine ladies nor pretty children, but by such sitters as the three Barings, men neither young nor handsome, on whom the painter was forced to put forth his whole strength. The contemporaries are chiefly familiar names, and their faults are familiar to frequenters of the spring displays of the Royal Academy; but no room in Burlington House ever musters so many good specimens of good artists at one exhibition. French critics have long reproached English painters with vulgarity, a term which in their language means somewhat less than it does in ours, but implies a degree of what is commonplace and ordinary in conception and execution; the reproach is just, but it is time the French stopped throwing stones on that score. It does not apply to Frederick Leighton, whose three pictures make him the prominent English painter at the Exhibition; whatever their shortcomings, they teach two great lessons: first, what a man may achieve by patient development of all his powers, not yielding to the temptation to indulge in an effective trick, nor neglecting form for color, or *vice versa*, because he is stronger in one than in the other, — in a word, by aiming at perfection rather than success; secondly, by making beauty, not ugliness, his study. Let any one who has seen many modern French pictures, especially of the Eastern school — if one may so call it — think what Gérôme or even Fromentin would have made of the Egyptian Slinger, instead of this model of youthful strength and symmetry, like an antique. What is

missed in Leighton's pictures is only what Nature has denied him, and surely he is one of her favorite children. The total absence of the Unrealists, Holman Hunt (except in his remarkable portrait by himself), Burne Jones, Morris, Rossetti and company, loses us, no doubt, infinite suggestions and exquisite fancies; but it is better for our excitable imaginations, so prone to fallacy, that they are not here.

Our own artists make a respectable show, which would be more impressive if they could be decimated. After looking at Mr. La Farge's several canvases, each with its special, peculiar excellence and loveliness; at two charming portraits by Mr. Porter which catch every eye; at Miss Lea's clever, *masterful* likenesses, which, however, have the great vice of doing imperfect justice to her fair sitters; at a Jewish gentleman in red velvet by William Hunt, glowing from his obscurity, and a number more, besides the Copleys, Stuarts, and Morses in the corridor, national self-complacency needs a higher standard than it finds in the Exhibition to keep it at a proper level. There are some good and lovely things among the American water-colors: two sea-side pieces, one of them very small, by W. T. Richards; a few of Miss Bridges' ineffably delicate, graceful studies of birds and plants, which, sad to say, are never so good when she forsakes the sober tints of winter; a girl at a spinet, by Hennessy, another on a beach, by Boughton. All these are enchanting in one way or another, but all except Hennessy err on the side of over-refinement and want of breadth; the only American landscapes I can remember, either in oil or water-colors, which have sentiment without these weaknesses, are McEntee's. There is a series of about thirty pen-and-ink drawings nearly a foot square, by Edwin Forbes, called *Life Studies of the Great Army*, which show great talent. They are faithful, careful, spirited, and humorous, with some of the telling cleverness of the French Algerine painters, but without exaggeration; horses, negroes, soldiers, sutlers, are all full of life

and nature, while the landscape has excellent breadth and expressiveness in plain or hill-side. They are capital in their way. They are for etching on copper, and the United States government has bought the first proofs.

The exhibition of etching and engraving is small, but very good, the English taking the lead. There are a few fine views of quays and shipping by Seymour Haden, after Turner; it is a pity he has sent nothing original, for he has marvelous power; some of his own port scenes are like Turner's in black and white. There are some exquisite landscapes by Evershed, delicate yet free and effective; charming scraps and studies of architecture, by E. Edwards, done for a work on old inns; also some exceedingly bold and picturesque views of coast and cliff, and Stonehenge, by Slocombe. There is a frame full of etchings, illustrating annuals published twenty-five years ago, of the old sentimental style, hawking-parties, a lady and a lute, etc. Even Birket Foster's landscapes show how great an advance has been made since those times. J. Leighton's wood-cuts, for children's books apparently, are fanciful, yet free and true; and H. S. Marks' designs in flat color for chromo-lithograph illustrations of still more juvenile volumes are very good indeed, both in outline and expression; there is the smallest possible number of strokes with great result. A good test of the fidelity of ordinary English wood-cutting is given by comparing the original drawings of Du Maurier and Swain with the wood-cuts in Punch; nothing is lost in the transfer to the block, not a shade of expression. There are a few beautiful, delicate etchings by Unger, in the Austrian gallery; but side by side with the English, if not occasionally surpassing them, are the French, in the Annex. Their best artists are here: Jacquemart, Lalanne, Flameng, Rajon, and the etchings of the last two are masterly in the highest degree, bringing the richness of color magnificently out of mere darkness.

In the Spanish Government Building there were three volumes of lithographs,

by Goya, a painter who lived at the end of the last century and beginning of this, and gained an immortal though not a wide-spread fame. His pictures, when he keeps within bounds, are amazing in their fire and fierce dash; his consummate management of light and shade recalls Rembrandt, his drawing, Gavarni. All this is exemplified in his lithographs, but unfortunately they are principally caricatures or satires, often hideous and grotesque to monstrosity; his imagination is at once piratical and hag-ridden; but they are wonderful for eccentric effect. In the same building there is a magnificent work on the architectural monuments of Spain; a mine of instruction and pleasure for those who know enough to profit by it.

It is in the Main Building rather than in those particularly devoted to art that gratification and cultivation of the sense of beauty must be sought. The French have a so-called art-pavilion, which is merely a shop of very poor mantel-clocks and bronzes. Hard by this is a wooden structure containing four great stained glass windows from a maker in Chartres, intended for the Roman Catholic cathedral in New York; the subjects are the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, St. Bernard preaching the Crusade, Pope Benedict XIII. receiving the Volume of the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, and a battle-scene from one of the early crusades or religious wars. For pictorial effect it is the best in the Exhibition; the colors are rich and bright except where the black robes of the brothers of Christian doctrine make a big blot; but it has the ordinary commonplace character of most modern painted windows; there is nothing suggestive of sacred romance or fervor; it would be glaringly out of place in an old church, but will be in keeping with the Fifth Avenue edifice for which it is intended. There are painted windows in several galleries of Memorial Hall and a number in the Main Building, chiefly from England, which are the best. The English are fond of introducing figures in opaque white drapery among the glowing hues of party-colored groups, the effect of

which is detestable; they have also attempted whole windows in pale and neutral tints, which are unsatisfactory and displeasing to the utmost point, although the intention is often extremely pretty and graceful. Nevertheless there is a sufficient quantity and variety to give our designers and manufacturers new and valuable notions, of which, judging by their own specimens, they stand in sad need.

There is a great deal of wood-carving in different departments; another subject in which we are woefully in need of instruction. The Swiss, of which there is most, is conspicuous for its faithful yet spirited imitation of nature, but it is too uncreative to be followed as a model, besides being applied almost entirely to unimportant objects: mantel-clocks, book-racks, brackets, and small knick-knacks. The old Flemish wood-sculptors are not unworthily represented by a handsome and very elaborate pulpit from Louvain in Belgium; the shape is not elegant, and there is a too obvious attempt at harmony and co-relation in the different parts of the structure, which yet do not subordinate themselves successfully to any leading idea; a certain stiffness betrays the inaptitude of modern hands for this sort of task; yet the execution is good, and the figures and faces are fine and have an ingenuousness and dignity most unusual and praiseworthy in modern work. There is some very handsome carving from India, rich but not heavy-looking, in wood as black as ebony, whether naturally or artificially darkened I do not know. The entire body of the block is cut away, leaving the flowers and leaves with perforated interspaces; the pattern is honey-combed into the substance of the wood, yet the block is so thick that the work, although mere open tracery, retains a strong, almost massive appearance. The exhibitor gives you a piece of the rough wood to hold, and you are astonished to find a weight like iron in your hand. In the same section there is some exquisite silver ware of the style for which Kirk of Baltimore is celebrated in this country, raised and chased flowers on a frosted

ground, but infinitely more minute, sharp, and delicate both in design and execution; the shapes are commonplace, except some perfume-sprinklers of truly Eastern outline; but the workmanship is as fine as frost. In this, as in all other native handiwork of real merit, there is a notable degeneracy the moment it is made for the European market; it loses a peculiar value of nationality which belongs to the pure native work, if it be but a poor little basket or mat.

There is exceedingly beautiful carved work from Florence and Siena, and also that union of carving and inlaying in wood called *intarsia* for which both cities have been famous for four hundred years. The great charm of the Italian ornamental wood-sculpture is that it requires the same patience and perfection as the Eastern; the least coarseness or carelessness, or even mechanical execution, destroys its delicacy; it must always be costly; there will never be much demand for it, nor a demand for inferior specimens of it. There is some light and pretty Swedish carving, of a very different value from the Oriental, Italian, or Flemish, but applied to very different purposes, — to exterior decoration and architectural embellishment; there is also some handsome, solid, old carved furniture from Norway, rude, but honest and determined in design and execution.

Among minor objects of art are the fine Russian bronzes by Lancenay, the small but rare display of fine pottery, the terra-cotta figurines by Eugène Blot. In the Portuguese and Italian departments there are excellent small figures in clay or wax, colored after nature, from a foot to two feet high. They are very characteristic, spirited, and graceful, the faces full of individuality and expression; they illustrate costume, or calling, and are full of charm even when the subject is absolutely homely. It is curious to find so much plastic ability in these humble forms when the sculpture is nearly all from mediocre to bad. The French have some life-size bronzes which show talent; but the most striking

figure is a bronze boy playing ball, — from Chile of all places, — by a sculptor named Plaza ; it has gained a medal.

For a real work of art I incline to think the great mosaic from Carthage, in the Tunisian court, the finest and most valuable at the Exhibition. It is stated to have been part of the pavement of a temple of Diana, near the temple of Astarte in the Byrsa of ancient Carthage, but must itself have belonged to Roman Carthage. It is a group of a lion seizing a horse, of nearly natural size, and although necessarily rather rigid from the unmanageable material of which it is composed, it is full of strength and grandeur.

The Roman Castellani's exquisite reproductions of the ancient ornaments in his Neapolitan brother's collection also deserve a place among objects of art. From both their design and execution they make all the other jewelry in the Exhibition look like mere trumpery, except M. Soyer's magnificent sets, consisting of antique scarabæi mounted in an elaborate and massive imitation of Egyptian style. But the latter do not compare with the Etruscan models.

The Eastern countries, India, Turkey, Egypt, Morocco, the Dutch and Spanish colonies, China and Japan, especially the last, and Spain herself, with their bronze, brass, porcelain, pottery, carpets, stuffs, embroidery, and arms, chiefly furnish the picturesque and artistic elements in the general interior effect of the Exhibition. It owes much, too, to the natural good feeling for color in the savages of southern climes; to the coarse cotton and carpet ware of many nations, the Swedes, for instance; to the common crockery of Bohemia, Portugal, etc., which have been spoken of before. It is not by copying or imitating the special styles of other countries and civilizations that we shall reach a higher point or fuller development in our own process of expansion, but by using this unprecedented opportunity for studying and comparing them. It is certain that our people have the keenest and most eager avidity for these matters; no portion of the Exhibition is so crowded as

the art galleries, even on the twenty-five cent days. A great many people have bought, according to their ability, from the costly enamels and porcelain of China and Japan to the coarse pottery of different nations, admirable in form and color; all the best objects of bronze, brass, terra-cotta, china, and embroidery, at all within the scope of private purses, have long been sold, and ordered in duplicate, sometimes twenty times over. The scattering of so many rare and beautiful things through our homes must give a great and sane impetus to the desire for decoration which had already appeared in them.

Since the preceding pages were written, the great show has come to an end. The autumn brought daily increasing crowds; Philadelphia became a strange city to her own children, who found themselves outnumbered in their own streets and public places by people who walked with another gait and spoke with a different accent. They gayly took possession of town and country, and frankly interchanged their opinions, which were often edifying; there were New Yorkers who would have done the thing much better, Bostonians who would not have done it at all, Western folk who would like to do it themselves; from the vast majority a tribute of hearty contentment and admiration. Philadelphia will not be likely to think herself a smaller place for all this; the point is that she shall know how much larger the world is. The extraordinary absence of fatal illness or accidents in the concourse of countless multitudes, the financial success of the enterprise, the unimpeachable integrity and disinterestedness which have marked its local management, the perfect satisfaction of the foreign commissioners, who, whatever their grievances against the custom-house or general direction, have only praise for the Board, are causes for both gratitude and self-gratulation: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

It was time that it should come to an end. The dust of half a year had spread

dinginess over the interiors; buyers had despoiled many of the handsomest stands and cases; the exhibitors and employes were worn out. The grass was trodden bare in numberless cross-tracks and short cuts; the flowers-beds were filled with brown litter and ghostly white stalks; the falling leaves disclosed the meanness and shabbiness of the smaller buildings, and seemed to bring them too near together. Every one feels how the interest and excitement will be missed, how the lively and agreeable foreign element which has pervaded society will leave it flat and insipid when withdrawn; but they confess that it has lasted long enough, and the first cold weather proved that "the Centennial" was no resort for winter. The closing day came in the midst of the uncertainty and suspense about the election. Ceremonies similar to those of the opening were announced, to be held in the open air as before; the grounds and buildings were more crowded than on the first day, but people were more eager about their last look and purchase than about the programme. About midday a steady rain began, which became heavier and heavier as the afternoon went on; nobody heeded it, but paddled about in and out of doors with or without umbrellas, with handkerchiefs and towels pinned over their heads, in an indifference to falling weather most unusual in America. Meanwhile, unknown to

them, a close carriage and pair of draggled horses had brought the president, and the formal closing was going on in the Judges' Hall before a select few; at four o'clock the Exhibition was declared to be over by the Chief Executive.

Whether it has done much or little for our æsthetic training, — and I believe it has done much, — that was not the sole or best kind of education to be expected from an international fair. It has diffused an incalculable amount of general information, geographical, historical, and scientific, among millions of people; such information is necessarily most superficial, but it fertilizes the common mind and in many cases gives the impulse to serious research. It has been a preparation such as, with us, no previous generation has enjoyed for that broader, deeper, more complete education which can be attained in no country except by seeing others. For many of us hitherto, half that advantage has been lost when we did compass it, by the total ignorance in which we traveled. But there is a still higher education in which the six months of the Exhibition ought to have done the work of an ordinary life-time, by enlarging our views, uprooting our prejudices, and implanting the sense of universal brotherhood, of fellow-laborhood in the field of the world, which is the chief lesson of Christianity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

[In this place the editors propose to avail themselves of such passages of their correspondence as have a public interest, hoping in this desultory fashion to secure some notable part of that opinion of events, manners, and letters which otherwise goes unuttered in print. They invite all writers who have minds upon any ethical or æsthetic subject briefly to free them here, and while they will

not wittingly suffer a personal spite to be wreaked, they will especially welcome the expression of intellectual grudges of every sort. In like manner whoever has a strong predilection worthy the reader's consideration shall have the right to make it known under this head. New facts of literary or artistic value will also be very acceptable.]

— Have you ever seen the bust of Shel-

ley by W. W. Story? There are two or three duplicates of it in this country and England, for it is a beautiful and satisfying representation, — beautiful enough to be its own *raison d'être* if one had never heard of Alastor or Epipsychidion. As to likeness there is no such thing extant in any shape. The only portrait ever taken of Shelley was a profile in pencil, by a young lady who had no knowledge of drawing, but the gift of catching a likeness. When his poems were collected, after his death, the publishers wished for an engraving of him for the frontispiece; inquiry and search were made, but the only thing to be found was this sketch, which exaggerated the peculiarity of his face, a sudden retreat of the whole lower portion, leaving the sharp, delicate nose prominent and giving the profile a bird-like type. From this, and the recollections of friends who concurred as to the dreamy brow and eyes, and the brown curls, so early streaked with gray, a portrait was constructed, in which the extreme receding of mouth and chin were modified; this is the model on which all subsequent pictures have been based. Yet all lovers of Shelley and his poetry — and those who love the one love the other — have an image of him in their heart, and Mr. Story has embodied his in this beautiful bust, which adheres to the general characteristics and traditions while taking some license in certain features. "It is not so much as a likeness of Shelley that I value it," said the owner of one copy to me, "but as the ideal of a poet." Anybody who wished to paint an ideal painter would hardly fail to give him the lineaments of Raphael; so of Shelley for a poet.

Now the same sculptor has just finished and sent home a bust of Keats, a fit and natural companion to the other. There was no difficulty about the likeness in this case; the well-known picture of Keats is from life. But another authentic portrait came to light a couple of years ago most unexpectedly. On the night of his death, his faithful friend, the painter Severn, was watching by his bedside; as the agony prolonged itself

hour after hour, the watcher grew heavy with sleep, and, to keep his eyelids open, began to draw the dying man. He was able to finish the sketch. More than fifty years went by, and Mr. Severn, a very old man, still lived in Rome; the winter before last another old man, the school-mate and friend of Keats, Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, came to Rome and wished to know what had become of the last likeness. Severn could not tell, but was sure that it was among his papers; Mr. Clarke rummaged until he found it. The melancholy, moribund face lies upon the pillow with closed eyes; the heavy hair, eyebrows, and strongly marked features retain all their character; the expression of repose seems a silent echo of his words, "Thank God, it has come!" Death and genius illumine the countenance. This Mr. Story, with the sympathetic instinct of genius, has taken as his guide rather than the earlier portrait. He has made a singularly interesting and striking bust; the head, turned slightly towards the right shoulder, gives a three quarter view of the face to one standing directly before it; it is idealized just in that degree which one desires for a living memory, not for the likeness of a living person. All the details, the loose coat and open collar, are managed with judgment, skill, and a very agreeable absence of elaboration. It is not a highly-finished, shiny marble; all that is secondary is subdued with the happiest effect to what should really predominate, and the result is a truly poetic work, of masterly simplicity.

The fortunate owner showed me at the same time an old painting, by Mr. Severn, representing Endymion asleep in the moonlight under the cypresses of the pyramid of Caius Cæstius. It is not much of a picture, though the artist is an R. A., and won a gold medal in days long gone by; but it would be a cold-hearted critic who could look at it only as a work of art; it is a work of sentiment and imagination; the shepherd reclines just in the spot where the daisies grow over Keats. One cannot but fancy the poor, throbbing heart soothed in its long rest by the tenderness of the linger-

ing few who knew him in life, and the enthusiasm of the younger generations.

— Did any one but myself note and admire the picture called *Yankee Doodle* in the American department of the Centennial Exhibition? So far as I have read the critics they have not prattled of it, and so far as I have heard of the prizes none have been awarded to it. Perhaps I am misinformed on these points; but if I am not, then I maintain strenuously one of two theses, both eminently probable: I maintain that either great injustice has been done, or else that I am no doctor in art. I came upon *Yankee Doodle* when my legs were weary with leagues of flooring and my eyes with leagues of canvas. It arrested me, aroused me, reposed me, renewed me. I could have set out then on a forced march, and could have leaped there into battle. I longed to hurl my hat aloft, fling my charging yell through the smoke, and tramp forward in the track of the bleeding fifer and the white-haired drummer. I believe there is no man who ever found his way over the wounded and the cannon into an enemy's fastness, but would feel like giving a cheer to the homely, wayworn, tattered, eager Continentals as they burst onward there in the last rush which overtakes and clutches victory. It may all be imperfect painting; it may be wanting in this learned line and that fastidious finish; but it has humanity, character, pathos, passion, nobility. There is a moving concord of realistic outline and of ideal heroism in the plain, grim, much-enduring, earnest faces. They are old Americans, and they are especially old New Englanders, of the red, weather-beaten, country-born type. They are exceedingly rustic, and yet, for the moment at least, sublime. It seemed to me that here were Solon Shingle and Rip Van Winkle animated with the spirit of John Brown. The grandsire is the most soul-stirring figure that I have ever seen in an American picture. His gray eyes are fixed on the enemy's line; his drumsticks are grasped and lifted with solemn enthusiasm; he is waiting for the divine melody, — the shrill battle hymn of his country; the

moment the first note shrieks forth, he will bring down his batons with all his sexagenarian strength; he means, you would say, to end the combat in a single blow. Meantime his grandson, the spruce little drummer-boy, the pet and the embroidered plaything of the regiment, looks up in wonder at the unaccustomed delay, quite unsuspicious of the veteran's devout passion. He seems to be demanding, at least with his urchin stare, "Old man, what are you waiting for?" The entire group is imagined with a fervid sympathy which makes the merely sympathetic spectator concede victory to the combatants, and victory also to the artist. Meantime a painter at my elbow whispers, "It is somewhat too much of a caricature." No, my delicate pre-Raphaelite, it is not caricature, it is character. There is a type there which represents a people, a time, and a deed. It is a truly American picture, and it stirs an American heart. In all those miles there were not many other paintings, whether native born or foreign born, which could do so much.

— Reminded of Mr. William Morris, the other day, by the new poem *Deirdre*, I was again struck by the remarkable difference between that poet's treatment of mediævalism and Mr. Tennyson's. In the *Idyls of the King*, for example, there is the strongest flavor of chivalry, knight-errantry, and old-time Gothic heroism; with an exquisite discrimination the poet has used certain words that carry with them antique suggestions — Elizabethan words, and some still more Saxon in their sound. But the spirit of Tennyson's composition is intensely modern; his groupings, his coloring, his delicate and sometimes dazzling conceits, all breathe of to-day. It seems to me that it is precisely this extraordinary power of combining the past and present which has made his Arthurian poetry so deservedly popular. With the discriminative tact that is so positively a portion of his genius, he has shown us, in these Middle-Age pictures (for such they deserve to be called), only what forms the essence of their picturesqueness. Unpleasant or repel-

lent details are left out, and their gaps are filled up with the softening, harmonizing graces of a peculiarly modern treatment. He shows us the past mellowed by that haze of distance which naturally veils it, only accentuating an object here and there, in his masterly way, to make it stand out more clearly from amid the soft dreaminess of its own obscurity. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, employs his verse as a kind of magic carpet (sometimes coarsely enough woven, it must be admitted), to hurry us instantly among "the days that are no more." He is a very pre-Raphaelite person, and he wants us to know it. But Mr. Morris's pictures lose in coherence what they gain in vividness. He is mediæval with a vengeance—and that is about all. When I have done reading one of his poems, I feel very much as though I had been walking through a *bric-à-brac* shop of uncommon richness in mediæval furniture and armor. But the dust has half choked me, and I am glad to get out into the open air, even if it is that of 1876. Nearly all modern poets make his mistake when they touch mediæval subjects. Tennyson alone steers beautifully clear of failure. The past lives again at his touch. In the hands of Mr. Morris (and a few others) it only takes a kind of galvanic leap.

—As an author more or less liable myself to the production of American drama, I have followed with interest the controversy long raging—but, I believe, now spent—between Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Stuart Robson on one side, and the paid bravoës of the New York press on the other, who had combined to assassinate the comedy of the former gentleman. It was painful to know that the corruption in high places had penetrated even to dramatic criticism; but there was some comfort, too, in the fact: if my meditated melodrama failed, I should know the reason why. Still, while I thanked Messrs. Harte and Robson for their exposure of those rogues, I could not admire their wisdom so much as their courage. I thought it better that one innocent person should escape than that so many guilty should

be convicted; for suppose that Mr. Harte should by and by write a comedy so extremely good that the most heartless venality could not help praising it, should we not all be harrowed by the lurking suspicion that the critics' favor had been bribed? The better Mr. Harte's comedy was, the more we should insist that its success was due to a *claque* with sweetened palms—that would be human nature; just as now, for example, I, who have not seen the *Two Men of Sandy Bar*, am sure that it failed through the malice of enemies furious at having offered themselves for sale in vain.

But while I think it was imprudent of Mr. Harte to unmask his detractors so pitilessly, I must own to a deep disgust at the disposition I have seen in various places to decry all his work, and especially his performances since he came to the Atlantic States. I observed that one critic could not remember that he had ever done anything but write a comic song,—I suppose the exquisite satire on Chinese cheap labor was meant,—and others have found nothing good in his writings of the last five years. As a brother scribe I have myself watched his career with mingled joy and trepidation. When he first burst upon us, I was glad to have at least one author overrated in this grudging world, where I could think of so much unrecognized merit within a stone's-throw of my own sequestered study; and I was also glad to have the public find out that it had overrated him, while I trembled lest he should prove himself as great as he was thought. I was always among the first to drop a crocodile tear upon his failures,—and they have been many and deplorable,—but though I can hate a brother writer as well as the next, I do love literature, and I am bound to own that some of Mr. Harte's best work, if not most of his best work, has been done since he came hither from California. No man, not overtopped by his unwieldy reputation, could have published such a poem as his *Concepcion de Arguelo* and not won a very wide and prompt acclaim, yet I suppose the name will hardly be remembered by one in ten of your readers.

It is by far the best poem he has written, and scarcely one of his California sketches is better than *How Christmas came to Simpson's Bar*. Both of these pieces were written within the last four or five years; and one of his most recent minor studies is *A Jersey Centenarian*, which seems to me the very flower of his humorous style. It comes last in the *Tales of the Argonauts*, and it bids one take courage, even there. It is about the only thing that shows a disposition in Mr. Harte to study character since he left California, his other pieces being reminiscences of California, or else dismal failures to see the life about him here. I have sometimes wondered if perhaps he had not come to us after that time of life when an artist observes with creative zest, but that little sketch does not allow me to think this; and I am not going to believe that a writer who has given me so great pleasure is not capable of doing as well or better again. Very likely I shall find him in the next thing he writes gayly striking hands with his worst enemies, and relapsing into bald Dickensese; he has that habit; but for all that I do not think he has yet filled the measure of his talent. The failure of his comedy is not necessarily against him. It may be very bad; but it might be very good, and fail. The stage and the drama are now such different things that I question if Shakespeare himself could write an acceptable play. It seems to me that it is as often the audience as the play which fails.

— Suppose the literary-scientific society of England really desirous of a Divinity, but unable to accept a Trinity or the scholastic system put forward as the only way of life, and weary of waiting for Mr. Huxley to find a Divinity in *bathybius*. Is it supposable that it has sent Daniel Deronda into the East, a man with the prominent feature of his face inherited, but with habits of thought and prejudices acquired in Gentile associations, not to draw after him the money-changers of the world, but that he may bring back to England a true personal and historic Deity, the divine unity, free alike of ancient superstitions

and modern dogmas, to be the English centre of reason as well as of faith and longing? Is Daniel Deronda a tentative of this sort, or only another version of that ancient "carpet-bagger," the Wandering Jew?

— As an observer, with no preconceived theory, I believe that I see a silent conflict going on among us, between literature properly so called and a body of writing which, while it has much of genius, wit, humor, and poetry about it, is marred or made shapeless by a dead weight of commonplace and sentimentality. Those who practice this sort of writing do not know the difference between it and real literature, because they reject the standards of trained and earnest criticism. Naturally, in so doing they lose all accuracy in measuring the worth of their own performances, and pour out what is the mere lemonade of literature, with the full conviction that it is a life-giving flow of soul. Of course I am not surprised at their complacency, when I see fifty thousand readers sharing the mistake, and loudly calling upon the diluter of ideas for more of the same mixture. Yet I am sure that this state of things is more harmful than appears on the surface.

The genius of true art is the most austere as well as the most genial of spirits. To know and serve it we must keep our finer perceptions keen-eyed and humble. We cannot lose distinctions in art, taking an intention in place of achievement, without vitiating our power of discriminating in other things. Promise without performance in finance and state-craft gets ugly names given to it. I do not wish to deal in ugly names, but I should like to suggest the analogy here. But the writers I refer to, and their apologists, plead that they are too much in earnest to have time to observe artistic laws or improve taste in themselves and others. One of them, in a preface to his new novel, says he does not claim for his books "the character of beautiful works of art," but "is not afraid to inform the reader that these books are written with the honest, earnest purpose of helping him to do right."

This clearly implies a sneer at "beautiful works of art." But need a man's purpose be any the less honest and earnest if he tries to do his work as well and beautifully as possible? This writer wants to have it supposed that there is something superior, something especially religious, in his fixing attention on his purpose and neglecting the execution of it. But religiousness in all branches of life demands that we should do what we have to do in the most thorough way; and real thoroughness implies beauty; and beauty in human products implies severe thought and refined art. The writer of that preface of course uses literary art just as far as he can grasp it to make his story attractive. But he finds that his works are not ranked very high for their art, and therefore he assumes that art is not worth thinking much about. But let me ask why these gentlemen compose novels, instead of tracts and sermons? Tracts and sermons demand less literary art than long fictions, and if sincerity is a thing apart from art, tracts and sermons are more sincere. No; they write books because they can reach more people, and possibly because they can make more money by them. And they write them in a quick, loose, unfinished way, because that is less difficult than to write them in a mood of devotion to the highest æsthetic as well as the highest ethical ideals. It is a feeble self-deception on their part to assume that they are more virtuous for this reason than the conscientious literary artist who would be glad enough to have his fifty thousand readers, too, but will forego them if he must be false to his ideals in order to get them.

—Reading in a Boston newspaper, the other day, the advertisement of a carpet-store, announcing "a small collection of very curious Antique Rugs, illustrating purely Oriental thought," I rejoiced to think that probably in no other city in the world would so æsthetic a statement be found in the company of the cabalistic abbreviations, "s23STu-Th15t," and I could scarcely believe that I had not fallen upon some frag-

ment of Ruskin, or Hamerton, or Mr. Clarence Cook. But if the advertisements are to talk in this "cultured" way, what will become of the art-critics? Clearly there is no hope for them but in the probability that every large furniture, carpet, and upholstery store will hereafter be obliged to keep its own art-critic. This will at last make art-criticism what we have all longed to have it: disinterested.

—I was talking not long ago with a lady of a literary turn about Daniel Deronda, and got myself into her good graces by saying that George Eliot's vast popularity was a mystery to me. She agreed with me that fashion had a great deal to do with it, and said, "I have drawn up a classification of the novelist's admirers, which seems to explain her wide influence." I transcribe this table for you.

First Class. People who exalt George Eliot simply because she's a woman who writes thoughtful books.

Second Class. Men who wish to ingratiate themselves with women belonging to the first class.

Third Class. People who are disappointed in life, or unwell, and accordingly like her gloomy views. Also happy people who find her bitterness tonic, and young women who go to parties too often and want sadness in their novels, to suit the reaction that comes of sitting up late.

Fourth Class. This contains two varieties: first, those who never read philosophy and like to get a smattering of clumsy philosophic words in a novel; and second, those who never read novels, but are attracted by George Eliot's because they look like philosophy.

Fifth Class. The skippers.

Sixth Class. The intellectual aristocrats, who say that no other novelist introduces persons who know everything and are like the most cultured men and women of the day.

Seventh Class. Myself. (I do truly admire George Eliot's strength, though I don't like her books. There are some things so large that they don't leave much room for likes or dislikes. They

shove prejudices aside just as a great steamer displaces more tons of water than a small one can.)

Some of your readers may think this a little frivolous; but to me it has a peculiar value as coming from a lady, herself a writer, and therefore free from any feminine jealousies.

— Don't you think that if we could really find out what plain, single-minded, old New England thinks of new New England, or understands it to mean, it would be very amusing? Now and then I have a glimpse of it. The other day I went to hear the Rev. Mr. — in — Street Church. The place was crowded, mostly with muscular Christians, and the minister hammered hard at his subject: The Nerves and the Soul. My neighbor was a typical New England woman of sixty or thereabouts, thin, dark, cultivated morally but not mentally; her eyes were sharp, her mouth straight. She confided to me (I had never seen her before) that she hoped "he would tell us how to cure neuralgic, for 'most everybody suffered from it."

— I am in great trouble. I shall lose him. He is mortal. In the course of nature he cannot go on for the next fifteen years as he has gone on for the last fifteen. During this eventful period he has kept me and my humble works constantly before the public. He has been worth thousands of dollars to me. When he breaks down, my prosperity is at an end. Is it a wonder I cling to him? He is not a brilliant man; it requires no effort for me to understand why other persons consider him rather tedious, and yet there is no author whose writings I read with so much avidity, amusement, and satisfaction. You imagine, perhaps, that I am speaking, and not impartially, of an intimate friend? Not at all — it is of my Intimate Enemy, my valued Foe, my cherished Hater, my dearly beloved and persistent Scoffer. For fifteen years he has pursued me, through the columns of a newspaper, as remorselessly as if I had squandered his patrimony or done him the deepest wrong one man can do another; while, in fact, I am unconscious of ever having

given him the slightest cause for personal offense. Nevertheless, for fifteen years I have not printed a line of prose or verse in a magazine, or published a book, or even been mentioned incidentally in the book of a brother author, without furnishing my Intimate Enemy with a text for bitterness. It is now more than seven hundred and eighty weeks since he first turned his unflagging attention to me, and he has snuffed me out on an average of once a week. To be sure, his method of doing this might be objected to, by a severe critic, as monotonous; but I am not that critic. I like my Intimate Enemy always to say the same thing of me. He has made a charming little collection of my imperfect rhymes, — some written before my nineteenth year, and some of more recent origin: six or seven imperfect rhymes in all, — and these he quotes on every occasion. He has quoted them at least two hundred times. He can no more keep them out of his manuscript than Mr. Dick could keep the head of Charles I. out of the "Memorial." The slightest thing is a sufficient peg on which to hang those ever green rhymes. My Intimate Enemy is capable of materializing the ghost of a peg, so to speak. If I am to issue a work on any subject, say, for instance, on The Celts in America, he instantly has a paragraph to this effect: "Smith has another book in press. Smith is the man who rhymes *boot-jack* with *hand-organ*," etc., etc. If I happen to have a typhoid fever, and my Intimate Enemy happens to hear of it, my convalescence is cheered by "We understand that Smith is lying quite ill with typhoid fever. It is to be hoped that in future we shall have no more rhymes like *boot-jack* and *hand-organ*." Of course this is not as *spirituel* as Sainte-Beuve at his best; but when did Sainte-Beuve ever cause a book to sell, as my Intimate Enemy always can — when he does n't praise it? I have frequently been chilled to the marrow by the reflection that he might take it into his head some day to praise something of mine. But he has never done so, except once, when I published an article anonymously; and then

I did not mind his commendation — my mortification was not public. Besides, he closed his *critique* by remarking that "Smith could not write an article like this. Smith is the man who," etc., etc. How shall I ever repay my Intimate Enemy for the untiring services he has rendered me? and what will become of me when that gigantic mind topples over and tumbles into chaos, as it inevitably must?

In these fifteen years I have penned more than one adoring paragraph about him, but I have always stopped short of printing it; for, knowing his shy and sensitive nature, I was afraid that such a tribute would be apt to paralyze his efforts on my behalf. If he ceased his disparagement, my books would cease to sell. My position was one of extreme delicacy: I wanted a succession of golden eggs, and yet I wanted to demolish the goose! But the time has come when it makes little difference what course I pursue. My Intimate Enemy is not good for another fifteen years. If I am ever to signify my gratitude, I must do it soon; for, on turning over the pages of a popular cyclopædia, in which by some satirical chance my Intimate Enemy is set down as an author, I have discovered that he is well past the age of discretion; and all the while I had been picturing him to myself as a rosy, youngish fellow, just learning to write!

— I was glad to have you treat Dr. Holland's book of essays on Every Day Topics so civilly as you did in your November number. He is a writer whose motives one must always respect, whatever one thinks of his literature and his ideas. Now and then, I think, the last are very good. I remember reading one of his essays in Scribner's Monthly — I do not know whether he has included it in this volume or not — on the present mode of underpaying authorship in book publication, with which I entirely agreed. He contended there that an author of reputation should enjoy the same sort of cumulative reward from his fame that a great painter does. I suppose comparatively few readers know that the highest and greatest of our au-

thors get no larger percentage on their books after thirty or forty years of renown than any unknown man commands from a publisher willing to risk the expense of putting his book on the market. That is because, as Dr. Holland pointed out, the intellectual quality of a book does not fix its market value, and because the dead material and the cost of mechanical execution do fix it. A book of two hundred and fifty pages by Brown, Jones, or Robinson sells for as great a price as a book by Mr. Longfellow or Dr. Holmes. Fancy Mr. Hunt letting one of his pictures go for the sum that Mr. B., J., or R. would be glad to get! Or, to make the analogy more complete, fancy his giving a photographic reproduction of one of his paintings for the money a similar reproduction of one of those gentlemen's works would bring. It is ridiculous, and so is the other case; but in that case the author is subject to a usage of trade which I do not believe necessarily inexorable. If any new book of three hundred pages is worth a dollar and a half, then I think that a new book of the same size by an author of established fame should be worth at least five dollars. There is no reason why such a discrimination in price should be impracticable, and I believe it will be found entirely practicable when some publisher has the courage to try it.

— One of the most amusing things in recent literature is Mr. Browning's *Balaustion's Adventure*, in which the *Alkæstis* of Euripides is spoken of as "that strangest, saddest, sweetest song," and the greater part of it translated in that spirit. The translation shows that Mr. Browning is no worse a Greek scholar than his wife, which is saying a good deal; and that he should have performed it without seeing that the piece was a burlesque is almost inconceivable. Yet such appears to be the case. That the *Alkæstis* is a satyric drama admits of no doubt. This was discovered independently by Lessing, and although inferior critics after him, Goethe included, undertook to defend the piece as serious, the matter was definitely set at rest in 1834, when Dindorf published from the

Vatican Codex a scholion in which we are informed that the *Alkëstis* was the fourth piece of a tetralogy, the other pieces being a *Krëssai*, an *Alkmaïon*, and a *Tëlephos*. Now we know, even if the scholion did not expressly add that the catastrophe of the play was comical, that the fourth piece of every tetralogy was a satyric drama. Was, after all, Mr. Browning aware of this, and did he merely wish to show us how small a step there is from the ridiculous to the sublime?

—I am able to enrich the language with a new verb, through my share of the race's suffering from the train-boy who every fiftieth mile comes through the car and bestrews you, now with prize packages of candy, and now with periodical literature. Weary of repulsing his devotion, I asked if he had, say, *Daniel Deronda*. He ran confidently through the books on his arm. "I've got it," he said, not finding it, "and I'll bring it in a minute. It's *lapped out* at the other end of the car."

—Miss Anna Dickinson, I see, again braves her fate with the public on the stage. I do not know how much she may have improved in the theatrical art since I saw her in Boston last winter, but the critics, who have constantly been kinder to her than her own ambition has been, do not yet raise the voice of acclaim. On her first appearance I found the spectacle of her failure so cruel that it was impossible to look at it steadily. And yet, after I came away, I perceived the justice of what had happened. Here was a lady, with all the good motives in the world, aiming to place herself at the very top in an untried art, over the heads of people who had given years or lives of hard work to it. If she had succeeded, it would have been an injustice more cruel than her failure was. But it was not in nature, it was not in the justice which orders these things, that she should succeed. Genius itself succeeds only by arduous self-training; and it is not for the beginner in any art to snatch its honors from its devoted students. On the whole, I consoled myself for Miss Dickinson's defeat. It was not

peculiarly arrogant in her to attempt the highest prize of the theatrical art; that is what *débutantes* of mature years nearly always do; but the thing is arrogant in itself. If Miss Dickinson had gone humbly to some accomplished actor, and begged to know in what subordinate walk of the profession she might hope, with anxious and assiduous study, to succeed, and she had tried that and failed, I should have felt sorry for her. But I bear her present defeat with fortitude; and I count it gain whenever this people, in whatever way, gets a knock-down hint to the effect that to do a thing you must learn how; and that to play on the fiddle it is not merely necessary to take a bow and fiddle with it.

—I have often wondered why women who have been tortured by arithmetic, in the course of their education, do not come forward and demand a champion from the ranks of scientific men who shall enter the lists and slay this dragon of duodecimals. Now that some of the direst evils under which women have suffered have been partly bettered, is it not time to take up the arithmetic ill? Why should a woman be drilled in repeating decimals, partial payments, extraction of the cube root? Not one woman in a thousand ever has a problem to solve in these subjects, and if she has she will go to her husband or brother. Even the bravest of women who grapple with dividends and per cents do so only as a luxury, for they invariably want to have their results confirmed by a man of business. But they have been forced to attack much harder parts of the arithmetic than percentage; and many a fair friend of mine has lost a part of her youthful bloom for the barren satisfaction of getting through some frightful mathematical puzzle about a greyhound and a hare. We ought to reject these problems about hares and greyhounds, if only in prevention of cruelty to animals. But how much more cruel to the women to retain them! Professor Huxley in his Baltimore address says it is well to have known certain things once in our lives. But it is not well for women to have known *those* things that I speak of, for

mechanical ciphering by aid of a rule is deadening to her intellect. What she wants is such a knowledge of decimals and the proportion between whole numbers and fractions that the mind, by a short process, can frame a rule for itself, or rather can free itself from *ruledom*. This argument of freedom ought, I think, to interest our women, emancipation being their pet susceptibility. The time which women give to abstruse branches of arithmetic would be much better spent on geometry or the physical sciences. Economy of preliminary studies is the best way to a higher standard of education among women. The time wasted by a young girl in solving partial payment examples would suffice, if well used, to give her a knowledge of the physical laws of the earth and the properties of bodies. This movement might be begun by advertising as below:—

WANTED. A liberally educated scientific man willing to write a simple, logical arithmetic for women, which should not be longer than fifty large-print pages.

WANTED. Intelligent teachers who can look beyond mere routine work, and will denounce the clumsy cyclopædias of arithmetic now in use in most schools.

— Do you know the “paper without a party”? There exists a thin but unduly enthusiastic weekly with an ambitious name, which lays claim to that character. The projectors and editors of it thought that the idea of our Western civilization needed for its best fulfillment another idea, — a paper without a party. They were glad to find themselves obscure, devoid of prestige, and without money enough to publish the paper for a year unless well received,

because these conditions gave them a chance to test the candor and liberality of the present generation. But evidently the editors were not so much more liberal than other people as they supposed, for at the end of their first year they confess that they have been sustained by their public. The explanation of this is that they have succeeded by failing; they have, in fact, taken up a party, though it happens to be a small and unpopular, instead of a large and well-established one.

A paper honestly without a party, — I do not mean “independent” journals that bestride two political charges and make money out of the exhibition, but a paper really free from bias, — I admit, might have a use and would be successful if conducted with the greatest ability. But it should confine itself strictly to constructive criticism in politics, and never advocate the election of a particular candidate, as the weekly I am speaking of has done. After all, though, such a paper would not, it seems to me, really represent our civilization. A republic like ours is all party. What we need is to keep this vast organism harmonized, so as to maintain purity in morals and government. Let the voter be as independent as possible; let him be always a possible party in himself. But without subordination and open co-operation nothing can be accomplished in a state. On the other hand, when a party is the offspring of superseded ideas, it must perish and give place to new growths. Parties, like trees, are apt to begin decaying from within. But we cannot do without the parties any more than we can dispense with the trees.

MATIN SONG.

Words by BAYARD TAYLOR.

Composed by JOHN K. PAINE.

Larghetto. I let the dearest dream depart That night to love re -

- - vealed, Some eager spirit in my heart My sleep-ing eyes un-scaled. Yet

still 't was love that led me here And bids my feet de - lay. A - rise, and light the

dim. ritard. poco.

dawn, my dear! Look forth, look forth, and bring the day.

dim. p a tempo sf pp

As out of darkness yonder star Of whitest ray is born, As

birds and blossoms feel a-far The com-ing of the morn, So thou hast dawn'd, and

now art near, To bright-en and to stay: My be-ing dies in thine, my dear! As

daybreak dies in day!

p a tempo sf rit. poco pp dim.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. WARNER writes of his Levantine travels¹ as fortunately as he wrote of his journey up and down the Nile. The manner is not the same, and should not be; a book on Egypt—which means sojourn in Alexandria and Cairo, and a voyage to the Cataracts and back in a dahabeeah—can have a unity impossible to a book telling of Jerusalem and Damascus, of the Syrian coast cities and the Greek islands, of Constantinople and Athens; and their parity must be chiefly in the primary difficulty they have to overcome with the reader. “What! Another book on the Orient? Oh, we *can’t* stand that!” Dear reader, there are odds even in books on the Orient; and as for your powers of endurance, if you lived a thousand years, you would always be having another book on the Orient. Reflect what a terribly perfect one Daniel Deronda must be going to write! For our own part we are glad in the mean time of something entertaining and fallible, knowing what edification is in store for us; and, after all, it is *not* the Orient one cares about so much as the traveler who has been there: if Mr. Warner had written his book without stirring from his study at Hartford, it would have been of just the same concern to literature, nor more nor less. We do not know but it is the more interesting to have a well-liked writer on well-known ground. It is pleasant to look for what Mr. Warner will say of this thing of which Mr. Kinglake said that; of that thing of which Mr. Curtis said this; of the other thing of which Mark Twain said something else; and it is a test of his quality in which the lovers of his humor will triumph that he has always something novel, amusing, or notable to say.

He went from Egypt to Jaffa by steamer, and thence by the new, unfinished wagon-road to Jerusalem; and from the holy city he visited Jericho, Bethlehem, and the other neighborhoods of immemorial resort; returning to the coast, his course again carried him inland to Damascus and back to Beyrout; then he took ship for Smyrna and Constantinople, and was finally at Athens. It is almost every inch familiar ground; one could pave the roads and bridge the

seas with the books that have been written about it; and it is his good company which makes the journeys and voyages so pleasant. He has not only finely observed and suggestively commented on what he saw, but he has indulged himself much beyond the wont of the modern book-producing tourist in the literature of his subject, and if you are not the idlest reader in the world, you are in no little danger of knowing the East through him much better than you did before.

There is no intention on Mr. Warner’s part to display the reverse of the tapestry; that is the vulgar ingratitude of a very different sort of traveler; but we have been constantly struck with his perfect sincerity. You see the squalor and discomfort of the Orient and the gaudy spectacularity even of its magnificence; the sense of a land so old as to have reached its second childhood possesses you from his frank descriptions. Much had we read of Damascus; it remained for him to make us understand that it is wet and low; that its streams and groves are canals bordered by willows; that its fountains are jetless basins with the water running into them from spouts; and that the frogs outstrip the birds in its borders. After that, as much quaintness and decrepit splendor as you please; there is no desire to mock Damascus; but the other simple facts cling like one’s own experiences and characterize the place as only a comparative paradise, at the best. The readers of *The Atlantic* have already seen how freshly our honest observer could still study Jerusalem and its neighborhoods; his methods with Damascus, Constantinople, and Athens, are the same. The modern fact is not turned to the light of history either to romance or to satirize it, but for the reader’s intelligence and pleasure. There is perhaps less of political discussion than we might desire in view of the present lively interest in the Turkish question; but that is a kind of thing which soon loses its value. In compensation we have constant note of character in the swarming types and nationalities—not anxiously humorous, but acute and always entertaining. The reader of *Mummies* and *Moslems* will be glad to meet again his old friend Abd-el-Atti, the drago-

¹ *In the Levant.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

man, who accompanies our travelers on their Levantine tour, and in all their present adventures is a charming if less dominant figure than in their voyage of the Nile. We feel that Abd-el-Atti is our friend almost as much as the author, who somehow makes us as glad of his charming qualities as if we shared them. His book is one whose value will appreciate upon second and third reading, for whoever fancies it to be merely entertaining, because he has enjoyed it so much, will do it injustice.

— A new edition of a standard book, even if the author be no sufferer from obscurity, may have much the same effect as the restoring of a pictorial masterpiece. This emphasis and fresh interest are very agreeably supplied to Mr. Bryant's collected poems¹ by the handsome volume in which his publishers have just issued the poet's works. The cover, stamped with an elaborate arabesque pattern of gold, reminds us a little of the *éditions de luxe* of German publishers, and seems to insinuate dissent to the fashions now most in vogue in this country; but the pages are spaciouly printed on fine paper, and reveal an abundant variety of fine wood engravings from designs by Birket Foster, Harry Fenn, Alfred Fredericks, and others. Mr. Fredericks, we must be allowed to say, does not in every case reach the standard set by the other illustrators, though he compensates by exceptional ingenuity in other efforts; but the volume compares favorably in workmanship with the sumptuous Irving's Sketch-Book put forth by the same house about ten years back. The style is no less suitable to a permanent classic than to holiday publication. This collection has the advantage over previous ones that it contains several poems not hitherto collected, including *The Flood of Years*, and *The Two Travelers* (recently published in *The Atlantic*). Besides the fine frontispiece portrait on steel, we find upon page 435 a wood-cut adapted by Mr. Fredericks from the well-known portrait of Bryant seated in the forest. It would be superfluous to review in this place the productions of the distinguished author, who has so unflinchingly advanced in popular esteem; but we may offer one reflection which comes up involuntarily. The secret of Mr. Bryant's long

and successful career as a poet who has seldom extended his pieces beyond a certain moderate length, and has never sought to attract by complicated or exciting narrative, may be found, we think, in the entire integrity of his poetical mood, and the calm which has sometimes been called coldness. But this calm may be a much surer sign of power than fury of emotion is, in a poet as well as in a man of affairs. We consider it a sign of power in action, and although some critics may fail to trace the parallel, readers have in this case felt it to be a token of similar worth in poetry.

— Dr. Holland's *Mistress of the Manse*² has seemed to us only a fresh instance of his failure to develop any strength of design in poetry. Bitter-Sweet is his best effort in this direction, but even in that the most praiseworthy thing is the song about apples and cider, which used to raise the hope that we were to have a rural New England poet of decided freshness. In *The Mistress of the Manse* the only enjoyable passage, for ourselves, is the lullaby closing the fifth section of the third part, if we except these two stanzas:—

"Meanwhile, through all the vaulted space
The organ sent its angels out;
And up and down the holy place
They fanned the cheeks of care and doubt,
And touched each worn and weary face

"With beauty as their wings went by:
Then sailed afar with peaceful sweep,
And, calling heavenward every eye,
Evanished in the silence deep—
The earth forgotten in the sky!"

These are good, and remind us of the better strains of Coventry Patmore, who has apparently had a strong influence on the author. Dr. Holland's metre, his titles, and his effort to treat the commonest details in verse, all suggest this influence; for the most part, however, one might fairly apply to the present composition Chorley's rhymed prose satire on *The Angel in the House*. Dr. Holland has, moreover, an unfortunate magniloquence which Patmore avoids, in alluding to simple things. He tries to dignify coffee by calling it "the nectar of the morn's repast," and it takes some reflection to discover that he means by "mosses of the lamb" simply wool. Phrases like this are ingenious, but they do not make poetry of either wool or coffee.

¹ *Poems by William Cullen Bryant*. Collected and arranged by the author. Illustrated by One Hundred Engravings, from Drawings by Birket Foster, Harry Fenn, Alfred Fredericks, and others. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² *The Mistress of the Manse*. By J. G. HOLLAND. Illustrations drawn by Mary A. Hallock, Thomas Moran, Alfred Fredericks, Edwin A. Abbey, and Helena De Kay. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877

It would be ungracious, however, to pick to pieces a book which has found so many admirers: we cannot alter our candid estimate of it, but the author's intentions are unimpeachable, and the story is honestly pathetic. The present edition is furnished with illustrations in great variety, some of which are excellent specimens of wood-engraving, and will make it a most acceptable gift-book. Mary Hallock hardly does herself justice; her drawings in this series seem to have suffered from haste. Thomas Moran's barque "half-way between two skies adrift" is a very delicate and thorough performance, and the decorative flower-vignettes by Helena De Kay, engraved by Mr. Henry Marsh, deserve very high praise: in their subordinated place they are perhaps the finest adornment of the volume, and have a delicious artistic restfulness about them.

— Whatever theory one may choose for explaining the origin of the Round Tower at Newport, no history of the building will ever seem so real as that which Mr. Longfellow has established for it in one of his noblest ballads. This poem, *The Skeleton in Armor*,¹ has been selected by Messrs. Osgood & Co. for that rich adornment and illustration which it has become customary to bestow at the Christmas season on some one of our famous stories in verse; and we may regard this as a formal investiture of the ballad in its title to be thought the only acceptable legend attached to its subject. Those who have carefully considered the workmanship of the poem must have noticed how much its spell is aided by the admirably fitting choice of metre and stanza, and how fine a sympathy with Norse sentiment is woven into the lines with the same elusive and sinuous grace that belongs to northern decorative art. In view of this, it was certainly of good omen to the present edition that Mr. L. S. Ipsen's skill was enlisted in drawing the borders which inclose each stanza with a design founded on Scandinavian ornament, and in devising the striking cover of the book, with its suggestion of the viking's banquet-hall. For ourselves, we have to complain a little of the mechanical look which has given to some of the vignettes at the top of the borders their too stereotyped air; but, with this exception, we think no one will fail to find in the network of historic decoration in which

the stanzas are caught up, something exceptionally pleasing. But, in addition to this, we have eighteen full-page illustrations, one by E. A. Abbey and the rest by Mary A. Hallock. The latter merit, in the main, the highest compliments. Miss Hallock has not given us in her previous efforts the evidence of dramatic conception which these new illustrations disclose; and if *The Hanging of the Crane* series was more softly even, it was less stimulating by far. The isolated figure of the hero, the scene of his escape with Hildebrand's child, where they are made to enter through an "arras rich with horseman, hawk, and hound," and the glimpse of the father with his followers on the strand—these are achievements for which even stout admirers of the artist had hardly looked as yet. They are very worthy results, and they give the value of contrast to the two or three more idyllic pictures that accompany them. "I wooed the blue-eyed maid" and "Time dried the maiden's tears" are compositions flowing as naturally out of those gentler turns of the poem as music when it is really born of the verse to be sung with it. Of the books of this particular class we have found none, this year, which is equal to this charming combination of legend, poetry, and picture.

— The adventurous genius of Gustave Doré drifts so naturally toward impossibilities that we are a little surprised at his not having embarked before now with Coleridge's congenial mariner. Speaking dramatically, nevertheless, it is much better that he should have postponed this work² till the present; for it comes to us at a moment when a long course of prolific invention had begun to create in the minds of certain reluctant skeptics a suspicion of monotony and possibly of superfluity. The gathering of this reserved strength is curiously exhibited in the comparative flatness of the first three pictures, showing the mariner and the wedding-guest before the recital. These, admittedly, form only a prelude; but, although Doreque enough in conception and tone, their originality is of a preconceived and partly mechanical sort. The fourth design, showing the ship flying over a vast waste of sea toward two black water-spouts, quickens the tempo, and in the fifth we find ourselves brought with a sudden, arresting shock into the midst of the tragic atmos-

¹ *The Skeleton in Armor*. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

² *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1876.

phere which prevails throughout the further succession of frightful scenes. In some of these the energy of imagination is positively ferocious, though of course in marvelous keeping with the unearthly quality of the poem. The plate referring to the shooting of the albatross gives an original and unexpected view: down in the left corner is seen a part of the yards of the ship; the rest of the large space is taken up by the representation of an ice-encumbered sea, and the albatross floats in air at the centre, with the cross-bolt flying straight toward its breast. "The moving moon went up the sky" furnishes another instance of the same sort of surprise; for the sky and the moon are not given at all, but instead a wondrously far-spreading ocean is set before us, with the reflected moonlight slowly traveling over its unmarked leagues. There is the merest edge of sky at the top, and the moonlight and the ship are almost lost in the solitude of waters. This mode of securing novelty may be accused of meretriciousness, but to our thinking it is precisely as justifiable as a figure of speech, and is an exact parallel, in fact, to the synecdoche of poetry, where a part is put for the whole. Once or twice M. Dore's fancy becomes riotous and gets the upper hand of him, as it has been apt to do; for example, in the illustration suiting the words, —

"Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow,"

and again in that which is given with the lines, —

"It ceased; but still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,"

the extravagance of the first and the foolishness of the second call out an untimely laugh in the midst of the general sombreness.

We might take exception to the looseness with which he has treated some portions of his work, where nothing was to be gained by it, and to the rather insensible cutting of parts of the blocks. The albatross on the cover, too, copied from that in one of the drawings, is — after the fashion of dye-cutters — made mechanical and shorn of its pristine grace. But the volume, containing the full text of the poem in a fair, large type, is very sumptuously gotten up. The pictures and the poem seem to form but a single work, and that a work of signal and striking genius. Few persons who have the fortune to possess

them will be able hereafter to dissociate the words of Coleridge from the powerful illustrations of Dore.

— The first five numbers of Unger's Etchings¹ represent, in all its luxury of paper and print, a stately folio edition, — the original letterpress of Leyden, — and include some thirty of the promised series of etchings, mounted upon heavy board, and suitable for binding, framing, or preservation in portfolios. We imagine that every subscriber to the work will have his own question as to the best disposition to make of it, but none need be deterred from binding it by those literary follies which characterize most textual accompaniments of engravings; Mr. Vosmaer's remarks are altogether discreet as to length and substance. There is sometimes, not always, a little biographical notice of the master whose painting has been etched, and usually an account of the subject, with a very useful description of the coloring of the original. Of criticism there is very fitly almost nothing, or else of the most general sort. The reader is left to the unvexed enjoyment of the etchings, to which the fame of the artist is not necessary. Their exquisite qualities cannot escape the sense of the merest novice in such matters; every one must feel that here is work of the highest kind, and the ordinary observer may leave the connoisseur his keener rapture, and derive a pleasure from the etchings not less in degree, however different in kind. To a process which perhaps better than any other lends itself to the interpretation of painting, the great etcher has been able to give in wonderful measure the character of each subject and the style — almost the very mood — of each master. So much of tone, for instance, is imparted to the Titian's Cleopatra that one has to think twice before he misses the coloring of that curiously undramatized bit of nude loveliness; the mellow Titianesque tints seem to live in the miraculous lights and darks of the etching. Then in such a picture as the Adam and Eve of Palma Vecchio, how all the gentle grace, the rich calm, the serene sweetness of the painter's spirit is reproduced! Or turn to A Man's Portrait by Tintoretto, and see how that young Venetian actually exists in the etching, as he once did in Venice, and still does on the painter's canvas. Veronese's patrician pomp, Guido's affluent tenderness, Rubens's sensuous splendor re-

¹ *Works of William Unger: A Series of Seventy Etchings after the Old Masters.* With Descriptive

Text. By C. VOSMAER. New York: J. W. Bouton 1876.

peat themselves with marvelous effect here, where all their softness and opulence in color has to be suggested by gradations of black and white; and the quaint homeliness and vulgarity of the Dutch school, full of narrative and characterization, are to be as perfectly felt, one imagines, as in the originals themselves. In all cases the portraits are the best: in that of the Italian painters, because nothing of the spirit and beauty of the originals is lost; and in that of the Dutch and Flemings, because the etching can give the strong individuality and interest of the pictures. There are comparatively few landscapes, and these are not of the greatest value, except as examples of subject and manner; and there are some two or three pictures in the collection which one may look at with curiosity, but not with enjoyment, unless he has not only the taste for olives but also the taste for malodorous Teutonic cheeses.

The subjects copied are chiefly in the galleries of Cassel and Brunswick, and though very characteristic are seldom the most famous works of the greater masters. Rembrandt is represented abundantly, and by works signally expressive of his genius. Veronese is here in the *Famiglia di Dario*, and Tintoretto in portraits. There is an exquisite landscape by Ruysdael — a waterfall; the interior of a barber-surgeon's shop by Teniers; portraits and allegorical pieces by Rubens, etc. In the grouping of these and other old masters in the same series, an old fact concerning them all strikes one with novel force; their total want of imagination in the literary sense. Heroic or vulgar, their subjects are painted with the most simple and material conception of the idea; they are sometimes theatrical, spectacular, but seldom dramatized.

The delightful portrait of Unger himself on the title page is one of the principal charms of a work to which we shall recur on its completion, and which we now commend with all possible cordiality to our readers. Nothing in these numbers seems weakly or ineffectively done except the *Noli me tangere* of Rembrandt.

¹ *Janet et ses Amis*. Par J. R. C. H. Dessins de J. R. C. H. et de R. E. D. New York: D. Appleton & Cie. 1877.

² *Gems of the Dresden Gallery*. Twenty-four Heliotypes. With Notices of the Works and the Artists. 1 vol. large 4to. — *Gems of the Gray Collection*. A Series of Twenty-four choice Engravings reproduced in Heliotype from the Originals in the Gray Collection of Engravings, Harvard University. With full Historical and Descriptive Let-

terpress. 1 vol. large 4to. — *Gallery of Great Artists*. A Series of Portraits engraved on Steel by Eminent Engravers; reproduced in Heliotype. With Biographical and Descriptive Letterpress. 1 vol. large 4to. — *The Titian Gallery*. Twenty-four of the finest and most popular of Titian's Pictures. With full account of the Artist and his Works. 1 vol. large 4to. — Boston: James R. Osgood & Co 1877

— A clever innovation among holiday books for children is the little miscellany of tales and rhymes in French, *Janet et ses Amis*,¹ published by the Messrs. Appleton, and mainly the work, we believe, of Mrs. Hoyt, a daughter of the late Chief-Justice Chase. It is printed in a fair, large type, is provided with a gayly capricious cover, and has many illustrations showing just that trace of the amateur's hand which in certain cases has the agreeableness of a slight accent in foreigners' English. The contents of the little volume are exceedingly varied and sprightly; the humor and fancy that pervade them make amusing reading for grown children. L'École de Maître Corbeau is a piece of verse full of excellent advice, of which this is a specimen: —

“Ce que dit ta mère, ce que veut ton père
Gentiment fais-le. Pourquoi? — Parce-que.”

This pretty “gentiment,” which is a subtle device for giving the true Parisian accent, appears elsewhere, also. Nothing could be better than *La Pomme qui Dort*, as a delicate piece of fancy with a nice moral plum at the bottom of it. Indeed, everything with which Janet has to do is refreshingly sound and wholesome. But we were especially pleased with the French version of *Little Red Riding Hood*, which has a cheerful ending very naively told. How opportunely the hunter comes along, to hear the wolf snoring, after his repast; and with what skillful reserve we are told that “il vit, non sans un certain surpris, le loup tout seul dans le lit!” Hunter whips out his knife, cuts the wolf's throat, and out step the grandmother and little Chaperon Rouge, who thank him gracefully, remarking that in their late abode inside of the wolf “il faisait noir à faire peur.”

— The proprietors of the heliotype process have brought out in time for the gift-making months four new volumes² of excellent reproductions from famous works by the masters of design. We have before now given it as our opinion that there is no other form of cheap reprint after classical engravings which so pleasantly preserves the exact lines of impressions from the origi-

terpress. 1 vol. large 4to. — *Gallery of Great Artists*. A Series of Portraits engraved on Steel by Eminent Engravers; reproduced in Heliotype. With Biographical and Descriptive Letterpress. 1 vol. large 4to. — *The Titian Gallery*. Twenty-four of the finest and most popular of Titian's Pictures. With full account of the Artist and his Works. 1 vol. large 4to. — Boston: James R. Osgood & Co 1877

inal plates, and escapes the reproach of looking as simple and comparatively inexpensive as it really is. The plan of the four series now first published is in each case very well conceived. The Dresden Gallery holds a particularly favored place in the hearts of travelers and art lovers; the selection from its abundance of powerful and beautiful works has been judiciously made; and the result is, on the whole, quite satisfactory, though (as might have been anticipated) the two illustrious Madonnas of Raphael and Holbein do not appear to as good advantage as the less important works, owing to the difficulty that has baffled engravers in attempts to render these celebrated works adequately. Of the Sistine Madonna we find both Müller's and Steinla's copies given, the latter of which is the more acceptable. So good a success has been achieved with the small Dutch pictures that we hope it may suggest hereafter a series composed entirely of these. The Gray Collection, of course, provides material for an exceedingly comprehensive list. We feel safe in saying that few series of reproductions have been published, giving within the same limits so much that calls for admiration on diverse grounds as this set of gems from the Gray Collection. Raphael's Galatea, Da Vinci's Last Supper and Combat for the Standard, Murillo's Immaculate Conception, Domenichino's St. Jerome, Velasquez's Cervantes, and Watteau's Embarkation for Cythera form a part of the contents, and are in themselves enough to compose a very respectable whole. The Gallery of Great Artists is more circumscribed in its interest than the other three assemblages; but to many the quality of this interest will be more keenly relished than that of the rest. Following our own taste, we should probably give exceptional sanction to The Titian Gallery. The pleasure of seeing one artist's compositions grouped by themselves is one which is always to be hailed with fresh enjoyment, partly for the reason that it is what galleries and portfolios generally deny us. There is, therefore, something unusually restful and agreeable in this volume of Titian's pictures. It is also provided with a very fair account of Titian's life, works, and friends, which will be the more appreciated after a perusal of the weak notices

attached to the other collections. In all these collections of heliotypes it will perhaps be understood without saying that some single pieces are less meritorious than others, owing now to the short-comings of the engravings and again perhaps to some unexpected treachery of the heliotyping process; but these are not to be dwelt on as very much more serious than the imperfections of original prints. The heliotype books are so good, the effects they give are so delicate, varied, and also strong, that they must find favor not only with art lovers of small means, but also with those who know how nearly insurmountable are the obstacles to making collections of original engravings repay in completeness the large outlay which any effort in that direction involves.

—The title of Mr. Clark's book¹ gives a good summary of its contents. It will be seen that the subject he has chosen is one by no means over-familiar to the majority of readers, for many who are acquainted with the early history of the Turks and Arabs are ignorant of their present condition, and of both it will be possible to derive tolerably satisfactory information from this small volume. Mr. Clark has carefully studied the main authorities which treat of the early appearances of the Turks and of the Arabs, and he has given in a few pages graphic pictures of their wonderful and alarming advance against our civilization. The only fault to be found here is an occasional absence of dates, for which the reader will have to search elsewhere. Thus, in describing the advance of the Saracens in Syria, Egypt, the North of Africa, and Spain, there is no mention of the time when these most important events happened; and certainly no one would gather from Mr. Clark's meagre reference to the decay of the Moorish power any definite notion of the manner of its defeat in Spain. Elsewhere, too, are similar unsatisfactory passages, though it could hardly be obviated in the great condensation required by the brevity of the book. What it does tell, it tells clearly and concisely. The most useful part is that which describes the present condition of these races and their neighbors. To be sure, the reader finds among undeniable facts frequent mere assertion of the speedy disappearance of Mohammedanism, which the future may or may not disprove,

¹ *The Arabs and the Turks. Their Origin and History, their Religion, their Imperial Greatness in the Past, and their Condition at the Present Time, with Chapters on the other Non-Christian Tribes of*

Western Asia. By EDSON L. CLARK, Member of the American Oriental Society. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1876.

but this is something of which we have only insufficient means of judging, and Mr. Clark may be right.

One of the best things about the book, for its literary merits are but modest, is the fair-mindedness of the author, — his generous statement of the virtues of the people he writes about. Instead of going out of his way to find fault and pick flaws with those of another religion than his own, he takes every occasion to bear witness to the many excellent qualities of the Mohammedans. This volume is but part of a larger work which, it is designed, shall give the public a tolerably complete picture of what our missionaries meet with in the Turkish empire. This is an interesting subject, and at the present moment it is peculiarly timely.

— Whatever the subject he chooses, and he is at home with a good many, Mr. Hamerton is pretty sure to write an entertaining book, and this one,¹ which gives an account of his life in France, is no exception. He takes the reader into his confidence and tells him just how hard it was to find exactly the sort of house he wanted, how French country-houses are for the most part no better than shooting-boxes, the *châteaux* comfortless, and the town-houses uninhabitable; how he vainly traveled in remote parts of the country until finally a friend found for him a convenient home in a nameless city, within a night's journey of Paris, or Lyons, or Geneva, and within twenty-four hours of London. Below it were Roman ruins, while above ground stood two Roman gateways, a temple, and the foundations of the theatre and amphitheatre; a cathedral; a wall with towers, some Roman, others Gothic, surrounded the city. When we add that a trout-stream ran through the property, it will be seen that but little was wanting to make the place an attractive home. After describing this tempting place, the author goes on to give his readers just that full record of what he saw in his daily life which is most interesting and useful to an outsider. The merit of this part is that it so exactly resembles the talk of a sensible man whose tact enables him to know just what his hearers would like to hear.

It would not be at all fair to take for granted that all that Mr. Hamerton narrates applies exactly to the whole of France. It is by no means a homogeneous country; far less so, or no more so, than our own; and

it is easy to see how little a man familiar with the manner of life in New England would understand plantation life in one of the Southern States. In the same way it would not do to argue that Mr. Hamerton was inaccurate because what he saw does not correspond with another's experience elsewhere. He seems to have found himself in an old-fashioned part of the country, where some old customs were rigidly maintained, but that only makes the book pleasanter reading. In his agreeable way he tells us of the difference between English and French customs, from the difference between the hours of meals to the more important social customs, such as those which in France keep men from making the acquaintance of the young women, whom they marry very much as different nations make treaties together, by means of ambassadors and formal proposals. All that he has to say of the peasants is of the greatest interest. He represents them as very ignorant, by no means so much under the influence of the priests as is commonly supposed, but with singular notions of their own, illiterate, superstitious, yet frugal, intelligent, cautious, and hard-working.

The revelations are curious about the nobility, and the way in which those of humble birth, if they rise at all in the world, pull themselves up into further distinction by adding a noble suffix to their names. These false and, so to speak, home-made nobles find no other difficulty in their way to social success than such scruples as may arise within their more or less tender bosoms; the kind world, it would seem, merely stands by and encourages this form of dishonesty. Mr. Hamerton's testimony with regard to the priests, their kindness and devotedness to their charges, the great power of the bishops, etc., will be found of value. In short, there is not a dull page in the volume. There is, on the other hand, a great deal that is new, and just that sort of information which experience alone acquires and only seldom can communicate. There is one part of Mr. Hamerton's book, however, to which we think exception can very easily be taken, and that is the section concerning the present state of university education in France. Although the author enumerates many of the objections that can be brought against it in its present condition, he yet seems to think that it deserves great praise. Undoubtedly it does disseminate a certain MERTON, author of *The Intellectual Life, A Painter's Camp*, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

¹ *Round my House*. Notes of Rural Life in France in Peace and War. By PHILIP GILBERT HA-

amount of instruction among a great many pupils, but the higher education has been for years steadily lowering in France to suit the capacities of the duller pupils, and there has been wonderfully little encouragement to those who were brighter than the average. If Mr. Hamerton were to try to show the excellence of the French system in comparison with that of Germany, perhaps he would find his task harder than when he is writing about Oxford. A remodeling of the French system could not fail, we think, to be of the greatest service to the country, and help restore its prosperity.

The chapters dealing with the author's experience in the late war are, like the whole book, very well worth reading.

— What Dr. Loring set out to do he has, we think, accomplished in the best manner. His book¹ originated in some newspaper essays on agricultural subjects, which were made more entertaining by the fiction of a "farm-yard club;" and by means of the members of this body we are given the outline of a typical rural New England community. While, therefore, the volume conveys a mass of information, often put in a highly ingenious and agreeable form, about cattle, sheep, barn-fowls, horses, together with theories and practices in feeding these; about the best methods of raising fruit and flowers and grapes; and about farming implements, — it at the same time gives a view of American country life to which we have often wished that some professed novelist would call attention. We have heard so much about the grotesque and ugly and vulgarly comic and unduly intellectual sides of New England communities that it is a great relief to have any one treat this subject with such wholesome and encouraging cheerfulness as Dr. Loring exhibits. He contrives to give us the near view, and the good-humored interest natural to a small society, and carries along a couple of characteristic love-stories, and something of the whole town history of Jotham, without letting either these or the affairs of husbandry flag in interest. Much amusing observation of personalities is also brought to bear, of which the passage relating to the old sexton is a particularly good sample. The book is illustrated fully and carefully,

both as to persons and animals, by several well-known draughtsmen.

— It was a part of the felicity of Landor's taste in general that led him to hit upon the form of *Imaginary Conversations* as his most fitting vehicle. Drawn to it thus by a fortunate instinct, he seems at last to have recognized that it was characteristic of his genius, for he even entitled his dramatic pieces *Imaginary Scenes and Conversations in Verse*. The charm of his *Pericles* and *Aspasia* rests on a precisely similar basis, that of imaginative interpretation of character assisted by a wide literary culture. Of the present republished volumes² the first is a little monotonous for consecutive reading; but both books are to be taken up at leisure, to be kept for moments worthy of their fine workmanship, and often resorted to. Open anywhere in these agreeable volumes and you are sure to come upon subtle thoughts, searching criticisms, and delicate fancies, presented in clear, charming, temperate prose. They are detachable, and may be plucked like ripe fruit from a vine. But the historic and critical value of the portraits of themselves which the speakers in these conversations present without effort is at least equally an element of attraction. The American publishers announce that their reprint will be completed by a third series, the *Conversations of Literary Men*, the demand for which will doubtless be quickened by these two.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.³

Every one will remember the much-quoted remark of the heartless man who heard with joy of the death of a famous writer, because now he could bind him up; but nowadays a man's death is more truly the occasion of putting new shelves into one's book-case, in order to receive those works he had disowned or condemned when in the flesh, or the riflings of his drawers it may be, or the forgotten, neglected work which careful editors manage to save from impending oblivion. The two volumes of Sainte-Beuve's writings before us to-day belong to this last-named class rather than to any other. The first one, *Chroniques*

¹ *The Farm-Yard Club of Jotham*. An account of the Families and Farms of that Famous Town. By GEORGE B. LORING. Illustrated. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

² *Imaginary Conversations*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. First Series. Classical Dialogues, Greek

and Roman. Second Series. Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

³ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

Parisiennes,¹ consists of what Sainte-Beuve wrote between 1843 and 1845 for a friend of his, the editor of the *Revue Suisse*, partly with a view of publication and partly for the purpose of giving his correspondent useful indications about literary matters at Paris. This editor had free permission to omit or modify as he pleased before printing, and indeed some of the passages were marked "for you alone," when discretion was especially necessary: It will be seen that in this way Sainte-Beuve had full opportunity to divest himself of formalities, and to omit some of the preliminary flatteries which were incumbent on him when criticising over his own name some man whom he was continually meeting in society. Since we have the strict copy of the original texts, and not the modified printed version, we are given the opportunity of reading Sainte-Beuve's real views of French literature at that time, almost as if we could have looked over his shoulder when he was writing his intimate letters.

These *Chroniques* are something not easily defined; they are a combination of gossip, information, and criticism which resembles more closely than anything else the talk of an intelligent, cultivated man. They are full of good hits and of good criticism of a rather uninteresting time, for the principal literary event recorded is the appearance of Sue's *Mysteries of Paris*; there is some talk about Victor Hugo's play, *Les Burgraves*, which does not come in for hot praise, and of Ponsard's *Lucrèce*, which receives more favorable treatment. We are told all the jokes made about both plays, what Hugo said of the more successful work of his young rival. Of more general application is what he has to say, page 223, about those authors who are forever bewailing in public the flight of time, and with it, of their youth. "In short," he says, "every one says *adieu* very early and keeps saying it till very late, without being able to decide to leave. One of our poets began to be affected by this public regret of the swift lapse of years on his thirtieth birthday, and some begin to bewail it aloud at the age of twenty-five. So long as one is young, that does very well and seems like a pleasant joke, like an innocent affectation. But when riper years have really come, when the irreparable harm is really felt, then the sighs are changed into bitter cries. . . . Such is the interesting and curious

result of the abuse of lyric genius, of the inspiration of youth and fancy encompassing everything, of the moral void beneath sentimental airs, and of the epicurean life of pleasure varnished over with a sort of religious mysticism. That is the serious evil, the thing that ought to be denounced. At no time in the ages of great and serious tasks has any thought been taken of this secret lamentation. . . . Our young lyrical and poetical age, in not knowing how to grow old and in exposing publicly its miserable weakness, betrays its vulnerable point, its lack of positive moral inspiration and belief." Somewhat the same thing is said again in a brief mention of Gautier's poems, which, he says, "will have a certain success with those who are satisfied with graceful fancy and variety of color."

— It is not a violent thing to turn from Sainte-Beuve to Scherer, for although the living critic gives most of his attention to politics he does not neglect literature, and every volume of his essays is full of intelligent and instructive writing. In the volume that has last appeared,² greater attention is paid to foreign writers than to those of France, but it is none the less excellent on that account. A list of the titles of his essays will show that his researches cover a good deal of ground. The *Homino* Question, Lucretius, Rabelais, Dante, Machiavelli, Taine's *History of English Literature*, Shakespeare and his Critics, Milton, Sterne, Goethe, Bossuet, and *La Fontaine* are the subjects gone over, and it will go hard if out of all of these something is not found for almost every reader. In the volumes of Sainte-Beuve we had *spoken* criticism which, as he himself said, always runs by the side of written criticism, is often different from it, and is always the true expression of people's thoughts. This is true of contemporary criticism alone, and while the report of what is spoken is very delightful reading, it is necessarily limited in amount. Written criticism has this advantage, however, that it is more serious, more thoughtful, and possibly less malicious.

The whole of M. Scherer's book will be found interesting. For an example, this extract from a review of Taine's *History of English Literature* may be taken. It points out fairly one of the radical faults of this able book. "The individual considered from the point of view of his genius, or

¹ *Chroniques Parisiennes* (1843-45). Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Paris: Lévy. 1876.

² *Études Critiques de Littérature*. Par EDMOND SCHERER. Paris: Lévy. 1876.

more exactly of his individuality, has nothing to do with a book which pretends to be a philosophy of history. One of two things is true: either the race accounts for everything, even individual characteristics, in which case only the general causes need to be pointed out; or else a man's genius is something we are powerless to explain, which has to be accepted without a pretense of determining the law, and then it should be passed over in a treatise which, in distinction from literary works, proposes solely 'to study the psychology of a people.' And then he goes on to show how often and how seriously Taine has broken this rule. The article on Sterne shows clearly with what intelligent sympathy Scherer interprets a foreign literature. It would be hard to find in English a better characterization of that more admired than enjoyed writer. The whole volume should be read by all who care for wise criticism.

— *Der junge Goethe*¹ consists of three volumes, which give us all that was written by that great author until about 1776. With the exception of a preface from the editor, Michael Bernays, in the first volume, there is nothing in the book but what Goethe wrote, so far as the most painstaking researches have been able to recover it, in its earliest form, and with all the peculiarities of style, etc., carefully preserved. Thus we have a very full supply of his correspondence and his earlier writings as they appeared and made their first great impression, before they were altered by his revising though not always improving hand. The value of this collection is evidently very great. In the first place, we have many of his poems not only in their original form, which is always interesting to those who study an author, but also with full indication of the time when they were written, which it is important to know and by no means easy to ascertain from the ordinary editions. The original reviews of *Werther*, of *Stella*, of *Götz*, one would have far to hunt for. The *Mittheilungen* is here as it came from his pen, printed from the MS. copy which he himself made for Friederike. Only a careful comparison between the two texts of two separate dates will show how great is the difference between them. The letters are many, and nothing has been considered too unim-

portant to be omitted; consequently the value of this work, which has been edited with the greatest care, is very considerable. It is hardly too much to say that we have here a species of autobiography written without the slightest expectation of its meeting the eye of the public. The carelessness of these hasty notes, as the editor points out, will be found an excellent commentary on the work he was producing at the same time, and throw much light upon his character and habits, being superior in this respect to the more formal letters he wrote when older and when his fame was more surely established. No edition of Goethe is complete enough to dispense with this work, which will be heartily welcomed by all friends of German literature. Bernays's introduction will be found well worth reading, not only for what he says about his book, but also for his dissertation on Goethe.

— In his *Amerikanische Skizzen*² Mr. Knortz gives the German public some of the results of his stay in this country. The author is already favorably known as the collector of some Indian legends, published in Germany about half a dozen years ago, and by his translation of some of Longfellow's poems, and of some English and Scotch songs and ballads. The subjects here treated are some of the most characteristic of certain sides of American life. We have in the first place an account of his sufferings on his way to this country in an emigrant ship, which makes as painful a story as parts of Smollett's novels, and an amusing record of a holiday trip on Lake Superior and of his experiences with the Indians of that region. In addition we have short essays about the Spiritualists and the Mormons, and a good account of a visit to the Mammoth Cave. There is a good deal of humor in some passages, which enlivens the book, but there are also passages which might well be omitted, such as those which gird at religion. There will be more persons pained than amused at the constant ridicule of the church near New York where the author for a time was organist. With this exception the book is entertaining enough, and will give its readers a fair notion of some of the eccentricities on the seamy side of life in this country.

— *Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve*³ is an

¹ *Der junge Goethe*. Seine Briefe und Dichtungen von 1764-76. Mit einer Einleitung von MICHAEL BERNAYS. 3 Theile. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1876.

² *Amerikanische Skizzen*. Von KARL KNORTZ. Halle: Gesenius. 1875.

³ *Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve*. Paris: Lemerre. 1876.

unsatisfactory substitute for his memoirs, consisting of fragmentary reports of conversation, brief witticisms, disconnected observations, etc., prepared for publication by himself, though avowedly by a secretary, but withheld from print on account of the appearance of volume xi. of the *Causseries*, which contained much of the same sort. How good some of the things noted in this book are can be best seen by reading it, for we have space for hardly more than commendation of its merits without confirming our statements by quotations. Here is one passage: "Nothing is swifter to de-

cline in crises like the present [the Revolution of 1848] than civilization. In three weeks the results of many centuries are lost. Civilization, life, is a thing learned, and invented. . . . After years of tranquillity men are too forgetful of this truth; they come to think that culture is something innate, that it is the same thing as nature. Barbarism is but a few paces off and begins again as soon as our hold is slackened." The whole book is full of thoughtful and wise remarks, and, while briefer than *Chroniques Parisiennes*, already mentioned, is well worth being read.

MUSIC.

THE musical season opened rather mildly Sunday evening, October 29th, at the Boston Theatre, with a miscellaneous (very miscellaneous) concert, in which Mademoiselle Anna de Belocca was the chief lioness. The most really enjoyable parts of the entertainment were the violin and piano-forte playing of Monsieur Sauret and his charming wife, and Signor Ferranti's inimitable buffo singing. Mademoiselle de Belocca has a powerful voice, of considerable compass and great beauty; she also has much native charm in singing. But her voice is not wholly under control, and her phrasing is often inartistic. Of intrinsic depth of sentiment we could discern but little in her. Her most satisfying efforts were some bright little songs which she sang with great spirit as an encore to one of her numbers. We do not know how well she might have sung Beethoven's *Adelaide* to a decent accompaniment, but we doubt whether Mario himself could have made anything out of the song accompanied as she was.

The "solid" music of the winter has also begun. The Harvard Musical Association have entered upon their twelfth season of symphony concerts, and (at the time of our writing this) Mr. Thomas has given three "popular" concerts. His orchestra is not quite so large as last year (only eight violins on a part), but the perfection of its playing remains. We are sorry that Mr. Thomas has found it inexpedient to continue his symphony concerts here. Boston

(unfortunately) looks to his orchestra almost solely to keep it up to the times in the larger forms of orchestral music. Our city has gained a very fair name as a musical centre; the familiarity of our general musical public with the best classic music is indeed something to be proud of, but it is a little melancholy to think how many important works of the modern German and French schools have never been heard here. It is but little to the point whether these schools are bad or good; they represent the condition of music at the present time, and we ought to know them. It does not follow that a man is behind the age because he does not admire Raff, Brahms, Goldmarck, Rheinberger, Hofmann, Liszt, Berlioz, Félicien David, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Massenet, Reyer, Glinka, Rubinstein, Tchaikowski, and others of the modern schools, but a man is decidedly behind the age who does not know their most important works. There seems to be a sort of timidity in some of our local musical powers, a fear that these new composers will displace the old ones, as if the human mind were a popgun, into which you can put nothing new without something old shooting out of the other end. Have we, then, such little faith in the eternal power of the great classic masters over men's souls that we are afraid of the new schools ousting their memory from our hearts and usurping their royal thrones? Or must we have a detective police force to examine every

new-comer, and make sure there is no taint of revolution about him, before we give him a public hearing? As it is, we are heartily sorry to lose Mr. Thomas's symphony concerts. However, his miscellaneous concerts are welcome, in default of something better. Of the new things, and pieces of new things he has given us, the adagio and scherzo from Hofmann's Frithjof symphony pleased us greatly. In this year of Bayreuth Dramas, and Co-operation of Arts, it is comforting to find that the art of writing music, pure and simple, music for its own sake, is in no danger of dying. Liszt's scoring of the andante from Beethoven's B-flat trio did not strike us as more edifying than when we heard it first, some years ago. In this work Liszt has dared either too much or too little. The piano-forte part in the original is so very *claviermässig*, as the Germans say, so wholly in the nature of the instrument, that any attempt to transcribe it literally for the orchestra, even by such a master of both orchestra and piano-forte as Liszt, could not but be a failure. How much effect it might have made in a freer treatment we are by no means sure, but suspect that if

Liszt had allowed himself more liberty he might have made something more effective of it, if less like Beethoven's original. As it was, it sounded poor, thin, and unsatisfactory. Glinka's odd and fascinating Komarinskaja, so full of downright Sclavonic humor, was delightfully played. Wagner's Centennial March was a thorough disappointment; so much so, that we do not care to theorize upon Mr. Thomas's surprisingly slow tempo, and the inefficiency of so small an orchestra in scores of that sort. It has the most fatal of all qualities in any form of art: it is a bore.

Both Mr. Paine's Centennial Hymn and Mr. Buck's cantata pleased us even more than a pretty thorough acquaintance with their respective piano-forte scores had led us to expect. Mr. Buck has managed his orchestra very handsomely in the cantata, except in some of the storm-wind passages, where the piccolo-flute is rather trivial in its prominence, and the doubling the voice-parts by the trombones in the opening of the final fugue. The treatment of the words "kiss o'er and replight" is exceedingly beautiful. It is by far the finest thing Mr. Buck has done.

EDUCATION.

THAT the study of Greek, as at present conducted, does not produce results at all commensurate with the time and labor devoted to it is a fact pretty generally admitted, and one that has caused some of the most influential men about Harvard College to set their faces against it altogether; while even those who favor its continuance do so often as much from a belief in future improvement as on account of any great benefit that they can show to have hitherto accrued from it. Probably no one would assert that the study is altogether barren in valuable result; but the question is, Does the result attained compensate for the outlay made in attaining it? And this few candid persons will answer in the affirmative.

The amount of time and labor devoted to Greek by different young men is, of course,

different, and could at best be estimated but very roughly. In all cases it is very considerable. The result is more easily determined. Even the best students leave college knowing little of Greek beyond the drudgery of learning its etymology and syntax. Of the literature, religion, art, polity, and philosophy of Greece they know very little, and still less of those great historical and philosophical questions which are now demanding a solution from accurate Greek scholars. Ten years after leaving college not one graduate in ten can construe a simple sentence in Greek, or tell about Greece one thing which a person having read a good history of Greece and a classical dictionary could not tell as well.

There is a plea for the study of Greek which often takes this form: After all, one does derive from reading a book of the

Iliad or a play of Sophoklēs something that remains with him, and which could not have been obtained in any other way. Although the sustainers of this plea are rarely, if ever, able to define the nature or extent of this something, and although, even if they could, more than a doubt might arise respecting its value and utility, as compared with the time and effort expended in attaining it, still the plea may be provisionally admitted, until we come to speak of the possible advantages of Greek learning, and how far these are at present realized by the course of study pursued.

So strong are the influences of use and wont that, of those persons who study Greek and advocate the continuance of it as a compulsory study, few have ever sought to make distinct to themselves the results obtained or obtainable from it, the majority resting their arguments either on prejudice, conservatism, or dread of moral consequences which might come from studies substituted for it. With prejudice, of course, there is nothing to be done; with conservatism and unreasoned dread, very little. For minds open to conviction, a statement of the possible aims of Greek study and of the extent to which they have thus far been realized in Harvard College may not be without some value.

The aims of study generally may be classed under three heads: utility, culture, science. In the case of Greek, the first of these falls away, and there remain only the two, culture and science, each of which may be again subdivided. The culture aims may be divided into (1) the disciplinary aim, (2) the æsthetic aim, (3) the cosmopolitan aim; and the scientific into (1) the linguistic aim, (2) the philosophico-historical aim.

Taking these in their order, we come first to the culture aims, and among these to —

(1.) *The Disciplinary Aim.* Greek may be taken up as a mental discipline, as a means for training the mind to concentration and the holding together of a number of distinct facts, in order to reach a certain definite result. As mathematics imparts to the mind analytic power, so Greek imparts to it synthetic and constructive power. Few exercises are better calculated to call forth the powers of the mind to simultaneous action than the turning of a passage of idiomatic English into idiomatic Greek, or even *vice versâ*. This may be all readily admitted, and yet it may not follow, either that Greek ought to be made a compulsory study or that, as at present studied, it af-

fords the advantages specified. If Latin were not studied in our colleges, Greek certainly ought to be made compulsory; but so long as Latin occupies the place it does, no cogent reason can be alleged for continuing Greek as a disciplinary study. In every respect in which Greek is valuable as a mental discipline, Latin is far superior to it. Latin is more exact, more logical, more rigid in its structure, more dissimilar to English, and more difficult to translate from or into. Besides these, it has other advantages over Greek. It is often more antique in its forms; it furnishes our language with a much larger number of words, and it gives the key to a much larger number of important living languages. To this must be added the fact that, from the almost entire neglect of Greek composition, and the slovenly way in which Greek authors are usually rendered into English, much of the disciplinary power of Greek, as well as of Latin, study is lost.

(2.) *The Æsthetic Aim.* There is much to be said for the study of Greek in this respect. Greek literature does unquestionably stand alone in the history of literary art as a production of unapproached excellence. It has neither the depth, variety, nor large humanity of several modern literatures; but it has an artistic perfection and evinces a purity of taste equaled by none. Undoubtedly, therefore, if students could be brought to appreciate these characteristics, the gain would be great. But this, it is to be feared, is impossible under existing circumstances. At present, not one student in a hundred leaves Harvard College with any comprehensive knowledge of Greek literature as a whole, of its principles, spirit, and development, or any appreciation of its artistic perfection. Indeed, with the present standard of admission, no such result can be attained. So long as it remains true that if the ability to decline a noun of the first declension were to be made the test for admission to college, a much larger number of the candidates that any year present themselves would be conditioned than the faculty would allow to be conditioned in any one subject, there is not much hope that during their college course any large number of students, however well taught, will learn to appreciate the artistic excellences of Greek literature. What can be done for students, of whom, after a year and a half's instruction in college, under highly competent teachers, not one in every ten can parse a moderately difficult part of a com-

mon Greek verb? The truth is, that, as things are at present, the professors are obliged to perform the drudgery that ought to have been done in preparatory schools, and the students, even the best of them, find themselves, at the end of their college course, hardly at the point at which they ought to have been at its beginning. They discontinue the study before they are in a condition to derive from it any benefit in the way of æsthetic culture. As to the mysterious "something" of æsthetic nature alluded to above, it will be found in almost every case to consist of a somewhat vivid impression of the difficulties of the epic dialect, the swing of the epic hexameter, and a few anecdotes, such as the unpleasant domestic scene between Jupiter and his spouse in the first book of the *Iliad*; or else of the appearance presented on a printed page by the capricious lines of a chorus, of technical terms like *hypercatalectic* and *anacrousis*, and some untranslatable interjections like $\tilde{\alpha} \mu\alpha\iota$, $\mu\alpha\iota$; $\phi\epsilon\tilde{\upsilon}$, $\phi\epsilon\tilde{\upsilon}$. Whether it be worth while to continue the study of Greek for any such result as this, is a question that requires no answer.

(3.) *The Cosmopolitan Aim.* This rather vague expression may be defined in this way. In the study of Greek, the mind of the student is transported out of the modern world, with its inherited prejudices and ideals, its narrow aims and utilitarian creeds, into a world where men felt, believed, thought, and acted in ways largely or altogether different from ours, and is thus widened, humanized, and rendered cosmopolitan. This aim, if attainable, would certainly be one deserving of all effort; but it is one which at present is not in any degree realized. To reach it would require that the thought, the religion, the art, the polity, in a word, the entire life of the Greeks, inner as well as outer, should be made familiar to the mind and imagination of the student, and this could not be done by the direct study of Greek literature in ten or even in twenty years. That it is not in any degree accomplished by the present Greek course in Harvard College need not be added.

From the culture aims we pass to the scientific aims, and —

(1.) *The Linguistic Aim.* Since the rise of the important science of comparative grammar, Greek, no less than other languages, has assumed a position which it never before occupied. To the comparative grammarian an intimate knowledge of the vocabulary, phonology, morphology, syntax,

and prosody of the Greek language, in all its stages and dialects, is absolutely essential. However, as comparative grammar is hardly studied at Harvard College at all, it is plain that Greek is not studied as a portion of that science. It is even true that it is not studied from the comparative point of view, or in such a way as to initiate students into the methods and principles of comparative grammar.

(2.) *The Philosophico-Historical Aim.* Besides the sciences called natural, which deal with all objects, including man, in so far as they are subject to what may be termed a law of necessity, there are what may be called the philological or culture sciences, — sciences which deal with mind and its institutions, in so far as they manifest reason and free volition. These sciences are æsthetics, science of religion, politics including social science, and philosophy or pure thought. The essential importance of Greek for the thorough student of these sciences none will deny or question. In all those institutions with which the culture sciences deal, as well as in these sciences themselves, the Greeks took a step such as no other people has ever taken, a step which effectually determined the direction of all succeeding ones. The history of all the institutions of free spirit is indissolubly bound up with the history of the Greeks, and no one can become a fruitful investigator in the domain of the culture sciences without a thorough knowledge of the language and literature of that people. It need hardly be added that the philosophico-historical aim is not realized in Harvard College. It is true, indeed, that some efforts have recently been made to give students an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the productions and principles of Greek art; but what has thus been accomplished stands in no way connected with the Greek curriculum. Philosophy, religion, and polity are almost entirely neglected. Not a single Harvard graduate goes out into the world prepared to be an original investigator in these fields.

It is perhaps sufficiently evident from this brief summary that the study of Greek, as pursued in Harvard College, conduces to none of the ends which it may be supposed capable of subserving, whether those of culture or those of science. And yet we can hardly doubt that Harvard College proposes to herself both these aims. The college, it is true, was founded at a time when the question of distinct aims had far less relevancy than it has now, when no line needed

to be drawn between culture and scientific attainment. Still, if we may judge from her position with respect to other institutions and the efforts at improvement which she makes, we must conclude that she aims at imparting both culture and scientific knowledge. Her error in regard to the culture studies is that she does not draw a sufficiently clear line of demarkation between these two aims, the result of which is that, in many cases, she attains neither. This, as we have seen, is especially true in the case of Greek.

In searching for a remedy for the present condition of things, we must begin by setting before ourselves these two aims as distinct, and asking ourselves the question, 'How can the study of Greek be best made to yield that culture which its literature is admittedly calculated to impart, and at the same time provision be made for those young men who desire and are fitted to be special students in the culture sciences, so that they may be prepared to become original investigators?' The answer may be thus briefly stated: By making Greek language an optional study, and establishing in college two distinct courses in Greek, a compulsory culture course and an elective scientific course.

While it is true that the highest æsthetic culture and the broadest cosmopolitanism, which the study of Greek is capable of imparting, cannot be attained without a knowledge, and even a critical one, of the Greek language, it is also true that, without any acquaintance whatever with the language, a better knowledge of Greek literature, its principles and genius, and of Greek life in all its departments, might be arrived at than is now attained by the slow, laborious process of spelling out with notes, grammar, and lexicon a few works, nearly all belonging to one period and not all of average excellence. A series of lectures, with illustrative extracts in English by a man like Professor Lowell or Professor Child, that is, by a man as deeply imbued with the spirit of Greek literature and life as these *men are with that of the literatures which they respectively profess*, would be incomparably more valuable, in the way both of culture and of fruitful knowledge, than all the Greek that any student of Harvard College now ever learns. It may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that no graduate of Harvard College ever left it with a knowledge of Greek sufficient to enable him to read at sight any important literary,

historical, or philosophical work in that language, and that no one, at any stage of his course, ever derived from a Greek book any valuable knowledge, that he might not have derived more easily, and in a more comprehensive form, from an English one, or, better still, from a lecture. And who but the most accomplished Greek scholar, that has read Greek until every word and turn is familiar to him and comes laden with its burden of associations, knows anything of the beauty that refuses to be transfused into another tongue? It is foolish to talk of enjoying the peculiar, untranslatable beauties of any language until we can think and feel in it. Supposing now that, instead of there being six professors of Greek, all occupying the same field, each teaching indiscriminately poetry, history, ethics, oratory, etc., there were six professors dividing the field of Greek philology among them, — a professor of Greek language and hermeneutics, a professor of Greek archæology, a professor of Greek philosophy, etc., each a master in his particular domain — and supposing that each delivered three lectures a week on his special branch, more would be done to acquaint young men with what is really permanently valuable in Greek philology than does all the Greek they now so toilsomely learn and so soon forget. If, in addition, these young men were held responsible for a great deal of collateral reading bearing on the subjects of these lectures, the result would be so far superior to anything at present realized that the wonder would be how such a system as the one now prevailing could have been tolerated for a single year.

Such provision being made for the general student, the question of how to provide for the special student becomes much more easy to answer. Greek language being made an optional study, the standard for admission to the special scientific courses in Greek philology might at once be made such as to demand an amount of knowledge at least equal to that which the best students now have when they leave college, a standard which, even then, would be very much below that applied in the Abiturienten-Examen of a German gymnasium. Those passing this examination would be able to take courses in any branch of Greek philology — art, religion, polity, philosophy; and such courses professors making specialties of different branches would be well fitted to give.

That such a change as the one here proposed could not be initiated without much

difficulty may be taken for granted. At the very threshold of the matter we are met with the question, How, when, and where shall young men find opportunities to prepare themselves for a scientific course in Greek philology, if such a high standard for admission to it is to be applied?

If we remember that candidates for admission to Harvard College are examined on no fewer than sixteen distinct subjects, and that many young men pass the entire examination a year before their parents deem it advisable for them to enter, we shall perhaps find an answer to this question suggested. It would be tedious to enter into a minute discussion of the list of requisitions, but it is liable to at least three very strong objections: first, it contains subjects that ought not to be there at all, for example, geography and arithmetic, with which a university has nothing whatsoever to do directly; second, it divides subjects which ought to be held together, and thus offers a premium for disjointed, unorganized, dead knowledge, or cram; third, its subjects are chosen apparently without any question as to whether they form a test of symmetrical mental development and ability, being rather a test of memory.

It would seem to be the plainest axiom that an examination for admission to college should be a test, not of what a student has done, but of what he is prepared to do. And yet the list of requisitions for admission to Harvard College is in very many points at variance with this axiom. This is especially true in the case of Greek and Latin. Each counts as four distinct subjects. Grammar, composition, and translation are separated, and the amount expected to be read is definitely stated. There is indeed a short exercise in reading at sight, but it counts for very little. It would be extremely difficult to find a programme more surely fatal to the attainment of scholarship than this. It is vague where it ought to be definite, and definite where it ought to be vague. What can be more vague than "Greek grammar," "Latin grammar"? and what is the result of this vagueness? Simply that Greek and Latin grammar are studied in a perfunctory way, and in Greek, at least, a very large number of candidates for admission are unable to pass an examination on the first declension. Greek grammar is supposed to include prosody, and yet candidates are not required to have read a line of Greek poetry when they are examined

in grammar. Still they must work through, and burden their memories with, the facts of prosody contained in an appendix to their grammar, and when they come to be examined, they are asked such a profound question as: Name the dissyllabic feet. Could anything be more absurd and wasteful of time than this?

The truth is, there ought to be no direct examination in Greek or Latin grammar at all. That part of a young man's acquaintance with grammar which does not show itself in his composition and translation, he had at that stage better be without. Again, nothing is gained, but much lost, by assigning just what Greek and Latin is to be read. An examination is surely not intended to show how familiar the candidate is with just the works assigned, but to show what he knows of the living structure of Greek and Latin generally, and how well prepared he is for the new work which he will have to enter upon in college. There is no hope of bringing about anything like living scholarship in Greek and Latin until colleges cease to assign definitely the work in which they expect candidates for admission to prepare themselves, and until the entrance examination becomes a pure test of ability to deal with new work. Then, and only then, will an effectual step be put to the now prevailing system of cramming, which is so fatal to all true knowledge and all mental development.

When the requisites for admission are properly selected and classed, so as to test ability and symmetrical mental development, time enough will be left for every young man of fair parts to prepare himself for a special course, such as every young man ought to take up when he enters college, be it Greek, or Latin, or something equally valuable. And this is the only way to produce scholars or men accurate in any respect. "One thing well done is the type of all things that are well done."

The examination for admission ought to test these four things: (1.) Possession of, and power to use, implements. (2.) Power of observation. (3.) Analytic power. (4.) Synthetic power.

The most essential of intellectual implements are those living languages in which the results of human inquiry are for the most part recorded: namely, English, German, and French. Power of observation is best tested by an examination in one of the physical sciences; analytic power by pure mathematics or applied logic; and

synthetic power by an examination in Latin translation and composition.

The list of subjects for examination might therefore take a form something like this, —

1. Tests of possession of, and power to use, implements: (a.) English composition with some knowledge of English literature. (b.) French reading. (c.) German reading.
2. Test of power of observation: one physical science, including the method of the physical sciences.
3. Test of analytic power: Mathematics, including (a.) algebra, (b.) geometry.
4. Test of synthetic power: Latin, including translation at sight both with and without the use of a lexicon, and composition.

It is not pretended that this programme represents less work than the one now in use, but it does represent work better classified, and demands an examination which shall be a test of ability and shall thus prevent that enormous waste of time which takes place in the effort to cram the memory. If adopted, it would leave the average student ample time to prepare himself for a thorough scientific course in some one subject, whether one of those in the programme, or Greek, or history, or whatever else.

Against thus making Greek an optional and merely special study two objections present themselves: first, it is said that if Greek language were made optional, all the preparatory schools would cease to teach it, on account of its difficulty, and it would soon sink to the position which Hebrew now occupies; second, we are told that there is not at present in New England a supply of teachers capable of giving instruction sufficiently advanced to enable young men to undertake a scientific course in Greek in college. If either of these objections be valid, it would be hard to find a severer commentary upon the character of the Greek instruction in Harvard College hitherto. If New England has not been taught sufficient appreciation of, and respect for, Greek antiquity to maintain the study of it without artificial stimulus, then the sooner we abandon the study, the better. If Harvard College does not send forth men sufficiently versed in Greek, and numerous enough, to meet all the demands of the preparatory schools, some radical

change such as here suggested is surely demanded.

To recapitulate. The study of Greek in Harvard College, notwithstanding the time and labor spent upon it, leads to neither of the aims for which it is undertaken. It produces neither men deeply imbued with the spirit of Greek literature nor scholars fitted to become original investigators. The main cause of this is that students are admitted to college with a preparation in Greek altogether inadequate to enable them to reap benefit from anything deserving the name of a course in Greek philology. The ground, again, of this lack of preparation is in great measure the unsatisfactory character of the requisites for admission, the list of which is open to the objections specified, causing an enormous waste of time, being fatal to depth and accuracy of scholarship, and offering a premium for cramming. In order to remedy this, the list ought to be altered, amended, and classified, so that the examinations shall be tests of ability to deal with new work, and not of memory of work already done. Greek language ought to be made an optional study, and two distinct courses in Greek offered in college. The test of proficiency ought to be, not an examination in work done, but power to treat, in the form of an essay or dissertation, a new subject, for which the student should have to collect information from original sources and to draw conclusions from uncertain or conflicting tradition.

Were a system introduced something like the one here proposed, the study of Greek, instead of being that waste of time which it now for the most part is, would result in giving us, on the one hand, a large number of young men acquainted with the main principles of Greek literary, philosophical, and artistic effort, men fitted to raise the standard of literary taste and criticism; and, on the other, scholars able and ready to make independent investigations in all the divisions of Greek philology, and to aid in solving those religious, philosophical, and historical questions which, vital though they be, are almost entirely neglected by us. Thus a great step would be taken toward restoring to their proper position of eminence the sciences of mind, which are now almost lost sight of amid the servile anarchies of rebellious materialism.